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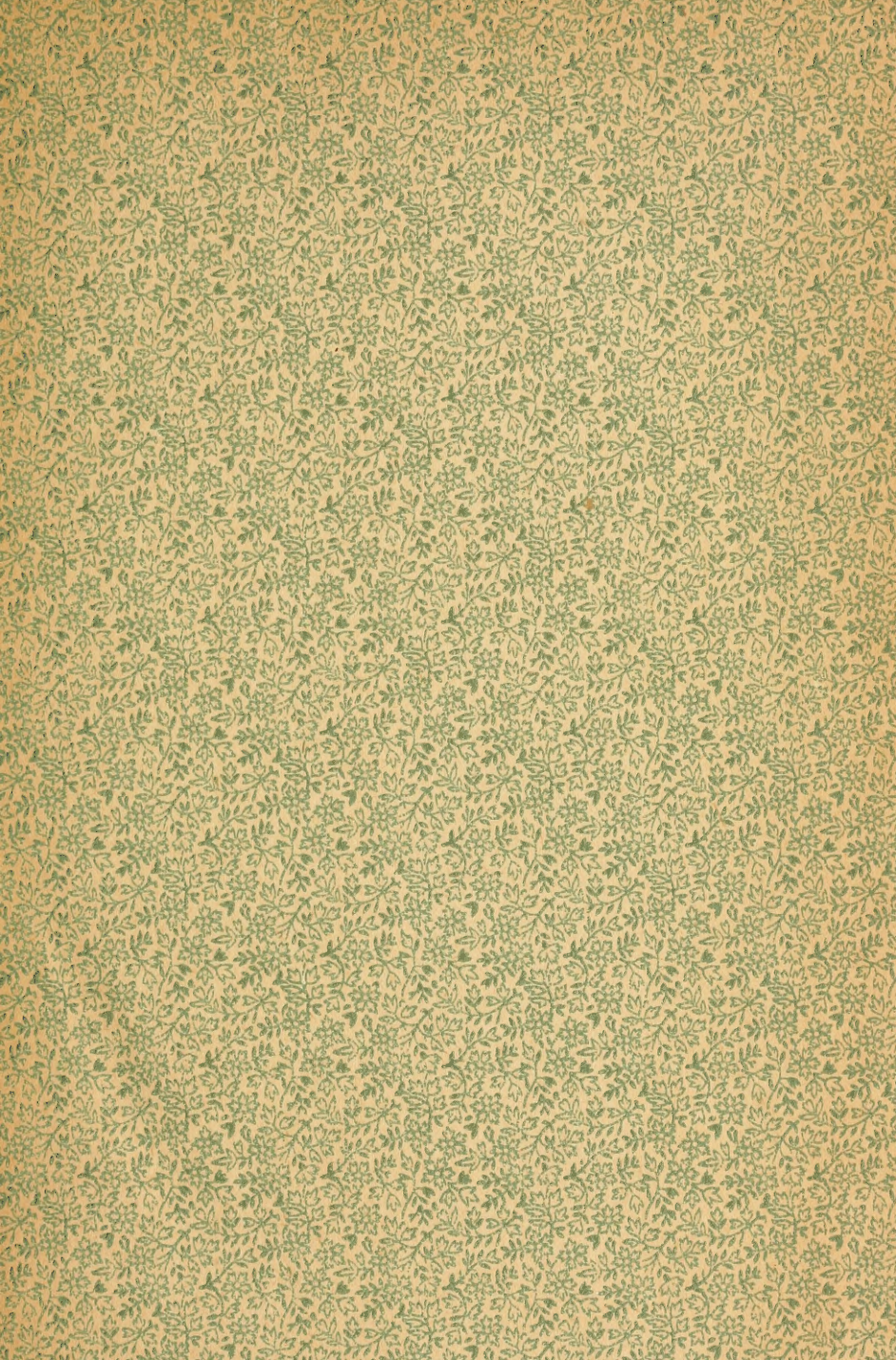
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Essays, lectures, addresses,
sermons, and miscellaneous

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY



ESSAYS,
LECTURES, ADDRESSES, SERMONS,

AND

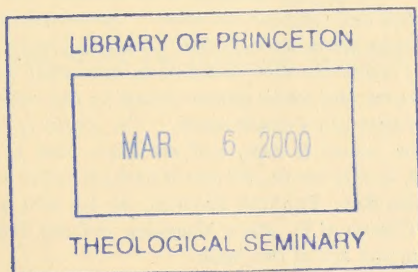
MISCELLANEOUS AND DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

INCLUDING A DISCUSSION ON EDUCATION.

BY

REV. JOHN J. TIGHE,

OF BOONTON, N. J.



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THE REASON FOR PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

"Much is said in our days of social assimilation with those who dwell in this great country. Assimilation must be spontaneous, gradual, for the common good of all parts composing the social body. It must be neither violent nor opposed. You must distinguish well the civil from the religious assimilation; because, if in the civil assimilation we must go to others, in the religious one we must wait for others to come to us. In regard to religious sentiment and matters of faith, and in regard to truly Catholic morals and every observance of the Catholic religion, we must hold firm. It is better to be well educated to an honest life than to be simply instructed.

"Nay, for us Catholics, education, in a moral sense, that is not Catholic, is impossible. This is the supreme reason for parochial schools, namely, of those schools of ours which, besides teaching all that is useful to the domestic and civil interest, perfect it by means of moral and religious education. Schools without any religion cannot be approved of, because harmful to the individual, the family, and the State. Hence it is that Catholics respect the civil institutions, have their own rights and their own schools, and deserve that public opinion should be favorable to them, and justly hope for the co-operation of all honest people. The loyalty of men and their sense of justice, we have reason to hope, will not allow them to consider such schools as anti-American, as they are in full accord with all which a free and civil State can demand."—Most Rev. FRANCIS SATOLLI, in his first address in the English tongue, at the Church of St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi, Philadelphia, Pa. Compare with pages 249 and 250 of this book.

TO THE
CATHOLIC LAITY,

OF THE
VARIOUS PARISHES WHEREIN I HAVE PERFORMED EITHER
OCCASIONAL OR REGULAR DUTIES,

IN TOKEN OF KINDNESS RECEIVED ;

AND TO THE
REV. THADDEUS HOGAN,
OF TRENTON, N. J.,

IN MEMORY OF ANCIENT FRIENDSHIP,

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ERRATA.

- Page 24, line 8, for "solidity" read "stolidity."
- " 25, " 25, " "speculating" read "peculating."
- " 45, " 12, " "commands" read "commends."
- " 45, " 32, " "decrees" read "decries."
- " 63, " 23, " "beautiful" read "bountiful."
- " 88, " 25, " "congenial" read "congenital."
- " 111, " 38, " "the" read "their."
- " 193, " 24, " "imparts" read "imports."
- " 329, " 25, " "unctuated" read "uncreated."
- " 338, " 5, " "sun-dried" read "sin-dried."
- " 350, " 7, " "Well-greased" read "Well-greaved."
- " 368, " 32, " "banner-breathing" read "banners breathing."
- " 410, " 15, " "fearless" read "peerless."
- " 429, " 7, " "Boabdilla" read "Bobadilla."

PREFACE.

OF the fact that "of making many books there is no end" we are fully conscious. Neither do we fondly seek to persuade ourselves that the present production is just the desideratum to fill "a long-felt want." Honored usage has prescribed that a book-maker furnish some apology for the innocuous vanity of appearing in print. When the enraptured eye of Dickens first rested on his fascinating effusions arrayed in the decoration of type, he attempted the novel performance of reading them, while standing upon his head; which freak Edmund Burke would doubtless define as an effort "to live in an inverted order." We shall, probably, never be the sport of such strange "ups and downs."

The palmary reason for this book, perhaps, is that many who heard discussed some of the topics herein treated, especially that of Education, expressed the desire, with great sincerity and cordiality, as it appeared to us, to have them recorded in more permanent form. This was, possibly, an unwarranted conceit, which the writer, with due diffidence, now undertakes to gratify. Whether others, more disinterested, will ratify the favorable and indulgent judgment of friends and well-wishers, may be early, but we hope not painfully, made manifest. Concurrent endorsement would, it is puerile to conceal, carry satisfaction both to our friends and to us; but even the reversal of opinions which, in all likelihood, had taken on the rose-colored tint of partiality, will be met with equanimity of mind and an obliged sense of correction. We believe, however, with another, that affected haughtiness and affected humility are alike despicable in a preface, and hence we trust not to be convicted of overweening pretension in considering that some few, at least, of these firstlings of our creation will repay the reader's examination.

If the high-priests of literature judge otherwise, let it be so. They know best. Of the blemishes that bristle throughout the composition, it may be some extenuation to say, that, besides being written in the interludes of engrossing duties, the first draught of each production is, in nearly every case, the one now printed.

With reference to the essay on Education, it is to be remarked that it was written, at least as to substance, some time before the "School Question" had passed into the field of public controversy. As that "question" assumed various phases, new considerations, or criticisms, were subjoined. A brief review of the present status of the subject, as the writer sees it, was subsequently added. It was intended that these pages should have long since seen the light, but pressure of circumstances prevented the consummation of our purpose, now only realized through the intervention and friendly offices of the publisher.

The few sermons, submitted with much misgiving, are inserted as appellants for approval. If, like the bird from the ark, they return with the green leaf of promise, they shall be followed, by the close of the current year, by their congeners; if they bring no message-word of welcome, then shall the rest continue to repose where they now peacefully lie, in the literary lumber-room of the writer. The selections were made more for local interest than for intrinsic merit.

The contents of the book are very heterogeneous in character. It is so designed that they may serve for desultory and occasional reading. The miscellaneous nature of the subjects precluded even the pretence to unity or concatenation.

If the book shall serve any worthy cause, kindle any lofty aim, inspire any new hope, help any groping mind, soothe any troubled soul, or even beguile any weary hour, the writer will not have built in vain. In this fond expectation he deferentially submits it to the critic's care, to whom he says, in the words of an inspired penman,

"He that judgeth let him write a book."

BOONTON, N. J., April 1st, 1893.

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ESSAYS.

I.

THE CRUSADES AND THEIR EFFECT ON MODERN CIVILIZATION.

THE salient history of mankind is a history of heroes. The blind bard of Smyrna chanted in undying song the glories of the Greeks ; and until the annals of the ages shall have become a shrivelled scroll, the recollection of Roman valor will live in the memory of man. As long as the human soul has the power to admire, the sublime and heroic will call forth its admiration.

We extol the doers no less than we do their deeds. The soldier who in strenuous struggle has saved his native soil, is hailed with loud acclaim, and his brow begirt with laurels ; and the sage who breasts financial storm and guides the ship of state beyond the maelstrom of national discredit, is honored with his countrymen's unstinted gratitude.

What, now, is the loadstone that attracts our admiration for such men ? What talismanic touch is that which thrills the soul at the recital of grand exploits ? Not all that is accounted great can lay claim to our heartfelt admiration. The mind's work is praised, not so much when it gleams with the fascinating fire of genius, as when it betokens devotion to duty. The man who meets injustice with the eagle eye of scorn, and who, unyielding as the monarch of the primeval forest, assumes his station on the ancient battle-line of right and wrong, is truly marked a hero. In high purpose and strength of soul, then, is to be sought the source of our admiration for all that is great in human action. Truth and goodness are the qualities of genuine heroism, and these have had no nobler exemplification than in the spirit of Christian Chivalry.

Here, indeed, was an ideal of manhood that embraced in one conception the noblest traits of human character : justice and courtesy ;

modesty and genius; sincerity and grace; compassion and fidelity ;— and all brightened with generous sentiments, and lofty imaginations, and crowned with invincible valor and heroic faith. Similar characteristics have been elsewhere found, but, as compared to the fair features of Chivalry, they are but semblances devoid of substance that wither at a scrutiny.

Courage was not first born when the fire of Chivalry began to glow. What could be more fearless than the struggle of the three hundred at Thermopylae against a countless host? And yet the valor of pagan days was only the energy of desperation. Religious fervor flamed in many a soul before the medieval period. Look at the crouching reverence of the old Norsemen that bowed before the fire-flame as a deadly demon. Their poets worshipped the lightning as a God ; while the bolt that cleft the cloud was the all-rending hammer hurled from heaven to smite the sons of earth. And yet these men were valorous ; but theirs was a valor that deemed it crime not to die in battle. Behold the enthusiasm of Oriental fancy that saw in Mahomet, a prophet inspired of God, and drew millions of men under Arabian suns, and across Arabian deserts, to worship in the mosques of Mecca at the bidding of an impostor, or, at least, a day-dreamer. Such was the ardor of fanaticism ; and with such a fervor, Christian Chivalry has no affiliation. No ; Christian Chivalry is inseparable from Christian Charity ; they are twin flowers on the stem of faith.

When, hundreds of years ago, the light of Christianity rent the gloom that enwrap the nations, the spirit of Christian Chivalry began to live. For years it had to lie latent through peace and persecution, until in God's good time the occasion came that was to embody it in an all-powerful institution. That occasion was the downfall of the Roman Empire.

When the proud Roman eagles, pierced by the deadly darts of Gothic arrows, had fallen lifeless to the earth, the profession of arms became the pastime of nations. The sceptre fell shattered from the puerile grasp of Augustulus, but only that the mace might be borne by a race of warriors. When men ruled who had adored Odin, the god of tiger strife, and who had sighed for the putative paradise where the braves sipped hydromel from the skulls of foes, it is no marvel that Europe was overspread with forests of long spears and

lances. When Attila had scourged fair Italy, and Radagasius ravaged Gaul, it was soon in no man's power to forbear a blow in self-defence. War had unchained the dragon of destruction.

In this juncture, the Church rallied to the rescue of the menaced nations, and with heaven-given resources fulfilled the requirements of the age. She was the noble knight who slew the hydra-headed monster. Here was the advent of Christian Chivalry. It was the spontaneous outcome of Christian Charity directed to the exigencies of the period. In her old capacity of pacificator, the Church interposed to teach the unlettered Northmen that real valor is moral excellence and the valor of piety and benevolence, not of stoicism, and want of feeling. Some men are brave for vainglory, and some for the love of lucre. The fury of instinct will impel one man to face péril; and the courage that is the growth of ignorance, will make another crave danger as a boon. The Christian warrior, however, was a man of reason, of resolution and self-sacrifice. He learned to temper victory with tenderness, and, arming for battle only that peace might prevail, he fought not as a hireling for gain, but for the immortality that belongs to righteous action. Such was the ideal that enamored the heart of the savage, enraptured his soul, and made him thenceforth feel that heroism is found, not only in the fiery furnace of war, but more nobly in the paths of peace. Thus did the Church meet the needs of trying time.

Behold, in the transformation of the barbarian, the matchless power of Christian faith and Christian Charity. The wild son of the northern wilderness is now the choicest soldier of Chivalry,—“the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world, ‘This was a man.’” One element was like the lightning that leaps from the storm-cloud, and darting downward through the gleaming tempest, blasts whatever bears its blow; for even so, did the savages, out-pouring from the rugged hills, blast all Europe: another element was as the gentle warmth of the sun in spring-time, that quickens the sluggish pulsations of Nature, dresses the forest in its foliage, and makes the wilderness blossom as the rose; for such was the action of the faith on the lethargic Northman. Can it, then, be said that Europe owes to Gothic customs her spirit of Chivalry rather than to the power that rendered those customs conformable to the genius of Christianity?

Wiseacres have claimed that that noble spirit had its origin in the bosom of feudalism, but feudalism had only the germ of barbarism. No ; Chivalry came from the action of the Church in reforming the war-like classes, and the war-like classes were the feudal. It was precisely designed as a check on the rapacity of the feudal lords, and, contrary to a wide belief, it was never wholly aristocratic. The untitled classes formed its recruits no less than did the nobility. For this reason it grew to be a powerful institution, whose aim was to resist oppression as well as to maintain concord. If to-day the soldiers of chivalry drew the long lance against a foe, to-morrow they walked in meek procession beneath banners of penitence and peace. Finally, the exigency came to test their valor and their worth. All Christendom called upon them to deliver from desecration the sepulchre of the world's Redeemer. Mark, now, the response in the resistless motion of the great army of Christian warriors, as the ecstatic watchword of "God wills it," is echoed afar on every wind. On they march, by long and weary stages, to far-famed Palestine. Look at the steel-clad Knights, their glancing morions, and the long lines of glittering spears as they reflect the rays of the noon-day sun. They enter the land of the olive and the palm-tree where the air is filled with a balm-like fragrance far around. With prayerful step they approach the city of a once chosen people, and looking up at its towering battlements and pointed pinnacles, they seem to behold in the dim distance the golden gates of the heavenly Jerusalem. And now the Crescent and the Cross crash in deadly conflict. The scimiter of the Saracen swings aloft, but to be dashed to earth. The Mussulman and his myrmidons are smitten with dismay, and Christian valor has won the land of Palestine.

The Crusades were the acme and culmination of Chivalry as an organic institution, but the spirit by which they were inspired is more enduring than that which gives "the strength whereby the patriot girds himself to die; the unconquerable power which fills the freeman battling on his hills."

Despite the carping criticism of those who, like Chesterfield, look upon the Crusades as a hairbrained scheme, it is undeniable that they were fruitful in grand results. The age needed lofty thoughts and deeds of heroism, and the Crusades gave scope to all the energies of generous knighthood. A mighty tempest of elevating emotions

swept over the face of Europe, and recalled men from the grossness of sensuality to a life of piety and virtue. Every lofty ideal helps to lift up humanity. And what nobler ideal could be presented to the mind of man than that embodied in the cause of the Crusades. The Crusades were not merely a contest for supremacy between the East and the West; but were essentially and primarily an exhibition of Christian valor and heroism in defence of the most cherished, most sacred and most august memories and sentiments that find lodgment in the human heart, the sentiment of religion and the idea of God.

In the spirit of calm and philosophical inquiry let us look into the character, and sift the underlying motives of that great movement of the twelfth century, known to history as the Crusades. Viewed in a broad and comprehensive light the Crusades are the pivotal point upon which all modern history turns, and may justly be regarded as the dividing line between the present civilizations of the world and those which rose and flourished under the influence of Oriental skies or beneath the cold but classic shades of Græco-Roman antiquity.

In the study of history it is an idle and puerile task to estimate great and potent movements, profound in their origin, and wide-reaching in their consequences, in detached and isolated sections, or from some narrowed and solitary reasoning, looking only at some brilliant event that catches the fancy, or some pernicious tendency or result repellant to the judgment, without duly considering the *tout-ensemble* of the passage of events, following the stream in all its windings, accounting for the *rationale* of every fact, and from this broad and elevated standpoint, pronouncing judgment upon the whole. Such judgment alone deserves a place in enlightened and impartial history. It has been the misfortune of the middle ages to be criticised by less just and generous standards.

The dream of medieval kings and Pontiffs, from the days of Charlemagne, and from the time of Gregory the Great, was the federation of the world under the banners of the Cross. The Crusades were but the development and embodiment of this sublime idea. After all, ideas govern the world. Ideas alone are intelligible, for by ideas all things are made intelligible. Ideas alone are worth estimation in studying the progress of humanity through the great movements along the stream of time. The leading idea of the Crusades was the fusion of all the parts of Christendom under one general head. It

was the blending of all the Catholic nations in one common brotherhood of faith.

It was simply an outward though violent expression of that principle of unity which is inseparable from the character of the Catholic Church of Christ.

In every age of Christianity new exigencies arise, and with that divine fecundity with which she is blessed, the Church always devises new means to meet them. Before the onward march of her impregnable unity every obstacle must go down, and whether Gothic violence or Islamitic madness blocked the way, neither could oppose an effectual barrier to the dominion of an institution to which God had given the government of the world. But when the Moslem drew the scimiter, the Christian drew the sword, but drew it in self-defence. Hence Popes themselves preached Crusades, and hence arose those renowned military orders to defend the rights and preserve the lands which valorous Christians wrested from the followers of Allah and his prophet.

Let it be remembered, the question was not merely which religion should claim the sovereignty of the Saviour's tomb; but it was, which form of worship and which civilization should hold the sovereignty of the world, which in a Christian sense was symbolized by the tomb of the Redeemer.

Splenetic calumniators of the Christian name, like the pompous historian of the "Decline and Fall of Rome," have, we know, bitterly assailed the justice of the Crusades, and, with great dexterity of dialectics, have sought to establish the position that the Holy Wars were as unnecessary as they were calamitous; and yet, even such manifestly prejudiced critics as he, are constrained to confess that the Crusaders themselves were entirely persuaded of the lawfulness and the merits of their heroic and hazardous undertaking.

The formidable followers of Islam had, in the short space of a quarter of a century, raised the crescent all over the East, from the Euphrates and beyond, Westward to the Euxine Sea; the Greek empire tottered on the brink of destruction; their victorious arms bore down all to the very gates of Constantinople; the Christian Churches in the East were groaning under their iron-heeled oppression; under a frenzied thirst for conquest and a fanatical feeling for propagandism, they vehemently pushed their claim of universal empire; in fine,

the whole of Western Europe was threatened with destruction, and the inhabitants profoundly agitated with real and urgent apprehensions of the loss of property, liberty, and religion.

Nor was this the only justification for the followers of the Prince of Peace to unsheathe the sword.

In addition to a lively and generous feeling of sympathy towards their oppressed and persecuted brethren in the distant land of Palestine, they religiously considered that they had an indefeasible right to the sacred land which had been sealed and sanctified by the blood of their suffering Saviour; and by consequence it appeared to be not only their right, but their duty, to deliver the holy sepulchre from the profanations, and their pilgrims from the persecution of Moslem violence and fanaticism. The antagonism between the Crescent and the Cross was irrepressible and irreconcilable; it could be quenched by blood alone; and so nice was the equivalence of the two powers, that it could be settled only by a deadly and protracted struggle.

Such was the inevitable condition which confronted the Catholic nations of Europe when Peter the Hermit, a native of Amiens, in Picardy, returned from a pilgrimage to Palestine, to fire all men with the flame of enthusiasm burning in a breast incensed with indignation at the indignities suffered by himself, and oppressed with shame at the wrongs inflicted on his co-religionists on the very site where the Redeemer of the world shed His blood for the peace and unity, no less than for the salvation of the human race. The vast scheme of union between the East and the West had been comprehended in the plans of Gregory the Great, and even contemplated in the visions of some before his day; but to Urban the Second belongs the immortal glory of attempting the execution of the work embraced in the designs of his predecessors. In the public marts of Clermont he ascended the rostrum, and by the energy of his eloquence and the cogency of his argument, he moved the mighty multitudes to the acme of an enthusiasm unexampled in the annals of history, as they cried aloud with tears of joy upon their cheeks, "God wills it." "Yes," answered the venerable Pontiff, his voice husky with emotion, and his eyes kindling with the ardor of his own enthusiasm, "Yes, God wills it, and let this memorable word be your battle-cry. Take this cross, the symbol of your salvation, and wear it upon your breasts as the pledge of your irrevocable engagement to your holy

cause." One question, and one only, presented itself to the minds of all : should Mahomet be permitted to ravage the face of Europe, or should he be encountered on the shores of Asia and the soil of the Western world be preserved from the contamination of his unconsecrated footsteps? This was the problem that engaged every mind with eagerness, and the Crusades were the response and the solution. But how was it to be accomplished? What seemingly insurmountable obstacles blocked the path and choked every field of human endeavor? Civil dissensions rent the Frankish and German Empires ; most of the principalities of Southern Europe were debilitated by foreign invasions and domestic strife; states and territories were dismembered and disunited, and even on the hitherto quiet field of religion the seeds of deadly discord were sown and the roots of heresy implanted.

Let short-sighted mortals who see in the Crusades no more than a violent outburst of fanaticism, or, at best, a colossal scheme of conquest devised in folly and conducted to disaster, reflect on the prodigy presented to the world in the immortal movement of the twelfth and following century. Verily, the hand of God was here. For in the face of the towering obstacles that opposed their path; in the face of difficulties almost irremovable, what power could succeed in calling together a countless host from every nation and from every part of Continental Europe, uniting them as one man, with one purpose, one idea, one rallying cry,—the rescue of the Redeemer's tomb,—and leading them on to certain death or joyful victory—what power could do this but the power of God?

To behold nothing in this great drama of modern history, but the blind enthusiasm of a few war-like nations ; to see nothing in those holy wars but a foolhardy enterprise for fame or for emolument, is to divest their history of their dominant idea, and discard, in the plan of Providence, one of the most striking and impressive developments of the progress of Christianity. There is, in the course of events, an invisible chain linking causes and consequences together by a skein so fine as to escape the scrutiny of superficial investigation. God's work is done in divers ways, and various are the instruments of His designs. In the present life we can often perceive only the dim reflections of deep and hidden causes operating, by the divine influence, to effect some vast and general plan whose drift and scope are

buried beneath a labyrinth of incidental phenomena, or circumstantial occurrences. We merely gaze on the shell when we should seek for the kernel ; and in examining passing phenomena we lose sight of great and permanent realities. But even in their visible and tangible results the Crusades were entitled to be crowned with the guerdon of success both as regards the spirit that animated them, and the immense influence which they exercised. They were the expression of a sublime idea, for nothing but a lofty and grand idea could inspire the enthusiasm of success in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles. A religious idea was necessary to excite, to move, to support men in so arduous an enterprise. The divine breath of religion alone is endowed with the power to inspire men with superhuman energy ; to sustain them amidst defeat, disaster, and death ; to unite them, when discordant and disunited, with one aim, one thought, one common sentiment, one living flame of enthusiasm, which enabled them to brave all perils, to defy all dangers, to spurn every impediment, and press forward, with a holy and impetuous resolution, to rush to glory or the grave. And what was this idea in its concrete and tangible form ? It was, in a secondary sense, the defence of their homes and civilization against a common foe, insolent, pitiless, and unsparing ; but essentially, and chiefly, it was their sacred and solemn duty of defending the tomb of Christ from defilement and profanation, and recovering a lawful dominion over the holy land sanctified by the blood-marked footprints of a crucified God.

O ! what a torrent of emotions, in the days of fervid faith, swept through the souls of men at the mention of the tomb of their Saviour, and the holy land of His birth. It was to them, in truth, the cradle of Christianity ; the city of the Son of God ; the dwelling-place of the King of Ages and the Prince of Glory, and the age-long, consecrated spot where the chosen people of Israel had listened with rapture and with awe to the voice of the God of their fathers, and the God of their children. It was the glorious land of promise, plentifully flowing with milk and honey ; redolent with the aroma of spikenard and cinnamon ; beautified with the cedars of Lebanon, the cypress of Basan and Carmel, the roses of Sharon, and the lilies of Jehosaphat ; sanctified by the smoke of sacrifice, and glorified by the white light of the Shekinah, illuminating the holy temple which

was the marvel of the world and the glory of the people. Well might they cry,—“Jerusalem, may my right hand perish if ever I forget thee.” For that name was invested with a divine and hidden power, which, like the voice of the Creator calling order out of chaos, and sending light through the vast regions of the universe, shot forth sparks of light and life to illumine every corner of the world. It has well been said, that there has never been a great idea which was not born in the Holy Land before its diffusion through the world. All the great miracles of history took their origin in the land of Palestine. Priests there offered sacrifice ; prophets there foretold the judgments of God and the destinies of man ; kings there ruled by divine right ; and, if ever in the world, it was there the theocratic form of government, with royal splendor and divine puissance, asserted its ascendancy and maintained undisputed sway. There, too, on the authority of tradition, reposed the bones of the great ancestor of the race ; and there the sons of Noah and many succeeding generations mingled their ashes with the common dust. There the odors of the holocaust ascended daily to the heavens, and there, upon the altar raised above the ashes of the first-born of the race, so long crimsoned with the blood of brutes and men, was consummated the great sacrifice of Calvary and the Son of the eternal God slain for the redemption of mankind. No wonder, that at one time or another, nearly all the nations of the earth had laid claim to the Holy Land. What marvel if at the sound of these sacred names, every chord of affection was awakened, all the fountains of feeling were profoundly stirred, and millions of men marched, uncomplainingly, nay, joyously, into the mouth of inevitable destruction. They freely offered their blood to the Son of God, who had so freely laid down His life for their salvation. They cheerfully took up His cross, and entered upon their perilous engagement with an unflinching trust in God, and a serene confidence in the invulnerability of arms blessed by the God of battles. His gracious providence would watch over them upon the way ; His power would smooth the difficulties that beset their path ; His favoring smiles would warm their zeal, and give zest to their endeavors ; His undoubted assistance would impart strength to their efforts, and crown their holy enterprise with the coveted garland of success. Rivers might not open a dry way for their passage ; citadels and ramparts might not fall down at the

blare of their trumpets ; the sun might not be arrested in his course in the heavens, to lend victory to their banners ; but the God of Israel would still be with them ; the pillar of Jehovah's cloud would shield them on their journey ; the column of fire would be a lamp unto their feet and the justice of their cause would triumph when the arm of God was raised for the destruction of the enemies of the Cross, and the blasphemers of the Christian name.

Thus prompted by the spirit of a divine enthusiasm, by belief in the merit and justice of their cause, by the hope of a heavenly recompense and the assurance of aid from the Almighty Ruler of the nations, they made ready for the fray in the name of the Lord God of hosts.

Burgher and peasant sold their lands and parted from their childhood's home without a sigh ; serfs attached to the servitude of the glebe begged and obtained their freedom for the fight ; artisans laid aside the instruments of their industry ; nobles relinquished their baronial halls and manors, their castles and their lands ; princes alienated their provinces, and kings, in some instances, descended from thrones of luxury and power, and detached themselves from the fascinating glamour of the court ; men, in fine, of talent and authority, men in every walk of life, turned aside from their customary pursuits, to grasp their trusty sword, to raise the gonfalon of the Crucified, and to rise in multitudinous numbers, and, as it were, to loose Europe from its foundations and hurl it with headlong force against the walls of Asia. On they came, countless as the stars of heaven, or the sands upon the shore ; on, past the confines of France and Lorraine ; along the shores of the Rhine and the Danube, the Dniester and the Elbe ; over the Carpathian Mountains and the Transylvania Alps ; through wild and desolate regions covered with moor and morass, fen and bog, and virgin forest, intersected by unfordable streams, beetling crags, and abysmal defiles, and choked by nature's almost impassable barriers, and through the highways of civilization into parts where man had not yet dared to claim dominion over the earth, they unflinchingly pressed on, undaunted and undismayed, till they stood on the banks of the Bosphorus, beheld the glint of laughing waters on the bosom of the Black Sea, and saw the sun light up with the fire of Oriental splendor the mosques and temples of Constantinople. Still on they strove across waters to the

shores of Asiatic Turkey, till worn and weary they crossed the plains of Sharon and the mountains of Judea, and rested their enraptured eyes upon the burnished battlements and golden gates of the holy city of Jerusalem. What a sublime spectacle those legions were, as, buoyed up by the romantic character of their design, enkindled by the ardor of a quenchless enthusiasm, and flushed with the hope of speedy and decisive victory, they ranged around the frowning walls before them, under the royal banner and oriflamme of France, and the pennants and bannerets of Germany, with gleaming shield and glittering lance, and brazen-pointed spear, and good sword in their hands, ready to dare and die for the cause that bore them from their homes, their country and firesides.

In sooth they were

“ A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for a mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time.”

The Crusades, in one sense, were not a success. But success is not the end of life. Success is not even the test of merit, for “heaven is made for those who fail”; and, if this be true, as true it must be for failure in a noble cause, the vast pyramids of bones in the valley of Nice and on the fields of Palestine are merely the monuments of martyrs who exchanged the wreath of earthly victory for the crown of heavenly recompense.

Nor yet were the Crusades a failure. The seed cast into the ground is hidden for a time, from sight; and its virtue cannot be measured till it brings forth fruit in proper season. The full fruit of their own planting the Crusaders did not behold; and what their sowing would bring forth they themselves but jejunely suspected. The human mind seldom seizes all the ramifications of an idea, and still less the complete consequences of a deed. In simple form and tangible shape the idea of the heroes who went forth to battle was the rescue of the Redeemer's tomb; but that attempt, though mainly abortive, was to change the whole current of history, and “be the fair beginning of a time.” They aimed only at the deliverance of a sepulchre; they were the saviours of civilization, the deliverers of the world. Posterity thrusts its sickle into the harvest gleaned by the heroes of medieval days. They builded wiser than they knew,

no doubt, but their merit was the integrity of their intentions, the consummate courage of their lives, the sublime heroism of their deaths. They placed a mighty stake, and, in one sense, they lost; but their loss was the gain of future generations. Pinched by the frosts of an Alpine winter; scorched by the burning rays of a Syrian sun; consumed by intolerable thirst; spent by fatigue, exhausted by hunger, and ravaged by disease, the ghastly companion of want, they perished like the leaves of the forest, and mingled their bones with the dust; but from their nameless tombs sprang forth the bright light of a new creation; and upon the ash-formed mound of our ancestors arose the monuments of present progress and modern civilization. We know what they could not foretell, the lasting results and permanent progress that outlived their endeavors, and sprang from their enterprise. At this distant day we can measure their work.

In the material order, even, the results of the Crusades were more than commensurable with their fearful cost in life and treasure.

Our rude forefathers did not compare with the polished Orientals, who rejoiced in the possession of the hoary, age-crowned civilization of the world. To this ancient civilization, the Crusades opened the eyes of the West, and, while dazzled with the pleasing prospect, the almost semi-barbaric tribes of Europe were introduced to the cultivation and refinement of the East. They beheld with wonderment the superior polish and refinement of Cairo, Alexandria, and Constantinople; and they saw with amazement the learning and philosophy of the Orient. Their admiration was excited, their emulation aroused, and these, as mostly they do, gave birth to imitation. The most notable progress was in trade, and manufactures, and in the arts and sciences, inspired, on the one hand, by the spirit of industry, or the calls of necessity; and on the other, by the greed of gain, or the longings of luxury. Gorgeous Tyrian dyes were imported into France to deck the robes, and costly gems and pearls to adorn the persons of royalty. From Egypt, and from Greece, silks and sorghums found their way to Western Europe, and the sweet spices and juicy gums of Arabia and Palestine became merchantable commodities in the markets of Lyons and of Frankfort. From the astute Arabs, the rudiments of medicine and mathematics were derived by the adventurous pilgrims of the Cross; while on their

weary march they listened in thoughtful mood to the apothegms of Aristotle, or cheered their lonely hours by hearing the songs of Homer chanted in the poet's native tongue. History here took a new turn, for the course of civilization, which so long seemed declining, like an erratic comet on its downward track, began to move in ascending lines again, and that progression of the race which had so long ebbed began to flow with accelerated motion towards the setting sun. At that very hour might Berkeley's prophecy have been written :

“ Westward the course of Empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama of the day ;
Time's noblest off-spring is the last.”

In the social and political order, the results were not less striking, and still more beneficial.

The great mass of mankind, under the hard yoke of feudalism, were chained to the soil, without the enjoyment of property or the hope of freedom ; every prospect of remunerative industry, every avenue of advancement or improvement, was choked by the insolence and greed of rapacious lords and barons ; the seeds of barbarism, still sprouting in the human breast, devoted many victims to their own licentiousness, and urged them to act in defiance of order and of law ; in fine, outside the higher nobles and the clergy, who, despite the spirit of individuality characteristic of their ages, alone occupied the status of men, society seemed hopelessly discordant and disrupted, if not on the verge of chaos, or walking in the shadow of an approaching cataclysm. Among the chief causes that undermined the great fabric of Gothic tyranny and violence the Crusades were pre-eminent. The boundless estates of the arrogant barons were dissipated and divided ; their insupportable indigence extorted from them charters of freedom for the down-trodden peasantry ; and many of the most iniquitous among them were utterly extinguished in the Holy Wars. The state of feudal vassals was thus improved ; and the institution of feudality itself was shaken from turret to foundation-stone. The human mind, developed by travel and observation, began to assert its ascendancy over mere brute force ; might gave place to right ; the cruel ordeal, the deadly duel, and the relics of barbarism and superstition fell into merited disgrace ; individu-

ality received a new, but conservative, impulse ; popular liberty obtained a fresh footing and a nobler aim ; the reign of law was firmly established ; commerce was created ; fleets and navies commenced to float upon the seas ; and to society, in every vein and artery, was imparted a new and powerful propulsion, which carried Europe to the maturity of its development, and gave the benefit of life and form to the civilization of to-day.

Nor was this all. A spirit of fraternity sprang up among the nations engaged in a common cause, and united them in one brotherhood of faith, and one fatherhood in God. Everywhere faith blossomed forth like flowers after a long winter, or like the verdure of the forest ; and everywhere the most heroic deeds, the most magnanimous virtues, bloomed on the once sterile soil of dust-prone humanity, and lent to the age a lustre not inferior to the days of pristine Christianity. The idle and degenerate found release from crime in the activity of occupation ; the gay and frivolous had to relinquish their puerile pursuits in the task of recuperating their fortunes ; the tyrannous and despotic tempered their arrogance in the new-born necessity of dependence ; and in the work of general purification, laxity of morals was restrained ; faith, fickle and languid, was refreshed ; charity, cold and feeble, was revived, and the whole face of society enkindled with animation, never before beheld, by the divine breath of religion, renovating by the power, and regenerating by the genius of the all-pervading spirit of the Crusades.

And, lastly, the wild energy of reason, lashing with blind fury against the foundations of religion, was impotently spent upon the strong ramparts of piety and devotion ; the untamed ardor of the intellect, expending itself in profitless discussion and the subtleties of sophistry, more dangerous to civilization than the fierce onslaughts of barbarism, was cooled and checked, and the mind in its drifting vagaries was solidly anchored to the immovable moorings of authority, discipline, and religion. In the imperative needs of the hour, in the acknowledged necessity of mutual sympathy and support unattainable under the sway of any temporal sovereign, the Papacy was exalted to its lofty position at the head of affairs, and the dominion of the world, in the sovereignty of the Pontiff of Rome, was decreed by the international polity of the time, and the pacification of Europe entrusted to hands which alone could adjust the balance of power,

and secure to succeeding ages the liberties, rights, and all the treasures of civilization which were the legitimate, though unforeseen, consequences of one of the bloodiest dramas in the whole history of the world during the ages of faith.

To defend everything in a rude age, when society was still unformed and the action of religion incomplete and hampered by a variety of opposing forces, would be as injudicious as it is unphilosophical. But, although the base and the benevolent, the rude and the refined, the natural and the supernatural, were very strangely and inharmoniously blended in those days, we have still much to learn from the middle ages—much to curb the insolence of modern manners, the selfishness of modern society, and the pride of modern life. Not in the splendor and the glory of the proud civilization of ancient Rome and Greece; not in the intellectual ages of antiquity, whether in the schools of Alexandria or in the groves of Academus; not in the elegance and refinement of the post-medieval centuries shall we find those lessons most needful in our cold and calculating age:—no; but in those illustrious and beautiful virtues of simplicity, faith, reverence, and honor of the age of the Crusades, we shall find the true tonic for the mad infidelities of the present time, and we likewise shall behold the prodigies wrought by Christianity in taking hold of nations in the period of their barbarous infancy, nursing them through the helplessness of childhood, subduing their wild, unruly youth, and at length developing in them the full dignity and immortal beauty of Christian manhood. We seek not to extenuate the faults, neither do we blind ourselves to the virtues of those days when Faith, watered by the spirit of penance and warmed by the sunshine of primitive fervor, began her silent march through the dark groves and forests of France and Germany. In this age do we meet the fullest development of the Christian life, as such, that has yet been seen upon the earth. In this age do we behold the most docile faith, because it was the faith of a pious-minded but untaught people, and therefore, for that very reason, more ductile in the moulding hand of the Church. In this age do we also find the purest and the simplest faith, because the Humanists had not yet come to pollute the Christian atmosphere of Europe with the miasma of Pagan philosophy and the lascivious literature of Greece, nor to exalt the teachings of Aristotle above the simplicity of the Gospel; and the *renaissance* had not yet appeared to

debauch the mind with the grovelling tendencies of Greek thought, nor to corrupt the imagination by the study of Greek models.

Look at the men of the middle ages. In them we read the annals of those ages ; for men make history, and their lives tell the tale of the times in which they flourished. In those men we discover an omnipresent and ever-abiding faith which ruled their lives and guided the whole tenor of their conduct. They dwelt in an atmosphere of religion, and the realization of the spiritual world was to them as lively as the existence of the sensible world was actual. What a magnificent faith was that which moved multitudes to precipitate themselves, like a mighty mountain *avalanche*, upon the shores of Asia to rescue the Redeemer's tomb, when destruction seemed the foreordained penalty ! And what sublime heroism they evinced ! Well might Tasso chant the praises of a Godfrey or a Tancred. When the Holy City was captured by the Christians, and to the victorious hero, De Bouillon, was offered the kingly crown as the just meed of his valor, should the student of history be informed of his answer : "Never shall I wear a crown of gold where my Redeemer carried a crown of thorns." And when overtaken by disaster almost irreparable, when discomfited by repulse and loss sufficient to appall the stoutest breast that ever shield defended, the doughty champion of the Cross, Tancred, the unterrified, exclaimed : "Never shall I relinquish Palestine while forty knights remain." When shall their laurels fade ? When shall their memory die ? When shall their chivalry cease to call forth our admiration ? Brave they were, and tender ;—for the brave are always so ; knights without fear or reproach, whose like we may see no more in the council or in the camp. On the eve of battle they prepared for the fight, whetting their trusty sword with one hand, and with the other leaning on the Lord Jesus Christ, whom they embraced with ardor at the altar where His blood, mystically flowing, shrived them from faults, and sanctified their souls. Men they were who knew no fear, but withal strong and simple souls ; and simplicity was the foundation of their greatness. Alas ! that such simplicity should be laughed down at the present day, and have almost disappeared from the land.

Of mediæval chivalry, the beau-ideal was Louis IX. of France, who had but three words inscribed upon his heart, *Dieu, France, et Marguerite*. With his latest breath he entreats his son and successor

to the throne to compassionate the poor and to preserve the liberties of his people. In his exquisite devotion to Marguerite he was the true type of the Chivalry of his age, which embalmed the character of woman with an atmosphere of reverence, surrounded her with a halo of homage and respect which the boasted refinement of the present is unable to imitate and incompetent to understand. To rehabilitate and elevate woman, so much degraded by the coarseness of Paganism ; to look upon her as the help-mate of the sterner sex ; to regard her as a ministering spirit, who by her purity, her tenderness, and her devotion, was destined to ennoble, to soften, and to spiritualize the hard and rough-hewn nature of man,—this was the aim and spirit of Chivalry, and it was an impulse born of Christianity and the refining influence of the Gospel of a tender Jesus.

In forming an estimate of the men of medieval times, superficial observers, in condemning their immanity of manners, overlook the fact that nineteen centuries of Christian civilization were required to beget that tone of toleration, that mildness of opinion, and that gentility of feeling which we justly prize and perhaps unduly vaunt to-day. At the same time they unthinkingly or perversely ascribe to the intolerance of the Catholic Church the ferocity of temper that characterized the military spirit of medieval times ; forgetting, or neglecting, to consider that the Church laid her hand upon a barbarous people whom, by degrees, her divine power transformed, purified, and softened beyond all expectation of those who realize the imperishable savagery of the human heart.

But the middle ages were mightily maligned. The men of those days were rough and rugged characters, but for all that they were great men of sublime and heroic mould. Greatness and worth are always born of conflict. Let our path be rose-strewn, and soft southern gales always blowing, and mankind would be a mass of Sybarites dissolved in sloth and effeminacy. Nor were the most doughty warriors wanting in the fine feelings of the present order of civilization.

The training of the Knights was a stern and tedious task. They were duly informed in everything concerning the methods of warfare then in vogue ; but even still more rigorously in the art of gentle manners, in the practice of politeness, and in the manifestation of those courtesies which spring from the lessons of Christian Charity, as flowers from their native soil. They were severely taught to

respect age, experience, rank, and superiority ; to reverence weakness, to compassionate suffering, misfortune, and distress ; and the Knight who failed in these indispensable qualities of his honored order was a reproach to his profession, and affixed to his name the stigma of indelible disgrace. The profession of arms was warranted by the stern necessities of the times, and in some sense sanctified by the true knight of Chivalry ; for he swore to discharge with religious loyalty the duties of his calling ; he laid his sword upon the altar to seal the ceremony, and he was invested with the insignia of his office in the name of the Almighty and his tutelary angel.

The immense influence of such an institution in impressing principles of truth, justice, honor, and humanity upon all who pledged fealty thereto, and in refining the temper and lending grace and urbanity to the manners of those who, in lofty aspiration, upheld the banners of Chivalry, was powerfully experienced by men whose recent rescue from the grossness of barbarism left them much in need of some generous ideal to elevate their sentiments and feelings. Such an ideal was found in Christian Chivalry. The intensity of private hatred was diminished, for none would draw the sword save for justice and necessity ; and the harshness and asperity of national antipathy, were softened and toned down, for religion and patriotism were at one in proclaiming mankind brethren in Christ, and exciting all to spirited emulation in defending their common heritage of Christianity from the incursions of idolatry and paganism. Henceforth it was no longer the bloody battle in the forest glade, or the wanton slaughter of innocent and helpless victims on the roadside ; nor yet was it the salacious spectacle which Roman depravity fed to prurient tastes ; but it was the gay joust and tournament graced by the presence of high-born dames who crowned the victor for his skill, and rewarded him by favoring smiles for his dexterity and courage. But woe betide the unhappy Knight who suffered a wound upon his honor, or fixed a stain upon his sword by any unchivalrous conduct, or false, dishonorable deed.

The Crusades gave to Chivalry an enlarged and wide-extended sphere, as it did a noble and exalted aspect. To men athirst for adventure and for glory, and tired of the monotony of the Gothic tournament which lacked the spicy element of reality ; to men to whom religion and military renown were almost the only forces that influ-

enced their minds or wrought upon their fancy, the Crusades opened a romantic prospect of fame and immortality, fired them with an ardent enthusiasm ; and when the bugle call was sounded to rally the Christian hosts against the myrmidons of Mahomet, it met with a response whose generosity is unexampled in the annals of time. From that time forward, religion and the profession of arms were solemnly married in the rise of the famous military orders, which, long after the great excursions to Palestine, preserved their religious character, and maintained their usefulness in protecting the helpless and the weak, avenging the wrongs of injustice and oppression, and defending the Church against the implacable enemies who sought the destruction of civilization in the common ruin of religion. When might was recognized as right ; when rapacity ruled everywhere ; when passions held predominant sway over the dictates of reason, the proud knights of Chivalry composing the military orders displayed a uniform character and conduct remarkable for spotless honor and untarnished virtue ; distinguished for superhuman bravery in the field, and unruffled gentleness at the fireside ; noted for pure, exalted, and refined reverence for woman, undying devotion to religion, and ardent attachment to simple-minded faith, which combined to produce the fairest soldier of Chivalry, and the hero whose sublimity of demeanor would shed lustre upon any age.

“Chivalry,” it has been beautifully said by a recent writer, “was a fair tree whose roots were charity and humility ; whose boughs were valor and fidelity, purity, and devotion, and whose beautiful crown and flower was honor ;—honor that peerless sentiment, which was not so much virtue itself, as the crown and perfection of all virtue ; the perfume of their combined excellence, and the splendor of their beauty.”

Where this sentiment held sway, we can easily understand the great reverence for woman, who in the best days of Chivalry might walk the land, through the length and breadth thereof, unattended and unmolested, secure in her person and her virtue, like the fair maid of Erin in the golden age of Malachy, of whom the poet sweetly sings :

“ Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore ;
But oh ! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wand.

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 “ On she went, and her maiden smile
 In safety lighted her round the Green Isle ;
 And blest forever is she who relied
 Upon Erin’s honor and Erin’s pride.”

“But the age of Chivalry has gone,” says Burke; “that of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever.” Yet why should it be gone, “that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that dignified obedience, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom”? Why should it be gone, “the unbought grace of life, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise”? Why should it be gone, “that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound ; which inspired courage, while it mitigated ferocity ; which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing half its grossness”?

The spirit of faith is a living spirit, and it produces works that never pass away. Chivalry is the child of Faith, and the daughter of Religion. We possess the faith whence sprang the lofty virtues, the tender sentiments, and the exalted feelings of the men of Chivalry ; and shall that faith be found less fruitful now? Is the human heart less tender, the soul less susceptible, the mind of man less noble, than in the days of yore? Has religion lost its power to refine, to ennoble, to elevate? Is honor dead? Piety, has it perished? Candor, faith, fidelity, magnanimity, integrity, loyalty, and generosity—have they gone? No; it cannot be. Since these flowers of Chivalry bloomed upon the land, we have seen much of the vile and noxious cockle spring up to choke the tender shoots of virtue in the soil. We have had a boasted Reformation, but where is the reconstruction? Where is the social and spiritual advance? Where is the real refinement and the urbanity of bearing, the gentleness of manners, the keen sense of honor, that adorned and exalted the ages of the past? Material prosperity now claims the meed of praise. The rush of the snorting engine, the clatter of the mill-wheel, the sound of the gong and the hammer, have occupied the field, where once the bugle blast resounded, commanding Christian hosts to gather and “charge with all their Chivalry.” We would not alter time’s arrangements if we could, and we could not, if we would. Those days, we would not

call them back. No ; but the divine enthusiasm, the generous ideals, the high-toned honor, and the exalted sentiment that crowned and immortalized them, we fain would behold gracing the land and garishing it with glory resplendent as of old. Most of what we hold to-day, of wise and high and good, has come down to us from those immortal ages. The organization of labor in unions of self-defense, representative government, limited or constitutional monarchy, home rule, municipal corporations, trial by jury, international law, pacific arbitration, and other institutions of like importance to society are the heritage bequeathed to posterity by the genius of the middle ages. But a far richer legacy than all was the shining example of an indestructible faith, crowned by peerless and incomparable charity.

Let us turn our thoughts from the hard realities of the present workaday world to the high ideals of those days. Let us withdraw from the greedy throng that surround us now, to live once more in the company of the noble dead. Let us seek the modern gentleman in the successor of the chevalier of Chivalry, in whom courtesy and valor, honor and simplicity, faith and freedom, grace, goodness, and bright genius shall combine to produce for the admiration of forthcoming ages the genuine, true-born gentleman.

II.

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

THE mode of treatment prescribed by our government for the welfare of the Indian is a thing not born of yesterday. It is a legacy bequeathed to us by the Plymouth Pilgrims ; and, true to their example, their descendants have adhered to it for now more than two hundred years. What their policy was is known but too well. They who fled the chastisement of the sectarian rod in England scourged their fellow-refugees with scorpions in America. It is easy to fancy, then, how the poor savage writhed beneath the falling stroke of the puritanical lash. A lapse of time brought about a change of rulers, and upon the ruins of the colonial establishment the great fabric of our Union was erected ; but that change carried no spark of reviving hope to the redman's broken spirit.

When, hardly more than a century ago, the oppressed inhabitants of this land resolved to cast off the shackles that bound them to the earth, and to stand disenthralled among the nations, a race of suffering fellow-creatures begged the right to labor and to live ! But even this pitiful boon the liberty-loving people of these States denied to the ill-starred children of the forest. More than this ; the government set its eye upon the Indian's land, and that glance proved fatal to the Aborigine. He was himself no expert in tracing out the sinuosities of legal lore ; and when he could not be wheedled out of his land by the present of a few trinkets and other gew-gaws, he was soon ousted from it by a complication of the niceties and finely-turned points of American law. He was asked to surrender that which by right of priority should be his hereditary possession forever ; and upon his refusal, the government made haste to legislate him to land sufficiently remote from the land of his ancestors. And so the unhappy savage was constrained to turn his

back on the Eastern sun, and seek a new home on the bleak, sterile prairie, or in the gloomy and forbidding wood. Never could he enter again his luxuriant garden home, for the flaming sword of the grim-visaged paleface flashed menacingly athwart the entrance. Scattered, like broken herds of deer, exiles from scenes endeared to them by every tender association and tradition, a whole nation of Nature's noblemen wander aimlessly along, sad, dejected, trampled children of despair. With Spartan solidity and stoicism they yield to the unjust sentence pronounced against them by the whites, and stifle that soul-burning emotion it begets, but whose presence they would scorn to betray. They retired beyond the waters of the Mississippi in quest of a new home. Here they hoped to remain undisturbed, for the United States government had upon solemn oath guaranteed to them this abode for all time. "Go," said the government to the redman, "go beyond the Mississippi ; there your white brother shall not molest you ; there you shall live in peace whilst grass grows or water runs." We all know how punctiliously this promise has been kept. Treaty after treaty was made by the government, and, like that of Limerick, broken ere the ink wherewith it was written had dried. The industrious Cherokees, who had begun to build schools and churches, had established a newspaper, and even set about the formation of a republic, were, despite their protest and the decision of a Supreme Court, forced, for a paltry consideration, to abandon all, whilst their republic was abolished by an act of legislature. The Creeks fared still harder. They were requested to cede back all the lands secured to them by treaty some years before ; and for refusing compliance, they, on the shallow pretext that the settlers' lives were in danger, were slain to the last man by an organized military force under General Andrew Jackson ! What wonder if their surviving kinsmen vowed perpetual hate against the oppressor ? if the midnight sky shone scarlet, high above the cabin of the paleface ? if, when the fierce eyeballs glared from the thicket, in the flash of an instant thereafter, the planter's life-blood tinged the swarded green ! And now before their feverish imaginations they see arise the ghosts of their buried ancestors, who, in dread spectral array, come on to taunt them for having suffered the spoliation of the hallowed bones of sagamores and seers. Then, at last, in a spirit born of the resistance of utter despair, they, like

a tiger at bay, spring wildly, impetuously, upon the unrelenting foe, resolving to be avenged, or to die in the endeavor. The onset lasts but a moment. It is a vain effort. The death-dealing machinery of civilized warfare is too potent for the uncouth weapons of savage handicraft. The redman approaches, then pauses, reels, and falls, crushed to the earth. And many in the land cry out, "Well done! The brutal savage deserves to be annihilated. He is unsusceptible of civilized influences." If time's effacing fingers would blot from history's page the dark record of their wrongs, then indeed might we complain if they still refused to be civilized. Let them who condemn the clouted savage because he presumed to defend with his dying breath his home and his fireside, go offer some atonement for all the injustice heaped upon him;—let them, who preach of "man's inhumanity to man," go administer the Lethean chalice to the bitter memories of the redman's past, and then, perchance, he may believe them sincere in their protestations to elevate his manhood. But the worst remains to be told.

In the year 1870 there was organized, under the auspices of some worthy ministers, the present Indian peace-policy of the government. Without any design to impugn the motives of these men, it must be said that a sadder travesty of what constitutes law could not well be imagined. Then, indeed, if not before, was the redman's cup of misery filled to the brim. For suddenly there came trooping down upon him a mighty legion of official land-grabbers, a vast horde of pilfering, speculating agents who clung to him with the tenacity of a parasite to its bleeding victim. The only complaint of these men was of the irregularity of the government in making appropriations to help them carry out their humane policy of peace. They made a solitude and called it peace, and this was the peace they gave the Indian,—the peace of a cold and silent grave. They came to teach him habits of improvidence and prodigality, to create for him a thousand superfluous wants which they did not tell him how to satisfy. Then, too, came a lawless squad of whiskey-sellers to "steal away his brain," no less than to relieve him of his money. Unlike Falstaff's men, who were food for powder, these men made the Indian food for whiskey. On every side the white man, to whom he looks for example, as a being wiser than himself, tenders him his fire-water; so that now, after a distribution of the annui-

ties, every Indian, man, woman, and child, that is capable of lifting a jug to its head is seen wallowing in beastly drunkenness.

It is but a few months ago that one of the most sickening phases of this benign policy was displayed. A whole band of Indians were exiled from the home of their childhood and manhood ; and, for murmuring at what they deemed a grievous wrong, they, after a heroic march of 1,000 miles across arid, trackless plains, were confined within the barriers of a prison when the thermometer stood twenty degrees below zero, with no fire and no clothing to keep the blood from congealing in their veins. Dying here of cold, hunger, and malaria, they at last determined to make one bold, headlong break for life and liberty. But the foe was quickly in pursuit. The men themselves, supple as they were, might easily have escaped, but they chose to encumber themselves with their wives, and the young children whom they carried through the baptism of fire. Ah! yes; these barbarians have hearts that throb sympathetically with love of kindred and of friends. The young braves, the flower of the band, form themselves into a rear-guard for the protection of fleeing kindred and aged parents. This, in a savage, may be sentimental attachment, but it is the basis of the family, of the State, of the highest civilization. And yet these heroes must perish! They are called on to surrender, but called in vain. The redman thought of the horrors of the past, and he chose to die rather than be handed over, body and bones, to the tender mercies of his agents. With the blades of their knives they cast up intrenchments in the frozen earth. These becoming untenable, they retire into a deep ravine, and await an attack. One detachment of soldiery is deployed to skirmish. Another mounts the bluffs, whilst a third covers the entrance to the gully. At the signal given, a volley of leaden rain is poured down the mouth of the ravine. In an instant the smoke vanishes, and everything is still. All that remains of that once noble band are a few old women, who, in mute agony, sit on the cold ground, and gaze on the lifeless forms before them!

Such are the legitimate fruits of the vacillating and temporizing policy of the government. Surely they are terribly eloquent in exposing the manifold abuses and defects of the system. This policy is one of shame and mortification to every right-thinking man. Reports are cooked up to order, but the shortcomings of those agency

people are so palpable that no one is deceived. One power could save the Indian from the fate to which he has been doomed, but the bigotry and fanaticism of those who direct the present policy have practically precluded the possibility of its helping him.

“ Of all the sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, It might have been.”

And yet we must say that the fate of the Indian might have been otherwise if he had had the good fortune to be intrusted to Catholic keeping. That the Catholic Church can civilize the savages is amply attested wherever she exercised control over them. Her fostering influence obtained for them every blessing of civilization in Canada. Nor was this less the case in South America, where the model Republic of the world was founded by the Jesuits. Even in these States, wherever the priests had free scope to labor, the savage forsook his nomadic and predatory life, washed off his paint, and donned the costumes of civilization. There was one, too, among those priests who seemed more of heaven than earth. Like a beacon pointing out the path of the mariner amid the mists and darkness of the storm-troubled night to a haven of security, so was he, as an angel of light, guiding on the groping savage through the obscurity of pagan ignorance, and indicating the true way that led to that place of tranquillity and rest, the all-embracing knowledge of the one true God. His life was gentle, and his people loved him; for, deep-traced on the redman's heart, and deep-rooted in his memory, is the fond recollection of the noble, heroic, and self-denying Father De Smet.

Filled with memories of such men as he, the poor savage to-day demands that priests of the Catholic Church,—“those,” says he, “who wear the black gowns,” be sent to instruct him. Yes; they want representatives of that Church which they have learned to honor and to love. But even this concession to the rights of conscience a professedly tolerant government has the injustice, in a great measure, to refuse. Of some forty agencies to which it is entitled, the Catholic ministry has but eight. And what it now costs the government, in the way of teaching, nearly \$40,000 per annum, could, as our missionaries have proved, be accomplished through Catholic management for about \$16,000. And though it be admitted

that an Indian under Catholic restraint is infinitely better than a Protestant savage slinging a tomahawk, yet we know full well that, when it can be done, Catholic chaplains will not be permitted to come into the agencies lest, by their frugality, they should lessen the official pickings and illicit perquisites of those same well-fed agents, who have reduced the redman to a state, beggarly, beyond all powers of description.

Thus the great problem now stands. Our able politicians are either too engrossed with questions of party, or of personal concern, to give any heed to the subject, or else they have not sufficient grasp of mind to solve it. And so the overwhelming work of destruction goes daily on. With a besom of fire, the redman is being swept from the face of the earth. To-day a leading general of the nation cries out: "Let them be shot down like dogs." And a first-rank newspaper, re-echoing the same brutal sentiment, cries: "Moral suasion is no longer of avail, physical force must be employed." As snow melts from the mountain, so are they fading away from the summit of their glory. As stars drop from their seat in the firmament, so are they falling from the seat they once held in the human family, and passing into the darkness of oblivion. Soon they shall live in our memory alone. And all this is because of the flagrant injustice of that people who incessantly prate about liberty, and yet refuse to recognize the principle of "Live and let live." "I tremble for my country when I think that God is just," said Thomas Jefferson in reference to this subject. And Wendell Phillips says that at the judgment-seat no nation will lift up such accusing hands against our people as the race of American Indians.

The time is not far remote when the direful work will have been accomplished. The redman's home is now "voiceless, lampless, and hung with mourning." His vital spark is growing yet more faint, and every rude blast is fiercer than ever. It pursues him more hotly still; and it will continue to chase him on, until the last luckless savage shall go down to his dismal doom, "like a lonely bark foundering in the waters, and perish without a pitying eye to weep his fall, or a friendly hand to record his struggle."

III.

PREHISTORIC AMERICA—INDIANS AND AZTECS.

So much has been written upon American antiquities that it would be a vain presumption on the part of the writer to attempt to shed any new light upon a subject which, however dark, has been very persistently and successfully explored.

I purpose to confine my remarks to the ethnological side of the question, as indicated by the title of the article.

Of the existence of a prehistoric civilization of no meanly advanced order in our country there offers ample evidence. The homes of the cliff-dwellers in Colorado, so familiar to the tourist's eye, are proof of consummate skill in the science and art of architectural construction.

Upon lofty, almost inaccessible ledges of mountain rock, these curious and interesting fabrications stand in bold defiance of the ravages of time. Side by side with the dwelling is the tower, with its triple enclosure or window, to serve the purpose, probably, of observation or attack. These buildings, towers and houses both, are marvels of masonry, both in the evenness and strength of the jointure of the parts, and in the solidity and symmetry of the whole. What hands were those that deftly put together these puzzling monuments of a bygone time? Who were those chased and hunted creatures who probably made their last stand against the desolating encroachments of a hostile race in these mountain eyries, and finally "passed away to leave no trace," save of their unique skill and handicraft, so manifestly displayed in their habitations? That they are to be referred to a period prior to the Indians is incontestable; and that they were subjugated and subdued by our copper-colored friends is markedly probable.

Among certain tribes of Indians, too, there is found evidence,

mostly fragmentary, of no inconsiderable skill and handicraft in particular trades and arts. The ability to temper copper to the consistency and hardness of steel is well known and effectually baffles the attempts of Yankee genius at imitation. The manifold specimens of pottery, stone implements, adzes, iron tools and numismatic articles in abundance are doubtless the appanage of a higher order of civilization than that of the redmen of the forest ; yet even these have furnished proof of moderate capacity in the production of objects of utility and beauty, as wicker-work, embroidery, and various sorts of finger-craft, conspicuous in personal ornaments, calumets, wampum, and like trappings of the barbaric or semi-civilized condition. It is beside our aim to speculate or theorize on these discoveries, for we have in mind rather the consideration of social and racial characteristics. The subject is too broad to be more than sketched or hinted at in a newspaper article.

As the race of redmen declines, our interest in regard to it increases. It may be that it is the consciousness of guilt that makes us look upon the decline of a race, with a sad and melancholy interest, whose extermination is of our own procuring, instead, as we delude ourselves, of being the work of manifest destiny.

The Dacotahs and the Alonguins, as we are told by historians, were the chief tribes inhabiting the country between the Rockies and the Atlantic coast about the time of the settlement of New Jersey in 1620.

We know how they have been scattered and dispersed ; how decimated and destroyed ; how hunted and killed ; how deteriorated and degenerated ; but still essentially the same since those far-off days.

Yes ; I am sure he is the same old Indian to-day that he was from time immemorial.

Remarkable for their powers of endurance ; patient of hunger and thirst ; insensible to hardship and fatigue ; agile, active and strong, they seem admirably adapted to live the nomadic life of the forest. They are not, as has been so commonly represented, grave and taciturn in private intercourse, but in councils and on solemn occasions it is deemed decorous to assume an air of apathetic gravity and give no indication of feeling. I do believe that if the Indian had had as much education, and, consequently, as many ideas as the white man, he would be not less noted for loquacity.

They are addicted, as a rule, to unconquerable indolence, and, seemingly, to irremovable dirt. A friend of mine who resides at Belleville, N. J., relates the following as his own experience :

Some years ago he established a large grocery store in St. Paul, Minnesota. Requiring help in the business, he saw a big strapping buck one day among a party of Indians who were wont to trade at the store ; he proposed to hire the Hercules at a liberal stipend, and the offer was accepted, and the contract at once concluded. But one day, to the astonishment of his employer, the Indian threw a sack of flour he carried upon the floor, and declared his intention to give up his work. "Don't I treat you well," said the grocer ; "isn't your pay enough?" "Yes," he said, "pay all right, money heap good, but ugh! me no squaw ; good-by, me no squaw." The poor fellow was both willing to work and anxious to secure the money; but his sensitive soul could not stand the taunts and scoffs of the Indians who daily visited the store for the purchase of goods and the exchange of furs, and who hurled at the unfortunate wight the soul-stinging epithet, *squaw*.

It is undisputed that the Indians are eminently pious, in their own way of worship, or at least were so before their corruption by the more pretentious whites. They all believed in the existence of a Deity, on monotheistic principles, and this Supreme Existence was to them the all-wise, benevolent, and powerful God. Strange to tell, they rarely or never invoked him in prayer, but an irreverent mention of his name they regarded as a most shocking blasphemy ; a good lesson for many Christians distinguished for their vile profanity. Some, like the Manichæans, pinned their faith to a principle of evil, to whom they sacrificed, as did many of old, to Moloch. Their belief in a future state is so well known as hardly to require notice, except as it affords additional proof that, aside from revelation, men's notions of paradise are formed by the sensible images and objects by which they are surrounded, of the earth, earthy ; and as the Mohammedan places his future felicity in sensual delights and carnal pleasures, so the Indian would have the inhabitants of the New Jerusalem to occupy themselves in one everlasting buffalo hunt. As with many barbaric races, among the Indians also, to the functions of the priesthood was conjoined the practice of surgery and medicine.

The individual, therefore, whose office it was to placate the Deity was considered competent to cure a cold, or replace a dislocated shin-bone. For such a multiplicity of functions, a great versatility of talent, I am sure, was required.

In respect of government, it is conceded that they had hardly anything deserving the name. The chief, chosen by a sort of tacit consent, had no authority, outside of war contingencies. Sometimes, however, they elected civil chiefs who could exercise advisory, but not mandatory powers. His office was hereditary, but not according to primogeniture. Might was right. Law they had none; but some customs obtained a sort of binding force. The doctrine of "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," met with cordial approval and practical enforcement. While divorce was at the option of the husband, by a prevarication or inconsistency of justice, the adultery of the wife was duly punished by taking off her olfactory organ. To prevent her "nosing round," I suppose.

Their courage was invincible, though it is not to be measured by our standards. It was not so much personal, as clannish, and the boldest warrior was often easily cowed if isolated from his friends.

The rights of property were but dimly discerned. There was generally no "meum" and "tuum," for property was held in common—in most tribes.

Whence did the redman come? We have heard and read many theories about his origin, but it is likely we shall always remain in the dark. He may have crossed Behring's Strait, or, like Topsy in Uncle Tom's Cabin, he may have simply "grewed." Who can tell? Are they the dusky children of Ishmael? If the banished Hagar did not "see her boy die," his remote offspring doubtless soon will be no more. Are they some of the lost tribes? This last is the Mormon theory, who make capital use of it in preaching to the Indian the glorious gospel of liberation which the latter-day saints are commissioned to carry to the dispersed house of Israel. They hold that the emancipation and restoration of the Indian is their own peculiar mission, and it is in them, and by them and their gospel, that the final salvation and conversion of the Jews, of whom the Indians form a quota, is to receive its accomplishment.

Regarding their thievish propensities, a near relative of the writer,

who dwelt for some time in the Pi-Ute Country, tells a story of their singular dexterity and adroitness in appropriating other people's property. He fell asleep in his blanket on the open plain with a brace of revolvers by his side, to find on his awakening that during somnolence he had been rolled out of the blanket, and both blanket and revolvers stolen. It might seem a pretty strong draft on our credulity to gulp down the narration, did we not know as a matter of fact that the thieving Bedouins resort to the practice of fanning the unconscious victim to deepen sleep, tickling him on the side to cause him to roll over, and then purloining the goods which for safety he slept upon.

As we have just hinted at the interesting question concerning the identity of the American Indians with the children of Israel, it is not less pertinent to refer to the very prevalent opinion which looks upon the Ancient Aztecs as of Shemitic or Hebraic origin. And if similarity of feature is any indication of racial unity, the Aztecs have a much stronger claim than the Indians to be so regarded.

Those of our readers old enough to call to mind the appearance of the Aztec children some years ago exhibited in New York City, and of the more aged couple recently produced by Barnum, could not fail to be struck at the startling evidence of Hebrew paternity, in physiognomy, physiology, and habit. And this fact sustains the opinions of the most astute ethnologists, that the people who inhabited the cities of the Central American continent, now known only by their monumental ruins, came originally from the other continent. We have here strong confirmation of the Scriptural teaching concerning the unity of the human race, and its derivation from one common parent.

Dr. Samuel Mitchel found Greek characters upon the idols discovered in Central America, and Dr. Correy says : "There is no doubt that the people who once dwelt in these cities—the ancient Aztec—were composed of Phenicians, Greeks, Egyptians and Asiatics."

Furthermore, those interesting specimens who seem to have sprung, phoenix-like, from the ashes of a bygone time, appear as if they had arisen from the dead to convince the nineteenth century that, long anterior to the discovery of Columbus, this continent was peopled by a race, civilized, refined, and intelligent ; for although

these gifts and faculties are not found in the persons now before us, we behold in them the physiognomy of that race whose features are delineated in the sculptures which modern investigation has brought to light, and these are the features of a people who have left behind them more than sufficient traces to show that, although now their grandeur is all but blotted out, they had once attained to no despicable degree of art, refinement, and civilization.

IV.

MORMONISM AND THE GOVERNMENT.

IN the *Forum* for November, 1888, George Ticknor Curtis writes an article anent the much-vexed Mormon problem, which abounds in strong sense, and is conspicuous for its thorough grasp of the whole range of the subject.

We have not had, at any time, so enlightened and dispassionate a view of this threadbare topic from any man of importance, nor one which so completely commends itself to us as being in exact accord with our own personal observation and experience.

The pest of polygamy has provoked the fiercest denunciations from men of all shades of religious belief and every political profession; but from the nature of the case, it must always receive its sternest condemnation from the Catholic Church, which, of all institutions at the present day, alone has just notions of the marriage contract, and, perforce, of those vices which, however hallowed by the name of religion or justified by a mistaken conscience, are yet counter to the proper adjustment of the sexual relations, and even perniciously destructive of the very citadel of society—marriage as it should be.

For all that, every Catholic is a lover of truth and justice, and quite partial to fair play; and while he is in hearty agreement with Cardinal Gibbons when he puts Mormonism, or rather polygamy, in the pillory as the great plague-spot of our American civilization, he yet believes in the force of that old adage which would accord to a certain sable celebrity that which of right belongs to him.

When the question of suppressing polygamy first took firm root in the American mind, and the extermination of the evil was resolved upon with a fiery zeal, which well could have been tempered a little with the dew of discretion, a lot of judicial Hotspurs were assigned

to the territory, who set about the execution of their commission with an almost brutal energy and resolution, which was but murdering justice with the sword of law.

All Catholics may not incline to agree with us in these remarks, or may seem to think we talk with too tolerant a voice of a flagrant evil which cannot be too soon suppressed. Of course, no sincere and honest man can give tolerance to pernicious error, but we think it becomes Catholics to view with critical eye the methods that are employed to see if they answer the demands of justice, and whether also they may not be a kind of boomerang some day to shoot back upon ourselves.

In the first place, we submit that it is small matter for marvel that the Mormon mind was slow to be convinced of the sincere purpose and propriety of conduct of those who came to teach them the ways of virtue, and drive them into dungeons if they would not swallow, without a qualm, the governmental nostrum for morality, and at the same time sought to introduce, and did introduce among the citizens of Deseret, an institution which we, without being grossly offensive to the refinement of our readers, may not name. It was the old and just retort, "Physician, heal thyself." Of the truth of the charges against these legalized and official reformers, we have had ample and unimpeachable evidence, supplemented by the testimony of one who, for fifteen years, had labored amongst them, and who is now a prelate of the Catholic Church. He spoke to me of the integrity and probity of the Mormon people; of their spirit of toleration and good will towards Catholics; of their comparative freedom from vice, setting aside their polygamous practices. Their thrift and industry were everywhere apparent. They possessed the magic art of "making the wilderness to blossom as the rose." At no time had they had living in polygamy a portion of their number exceeding ten per cent. Although, as Artemus Ward said, "their religion is singular, and their wives are plural," the plurality, except in a few cases, never passed beyond two or three.

These few points I mention merely to furnish a clue to the amount of exaggeration put in print upon the subject.

But let us look at the principles by which the government seeks to justify the suppression of this people's practices, and see if they are not a little dangerous and menacing to the liberty of Catholics.

Be it remembered that the Mormons held to polygamy as a religious doctrine, and one of the revealed tenets of their peculiar faith. It matters not, for the present purpose, whether they are hugging a delusion, or whether they are truly the "Latter-day Saints." Their sincerity in many instances did not admit of doubt. Agreeably to their belief that polygamy was enjoined on them by conscience informed by the revealed law, they at once contested the constitutionality of the law, whereby the government sought to kill what it regarded as morally monstrous, on the alleged interference of such enactment with the liberty of the individual conscience, and its, to them, obvious opposition to the words and tenor of the law of the country. "O bediendum est Deo potius quam hominibus," said they. With the fallacious character of this claim, we have now and here no concern. Enough that it was made, and made, as we believe, in sober earnestness and subjective truth. "Fudge and faddle," says the government; "your morality is vice, and your religion rhodomontade. And what do we care for your conscience? And at all events, we are the keepers and custodians of that conscience."

"Come to me," says the Mormon; "come in the spirit of the gospel, and point out the error I have embraced, and I will at once reject it." And so the grave and hoary-headed senators from the land of steady habits and exploded Puritanism undertook the mighty task, and in their lofty speeches rummaged the Inspired Word from Genesis to St. Paul, to show the world what warrant they had for the scotching of Mormonism with the weapon of Scriptural sanction. And thus the government makes itself the censor of morals and the teacher of religion. To show that Mormonism was against revealed religion, they were compelled, in a measure, to define religion, and this was an undoubted violation of the spirit of the civil constitution.

There are many of the doctrines of Catholicity as much opposed, in the opinion of these statesmen, to the law of the gospel and the law of the land as is Mormon polygamy.

The effort of the sagacious New England senators to convict Mormonism of immorality from an appeal to Scripture was foredoomed to merited failure. As expositors of revelation they were not a signal success. However skilled in secular science and familiar with the sinuous ways of politics, they proved but sorry novices at their new employment. And then the attempt to belabor Mormonism with

such weighty weapons in untried hands was doomed to be abortive, from the superior skill in that method of argument of those against whom it was invoked. To bear the Bible to Salt Lake was but "to carry coals to Newcastle," or bricks to Haverstraw. Like Timothy, the Mormon had been versed in Scripture and biblical lore of every kind from his youth. He could roll it off in reams at any random call. He challenged controversy, he courted polemics in any Scriptural field with the complacent assurance of a combatant conscious of success. Nor could he be persuaded that the senatorial toga carried with it any authority to interpret Holy Writ in a sense antagonistic to his own understanding of the Sacred Volume. And he demanded from the government, as a religious teacher, those credentials and that commission of authority which no government on earth can give.

Just here I beg to be permitted to indulge a hypothesis, and propound a question which was put to me, and answered, as I shall presently give answer, by a discreet and erudite Prelate in the West. It is this :—

If, to-morrow, the legislative power of the nation should conceive it expedient to proscribe Catholicity, or any portion of it, because of its putative hostility to the American spirit and the established order of affairs in this free country ; and if the legislators are allowed to consider it within their competence to appeal to Holy Writ, and upon their deductions therefrom found proscriptive legislation, what is there to prevent them from successfully adopting these same lines to compass a purpose which would be a cause of joy to many of them, and of hard calamity to us? Nothing.

Finding it impossible to condemn polygamy out of the mouth of the Old Law, all at variance as to the meaning of the New, and compelled to submit to the Mormons' defiant taunt that they could not establish its contrariety to the law of nature, these sapient law-makers found themselves self-impaled upon the horns of a most disastrous dilemma; for to surrender this line of argument was to confess defeat, and displease a puritanical constituency (and oh! the irony of fate, many of the Puritans have become Mormons), and to follow it out was to fail in attaining what was wanted.

In 1879, after many years' connivance, or at least toleration, of polygamy, the aid of the Supreme Court was invoked, which, declaring marriage to be a purely civil contract, defined it to be of the

essence of the contract, that the consent should pass between two persons, and *two persons* only, in a simultaneous union, and therefore within the sphere of the state to punish polygamy, or multiplex marriage of the simultaneous character, as a crime against the law.

It should be observed that, while Catholics are in hearty agreement with the learned judge who rendered this decision as to his conclusion, they do not, and cannot, concede that assumed premise which characterizes marriage as a purely civil contract. And if the state, regarding marriage as a civil relation only, may prescribe its conditions, its limitations, and its very nature, which in truth is the logical sequence of such presumption, it fails me utterly to conceive why Catholics, while chiming in with the common anti-Mormon cry, view as a remote, or even impossible contingency, the interference of the state with their own sacred institutions of Christian marriage.

It is foreign to my purpose to pursue this discussion further. I have no other aim than to open some debate upon the question. I acutely realize that this is a large topic, closely akin to many cognate subjects. It involves the difficult subject of toleration; of liberty of conscience; of freedom of worship; of state interference with established forms of religion. Is it the office of the state to determine when a man is a fanatic and the dupe of a disordered imagination, and when he is not? When his religion is true, and when it is false? How shall it attain its design—by an appeal to Sacred Writ, or to the common conscience, which?

It may be said the state cannot tolerate crime, or that which would subvert its own existence and the existence of society. True, but in the concrete, men will not concur as to what is criminal and thus inimical to society, and what is the contrary. If we cannot show that polygamy is in conflict with the first and evident principles of the natural law, as, indeed, we cannot, I respectfully beg to be informed how some can howl for its suppression, not as a matter of social policy, but as if it stood in the same category with murder, theft, and robbery. To a reasonable man, who says and thinks he has the Word of God as the sanction of his practices, I must show that he is wrong before I cast the stone of condemnation on his head. If he is not reasonable I should convince the world of the fact, that he may be confined as too dangerous to roam at large.

I am daily becoming more convinced that there is hardly a ques-

tion of morality which can be definitely determined without the aid and intervention of that supreme authority to whom was given the commission to teach all things. For what the natural law leaves undetermined, and what revelation will not decide because of the perversity or incapacity of the human heart in understanding, the Catholic Church makes plain as the noon-day sun.

To those who have enough interest in this matter to follow it another interesting step, I would commend the reading of Judge Curtis' article in the *Forum*, in which he animadverts with some severity upon the iniquitous workings of the Edmunds law of '82, and which, for obvious reasons, I would wish to here transcribe.

I would fain not be misunderstood in what I have said about polygamy. I am not defending it, nor those who practice it, but I am disposed to question the legitimacy of the methods, and even of some of the principles employed for its suppression among Mormons. Nor can I agree with Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J., when he makes it to appear that the case against polygamy by the law of nature is almost as strong as that against polyandry.

Ubi tu Caius, ego Caia, "where thou art master, I am mistress," which the Roman bride said to her bridegroom, expresses, indeed, the true standing of the woman in the home and family. But to establish this prerogative for the wife beyond cavil or doubt, and to withdraw her from the dominion of man's unruly passions, is accomplished, not so much by the law of nature, as by the light of revelation explained and enforced by the Catholic Church.

It did not surprise me, therefore, to hear an intelligent Mormon challenge the agnostic Ingersoll, in the Mormon temple at Salt Lake, to make good the assertion that polygamy was in conflict with the natural law; a challenge, I am sure, which "slippery Bob," with his usual adroitness, prudently evaded.

Concerning the confiscation of the Mormon church property by the government, I shall speak in another article, when I come to deal with their checkered history and fanatical religion.

V.

POLITICS AND PARTIES.

THE proximate approach of an election of transcendent importance is what inspires the crude reflections which we have to offer on the subject which we have selected.

It is a common fallacy, advanced in support of apathy and indolence, that a man may stand indifferent to political transactions without lesion to his conscience or deviation from his duty. To refute a conclusion so obviously erroneous and untenable will perhaps appear as the "threshing of old straw." And yet it may not be wholly void of profit.

If patriotism is a virtue, no man can well afford to discount it as a bagatelle. And how can any man pride himself on his patriotism who carries himself with cold apathy and supine negligence in respect of the public politics of his time and country? For on the principles, methods, and conduct of politics the common weal is safely grounded, or surely wrecked and stranded. To deny it were to "bay the moon."

Man is the factor of which society is the product. Man is the unit; society the composite. As there is no society without men, so neither can men exist without society. They wither, perish, die. For as the vine clings to the oak, so does man on society, but in much closer relation than that announced by our analogy. The very essence of personality, it is true, implies segregation. Every man is what he is, is what he holds within the four fleshy walls of his person, whether he mix with the multitude, or sit solitary like Alexander Selkirk on the island of Juan Fernandez. Individuality is not absorbed in society. A brass wall of demarcation impassably defined hedges round the identity of each, and holds the myriad from tramping him down. Yet independence is not inconsistent with dependence, and indepen-

dence destroys not sociality. We live in others as well as in ourselves, "for no man liveth or dieth unto himself." As Dr. Johnson has it, "man is a clubbable animal."

Society has no existence without government, for, "if all were the body, where would the head be," and if all head, where would the members have place? To rule, and be ruled; to govern, and be governed; to command, and be obeyed, is of the essence of society; and any aggregation of men without this distinction of parts, and variety of functions, call it association, call it intercourse, call it what you please, it is not society. Now, society must not only exist, but it must exist well and vigorously. It must not vegetate, but live. The blood must not merely fill the veins, but must also pulsate in the proper channels. And of such society as this, the support and foundation is good government; on the skill and competence of the pilot depends the safety of the ship; the hand at the helm is the one that guides it into port.

But the stream is not purer than its source; light is not more radiant than the sun.

But government is guided by men, men are guided by principles, and do not, and cannot, rise above the principles of which they make profession. A man may be better than his conduct, but never better than his principles. An occasional obliquity bespeaks not total depravity. And what is politics but the reduction of principles to their practical application in the science and art of government? Obviously, therefore, it is a matter of pith and moment to the well-being of society whether men deport themselves with listless indifference, or with active concern in the transactions of the political arena. And this on a double score, to wit: with respect to principles and with respect to men. For, aside from the man in whom the principle is to find its embodiment and concretion, the principle is only an airy abstraction of no more potency in effect than the crack of an unloaded pop-gun.

Every citizen, therefore, having present to mind the consciousness of his duty and the will to discharge it, is in thoughts, and feelings, and attitude keenly alive to the political affairs of his country. It is his constant aim to secure the adoption of such principles as are sound and wholesome in the operations and plans of government, as it is his uniform effort to choose, or have chosen, men of such char-

acter and capacity as shall put in living practice the principles that meet his approval. And this is a moral duty which he cannot elude without lesion to his conscience, and which he cannot forego without endangering his country.

How is he to meet the emergency? Much depends on the methods in vogue and the systems of government that obtain in his case.

In our own favored republic, the whole machinery of government turns on the pivot of party. It were perhaps more desirable to discover some method less subject than party to the wiles and intrigues of clap-trap mouthers and unscrupulous demagogues, who, as Franklin would say, in all their professions of disinterested love for their countrymen, have only a personal axe to grind, and an ill-concealed greed to bring grist to their own mills. But no social philosopher, no man skilled in state-craft, no man, as Horace has it "*juris legumque peritus*," has yet been able to evolve from his labors any method of sufficient adaptability to supplant the party system in the operations of a free and democratic government.

Consonantly, therefore, to this admitted premise, whoever would wish to make his influence felt in the conduct of public affairs has no other road open to the attainment of his end than that which lies through the affiliations of party. Willy nilly, if he has no wish to count as a cipher in the body politic, he must don the habiliments of party and become, according to the wisdom of his choice, democrat or republican; granger or prohibitionist; laborite, socialist, or native American. This contention is irresistible.

But to belong to a party does not make man a partisan any more than to stand in a stable would make him a horse. The question presents itself, however, to what extent is he bound by the claims of party in the exercise of his franchise? It is, as Horace Greeley used to remark, a mighty interesting question, and this the more so that many brand any desertion of party as the most truculent treason. He is looked on in the unenviable light of a political Judas, and perhaps they may think it were better he had never been born. But is a man to be the abject slave of party? Dare he call his soul his own? Does a party pre-empt its adherents so as to own them body and bones? That it has certain claims on them is not to be gainsaid; but what is the scope of the claims?

Man, to fulfill the duties of citizenship, is constrained to connect

himself with some form of party, and hence the first and most paramount duty is that of selection or choice. It is perfuming the violet to say that this choice will be, as it ought to be, the result of his deliberate judgment and conscientious conviction. It will be made in the light of conscience and common sense.

Viewed according to abstract considerations, this choice will be made according to a man's notions of the propriety and the perfections of the principles professed by the party, as they have reference to good government, and the security and prosperity of the country under their application.

The choice once made, does it claim the obligation of fealty and adhesion to the party pitched upon by the citizen? Assuredly, for the obligation of consistency is incumbent on every man, and how can a man, without self-stultification, turn lightly aside from the rational result of his investigation, and recede from the judicial stand that he took when he fettered himself with the gyves of his party?

And yet there is no implication in all this that a man is to be forever trammelled by a judgment made at some period past.

There is nothing permanent under the sun. The times change, and we, not to be odd, change with them. Political parties are no honored exception. Principles, they tell us, do not change, but parties change their principles, correct and amend them. The doctrine sworn by yesterday is discarded on the morrow. Besides, principles remaining the same, the personnel of the party may alter. The river goes on forever, but men may and do come and go. They not only come and go, but often when they stay it is only to grow worse. The rolling stone gathers no moss, but the resting stone may lie so long as to be but little else than moss. Thus men may abide in power so long as to be infected with the dry-rot of corruption and malfeasance.

These things being so, who that has sound sense under his cap will advance the doctrine that a man is bound to stick by his party? He is bound to stick by his conscience; he is bound to cleave to his religion. What if he has made choice of this party? Perhaps the party has changed and perchance has forsaken its principles. Maybe it so long fattened on the public crib, so long rioted in the pap of the people, that its insufferable insolence needs rebuke, and its sordid and mercenary conduct correction. New exigencies may have arisen

and a new set of principles, represented by a new party, may be required to meet them.

Is a man then to be restrained from transferring his allegiance from one party to another whether temporarily or permanently as the occasion requires, because at one time he thought it prudent to call himself a democrat or a republican, or even a mugwump?

It may be hardly necessary to observe that these remarks are wholly impersonal and abstract in their nature, for they are not the frothings of a professional politician.

Though the writer has his preference for party, and will always have it, agreeably to his convictions, on the line indicated in this article, he commands none in particular, but believes it, in the present arrangement and constitution of politics, the perspicuous duty of every man possessed of the right to cast the weight of his suffrage and all his political fortune on the side of some particular party, so long as it meets the approval of his reason and conscience. Which that party shall be, let his deliberations determine, but let it be always remembered that the ethical element cannot be sifted out of the question. The free, honest, and intelligent use of the ballot is the basis of good government, and good government is indispensable to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Whoever, then, loves himself, loves his country, loves the welfare of society; whoever loves the means whereby the blessings of civil liberty, social order, and national prosperity are perpetuated and preserved; whoever deems it a *desideratum* that fit candidates should be selected for the suffrage of their fellow-citizens, not for the votes they can command, but for capacity and moral worth; whoever wishes that our legislative halls should not become the receptacle of ruffianism, immorality, infamous venality; whoever, in fine, desires to breathe the air and the genial sunshine of a free, independent, and enviable citizenship in a republican society, will not stand off in solitary pride or frigid sense of self-superiority that decrees all politics as of satanic institution, but will awake from his slumbers, buckle on his armor, and with the conviction that moral force still rules the world, in government and out of it, and the holy resolution that he shall always do what he can to maintain the supremacy thereof, will take his place in the primary where men are set up to stand or be knocked down on the judgment-day of election, when he will proudly go to the polls and put his ballot where it will do the most good.

VI.

SABBATARIANISM AND AMUSEMENTS.

THE *New York Sun*, in a carefully considered article, punctures with the keen lancet of its logic the pharisaical pretensions of those self-righteous Sabbatarians who would fain push back the hand on the dial of progress a moiety of a century or two until it struck the rigid notch of effete and antiquated Puritanism. With one incisive stroke the *Sun* cuts off their curious claim to a distinctively American Sabbath. It would appear as if these sour-faced ministers regarded Cotton Mather, instead of Christ our Lord, as the institutor of the Christian Sunday. This need not excite our great astonishment when we reflect that, with the Bible only as their yardstick of belief, they have utterly no warrant for the consecration of Sunday, preferably to any other day, to the worship of our Lord and Saviour.

The harsh and repressive measures which they would invoke for the extinction of all Sunday recreation, whether innocent or otherwise, are in strict accordance with the rules of the old Calvinistic creeds.

These men sadly misconceive the spirit of the gospel, as at the same time they degrade our human nature, which, in their opinion, must be fettered and stripped of all its freedom before it can attempt to pay any homage to its Maker.

The essence of divine worship does not consist in a slavish subserviency which would escheat us of the use of those physical faculties which God's bounty has bestowed upon us. There is no sort of religious frost in the Sunday air to congeal the blood within our bodies, and no bale in the Sunday sunshine to put upon us the uncongenial restraint of keeping within doors, "cribbed, cabined and confined," with nothing to do but chant hymns with a sad and pensive

but holy monotony all the day long. "To him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms she speaks a various language"; and she talks to him on Sunday with the same sweet voice that awakes music in a soul attuned to nature's harmonies, as on any other of God's good days. Shall the cant, then, of these hypochondriacal gentlemen deprive us of our innocent Sunday amusement? Are we, forsooth, in deference to them, to forego our outdoor recreation, the bright skies, the green fields, and the glad sunshine? May heaven defend!

"Some people," says Tom Hood, "think they are pious, and they are only bilious." The advocates of such strait-laced observance of the Sunday are simply hypochondriacs. Their minds are dazed with the most splenetic vapors, the result, not so much, perhaps, of Calvinistic theology, as of melancholia. Melancholia is an uncanny affliction. We heard once of a poor victim, who, after ringing the round of every mad conceit that ever tormented a crazy brain, at last fancied himself a teapot. The ministers we are describing are theological teapots. Now they are in the throes of ebullition, but they will soon simmer down, and, like boiled coffee, settle down on their own grounds. They would proscribe laughter even, I believe, but the world will only laugh at them the more.

As for us, give us the cheerful, happy man. He is the true Christian. Solomon tried mirth, and it was mad; wine, and it was folly; but it was so because he disregarded the right measure of enjoyment. Extremes are always dangerous; but, for our part, we dread the drawling hypocrite more than we do the voluptuary. Yes, give us the man who likes to amuse himself, as well as see others amused, every day in the week. We abhor the man who has no Sunday laugh.

"Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous."

Thus spake the bard of Julius Cæsar, and Cæsar, in the mind of Shakespeare, was a man of wisdom.

And if Cæsar lived to-day he would order off to a warmer climate beyond the antipodes the cloud-covered, cold, and calculating crea-

tures, who, through an ostentatious show of mock morality, or because of some heart-eating canker in their soul, plod along with noses on the pavement, shunning all amusement themselves and frowning it down in others.

Show us the man, who, no matter how lofty his station in life, can unbend betimes, and let loose the strings of his heart in a vein of jollity, and we will show you one "whose word is his bond," "whose oaths are oracles," and who, no matter how scantily he is provisioned with the dross of earthly gold, has always a penny for the poor and an odd trifle to bestow

"For sweet charity's sake."

It is a fixed principle in man's nature that, if he would be happy, he must secure a little relaxation from the drudgery of his daily toil and everyday duties. The "demnition grind" will soon pulverize the hardest nature. Amusements are the spice of life ; oases in the desert of existence ; flowing fountains of public and individual good. And, therefore, those misanthropic divines who would eliminate those springs of felicity and rational enjoyment from our social code are only making a task and burden of religion and estranging thousands who otherwise had given it their adherence. Music, dancing, and acting, as we know, have been employed as auxiliary to religion, and the latter, which had its origin in the Church, notably in the old miracle plays, was long its most powerful auxiliary. These things are not profane ; only their perversion is condemnable.

VII.

PROGRESS AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTION.

SOME recent phases of political affairs have attracted the attention of many who aspire to mould, if not to lead, thought and opinion to the attitude of the Catholic Church towards questions with which progress, society, and civilization have a vital and necessary concern. The thinkers and the speakers of the class in question have set forth a variety of views upon the subject. Some have animadverted, with unmeasured severity, upon what they chose to designate the meddlesome, intolerant, and unprogressive character of the Church, that rests upon the rock of Peter, and these condemn and repudiate her as an antiquated fossil, devoid of value, except it be to call forth curiosity ; as a clog on the wheels of progress, an unwieldy weight upon the spring of all material movement, and a dead-wall that cumpers the onward course of enlightened civilization. To these she is the monster that manacles the human mind, the implacable foe of freedom, the vampire that sucks the blood of individuality, the enemy of enterprise, industry, thought, and action, who casts her gyves on genius, fetters intellect and annihilates advancement, whether social, moral, or material. A second camp of critics affect to draw a broad but evident distinction between the divine and the human element in her constitution, between the individuals that compose her and her organic structure, as a complete institution and society, and while professing to respect the latter, wage a bitter war against what they are pleased to regard as the unwarranted interference of ecclesiasticism in affairs outside the sphere of its competence. With these we have no contention, not because of our concurrence with their strictures, but because it is not to our

present purpose. We seek neither to defend nor to explain or justify the conduct of individual churchmen, but only to uphold the Catholic Church as the parent of all true progress, and the foster-mother of civilization.

Of the comprehensive character of the implied thesis, we are fully conscious. It is broad and deep and fundamental. It involves volumes of philosophy, and it lifts the veil from the vast vision of centuries of history. He who would address himself to the task of making a full exposition of the question should scan with eagle eye the compass of the earth, and behold the "clean oblation" offered up from the rising to the setting of the sun. He should, to make complete comparisons, gild his modern mind with an ancient Grecian glory, and should recall to a sort of actual existence the renown of Rome. The sublime splendor of the past must shine by the side of the brightness of the present. The treasures of ancient art must reveal their beauty; classic literature its learning; pagan philosophy its wisdom and its power; olden science its sweep and skill; all these, in fine, are called up for the comparison with the light and life and civilization which have been carried upon the wings of the Gospel of Christianity through the globe. Nor is this all. The investigator must follow step by step the march of mediæval progress. The lamp of historic truth must be made to dispel the fictitious darkness that surrounds the ages of Faith. Charlemagne must come forth in his regal majesty, and stand somewhat in advance of Constantine. Pepin and Louis and Charles are to have a place in the mental picture, whose foreground reveals the figures of Alfred and Edward. The schools and churches that adorned the valley and the hilltop, must be seen in the panorama, and with them the monasteries and universities and hospitals, which shed the light of their learning and the warmth of their hospitality on the millions who sought their instruction or their shelter. Oh, those were the much-maligned middle ages! It was then the fire of faith burned brightly at every fane, the wayside cross stood on every highway, and the mellow notes of the Angelus bell sounded from every steeple. It was then princes and people knelt down together in undistinguished station at the Virgin's shrine, or before the altar of the Great Adorable. But we digress.

More yet remains to be explored, considered, and compared. The

exponent of this all-embracing thesis must tread the tropic's sandy plains, and climb the snow-crowned summits, where the opalescent crystals seem to kiss the sun. The jungles of Africa, the heart of the dark continent, the sun-seared wastes of Arabia, the frigid steppes of Siberia, the populous centres of Europe, and the sublime solitudes of America, must all be conjured up by the wand of imagination, to bear witness to the wonderful work of the Church in promoting progress in the world.

Even if we had the ability, we should despair of rendering even partial justice to such a subject within the compass of a newspaper article or two. We hope to simplify the treatment so far as consistency with clearness will permit.

And, first, what are we to understand by the oft-quoted, but not widely understood, term progress? It is obvious to all who think that the Church cannot set herself up in contradiction of a progress whose aim is purely moral and religious. That would be to deny and contradict herself. Her mission primarily and directly is to lead souls to God, to inculcate moral and religious truth, to spread justice, charity, benevolence, and virtue of every sort, and thus indirectly to ameliorate the material condition of humanity. We take it, then, that those who ascribe to her an attitude of hostility to progress are, for the most part, not concerned with her dogmas and her tenets as a religious institution; but rather with her discipline and public polity as a powerful establishment wielding a weighty influence upon all those conditions and elements which conspire to effect what is called material, intellectual, and social progress. But who does not perceive the fallaciousness of the assumption? The friend of moral progress, she cannot be the foe of any other.

Genuine progress, whether intellectual or material, is and must be conjoined to moral development, and it is unphilosophical to separate them. There may be a moral progress without any great material advancement. But the converse of this proposition is not true, if the material progress be designed for any duration.* The proof

* Since writing the above, I came across the following from Card. Manning: "As it (material progress) existed before the moral foundation of a higher law and life was laid, so it may, *for a time*, survive the loss of that higher life. Great economical and material prosperity may be found, at least for a time, when the moral life of a people is declining or even low."

is plain. For as there is no progress without education, so there is no education without morality, and as the Church is the conservator and great teacher of morality and religion, so is she the parent of progress.

The progress, therefore, of which we here speak is that which comprises the widest and most perfect meaning of the term. It is moral, it is intellectual, it is social. It is the harmonious and orderly development of all the faculties of man, as these faculties have relation to the external law, to himself, to society and to God. Of this progress the Catholic Church is not the enemy, but the champion, the friend, the organizer, and the effector. In demonstration of this doctrine we shall submit two arguments, the first of which, deducible from reason and the very nature of the thing, we shall call the *a priori*, and the second, based on facts and founded in experience, we may entitle the *a posteriori*, or experimental.

We affirm at the outset that that Church cannot be the enemy of progress which, almost exclusively, we may say, possesses, preserves, and teaches the true idea of progress. And this we resolutely maintain it is the prerogative of the Catholic Church to do. She alone possesses and can teach the proper notion of what progress is, for she alone lays down the law and defines the limits of the perfectibility of man, according to the reality of truth. To place an exaggerated estimate on the powers and capabilities of man is as fatal to human progress as it would be to deny him utterly the possibility of any perfection of his powers. Man regarded as a God is a greater monster than man regarded as a brute. Lifted up to supreme lordship of the earth, he is sunk to the status of a slave. Proudly invested with the soul and nature of the universe, he is basely stripped of his own. And this is the first false notion of progress which the Church confutes.

There is but one supreme God, and there can be no more. In the sublime splendor of His uncreated majesty, He reigned alone before all ages, happy in the boundless possession of all perfection. All the perfections are eminently contained in Him, and have been so from eternity. He is infinite in His nature, He is infinite in His attributes. His knowledge, His goodness, His power, all are infinite, and man must hope in vain ever to comprehend this immensity. Such is the teaching of the Church. She tells man that, with all his

acquisitions, and all his exertions, and all the expansion of his powers, he is but a Newton picking up a few pebbles on the strand. But there is a new "creed of culture," a new gospel of enlightenment, and a new order of progress. Man is no longer the puny pigmy that he was, but has grown in a night, like the prophet's gourd, not to the dimensions of the gourd, but to the gigantic proportions of a God. He is no longer a "part of the stupendous whole," but he is the stupendous whole himself. The universe is God, and man is the universe, therefore he is God. Liebnitz thought that it was possible for man to attain perfection, and Condorcet and others of the French school prate of his perfection. But a still more self-asserting creed has come, and Matthew Arnold, and George Eliot, and Ralph Waldo Emerson are its divine apostles. And these new evangelists unravel realms of their elaborated nonsense. They have no God but genius, and mind is the idol they adore. "The true Christianity is a faith in the infinitude of man, mind is the almighty giver, and thought is the universe." Ralph must have thought himself to be the planet Jupiter, and George Eliot is sure she is at least a satellite. But which of them, by taking thought, could add a cubit to their stature? True enough, they pined for the perfect, they sighed for the ideal, and they wrote, and talked, and raved about fantastic conditions of existence, in which man—with woman too—would be the know-all, and be-all, and end-all of everything. Everything, then, would be etherealized and sublimated into mind; man's legs would be his mind, and his mind would be his legs; into vapory mind, the universe would vanish; and one majestic mind would be the all-containing, and the all-contained; and that mind, we suppose, would be Mr. Emerson, or rather Mr. Emerson's mind, for he himself no longer would appear.

The progress of this airy transcendentalism has for its term "nil." Aiming at infinitude, it results in nothing. "The fruit of all its labors is whipped cream," and all its labored abstractions only foment a sort of metaphysical froth. But it is the proper cult, and vast are the crowds that bend before its shrine. Cultured maidens lave in its flowing fountains, and now "prate protoplasm in gilded saloons," and talk theology trite and threadbare. Protestantism has not the inherent power to cope with these theories. That which cannot guide itself can be no guide for others. Its drift and trend,

when not to pure negation, lies in the same direction. Extremes meet, and it is either absolute negation, or universal affirmation ; that is to say, no God at all, or a pantheistic God—a nature God, with man as the centre and soul, the beginning and the end, the Alpha and the Omega of all things.

Catholicity alone can check all such devagations of the human intellect, which are not only incompatible with, but which make progress impossible. Natural religion is not equal to the task, and of itself can give no more than nature-worship, whose ultimate object must be man as the noblest object seen in nature.

Supernatural religion is, then, necessary, and this comes from the Church, the heavenly channel through which flows down to us the river of revelation in its fullness. With celestial chart and compass this pilot of paradise points the unerring course our frail life-boat must sail to clear the currents that carry it adrift into dangerous and devouring waters. Yes, she makes manifest to man the real goal of his all-penetrating genius, the object of his hopes, the motive of his actions, and the true term of his desires. She points out to him all the possibilities of his own nature, and of the faculties of his soul, and measures for their exercise their true and lawful bounds. She tells him that, though not capable of infinite, he can yet attain, or aspire to, indefinite improvement ; and what she affirms of man, she predicates of society, since society is but a multiplex individual. She does not, however, unduly circumscribe the sphere of his development, or evolution, if you will ; but for the broadest expansion of his powers, she points him to that realm of beatitude in which the unfettered intellect and the strengthened will will soar to inaccessible heights of glory and brighten to all eternity. Oh, it is a grand thought ! What hidden possibilities in the soul of man ! They may not, they cannot here be realized, but they will be in the great hereafter. There is a sort of celestial evolution. The improvement and the progress which it begins in this world, the immortal human soul will doubtless continue through endless ages in the next. Its faculties, no doubt, will be subject to a constant enlargement ; its capacity for enjoyment will ever be increased ; and an ever-growing knowledge and ever-kindling love will be its perpetual possession, that thus it may ever drink new torrents of delight from the fountain of felicity itself.

Again, the Catholic Church must be thought to have the true idea of progress, for she is the only institution upon earth that can effectually produce, by reason of its teaching, that harmonious development of the faculties of man, which we asserted to be essential to true progress. That this is true is not difficult of demonstration.

"Tis education forms the common mind," and apart from it no progress is possible. Immorality, vice, and barbarism are the inseparable attendants of ignorance, "*Nil volitum quin proecognitum*"; to do right we must first know what it is, and hence even virtue herself, where she reigns at all, must reign from the throne of the intelligence. Education not diffused, but confined to the favored few, can bear no effective sway. The untutored mass will bear down the educated class. In Greece, in the polished days of Pericles, and in Rome, in the golden age of Augustus, no wide extension of even natural virtue was attained; for knowledge was locked up in the schools of the nobles and patricians. Alexander the Great but illustrated the common view, when, with characteristic promptness, he reprehended his tutor, Aristotle, for publishing the acroamatic parts of science. "In what shall we differ from others," said he, "if the sublime knowledge which we have gained from you be made common to all the world?" The diffusion of knowledge is the mission of the Church.

But howsoever extensively diffused, that education is void of value, which does not stand on truth. False education is but another name for ignorance, or more correctly, it is more pernicious and baneful, because ignorance is mostly passive, while the other is endowed with the activity to do evil. And that system of education is false which either fails to point out the proper objects of man's faculties, or which trains a single faculty at the expense of the rest, or which neglects to train them all in unison and accordant harmony. No education is worthy of the name which seeks not to construct a temple of humanity, wherein physical strength, mental culture, and moral beauty shall combine to form the perfect and the full-grown man. "And do you," says the objector, "advance the ridiculous claim that the Catholic Church is the only educator who understands and teaches this?" We shall see.

Man is a progressive animal, it has been aptly said, and the epithet which qualifies the substantive, nicely differentiates him from all other

animals, which are not susceptible of progress. But, be it remarked, his is the progress, not of a superior animal but of an intelligent creature. He is a progressive animal, but he is "a man for a' that," and by consequence a being of complex constitution. He is burdened with a body, but he bears within the "frail and fickle frame" a spark of divinity which is called a soul. Yes; a soul which no earthly delights can content or satisfy; a soul which breathes after purer joys and happiness more lasting than any upon earth; a soul immortal in her nature, and exalted far above the earth which she looks on as her place of exile, her house of affliction from whence she incessantly sighs for that celestial country where she shall be clothed with the glory of God Himself, and shall shine with the splendor of the stars for all eternity. This soul is made unto the image and likeness of its Creator, and the delineation or the conformation of that image within itself is the function which the soul commences at creation to continue through the eternal years; "for those whom He foreknew He predestined to be made conformable to the image of His Son."

Now, this sovereign soul of ours, conformably to its uncreated type, has been gifted with manifold powers and diverse capacities. But the grandest of its endowments are its gifts of freedom and intelligence which are rooted in man's will and intellect. I think it no objection to this to say that the angels are not free, for they have no choice to make.* "Man could not be free unless he were intelligent," observes St. Thomas; and neither could he be intelligent if he were not free. He could not make a choice if he knew not how to choose, and to what end would he know how to choose if he could not make the choice? These two faculties then, freedom and intelligence, are by nature kin, and any system which does not educate them co-ordinately must do violence to the work of God and make man's progress abnormal and impossible. Now, the Catholic Church is the only institution that recognizes the *full force* of this irrefragable fact.

Truth is the formal object of the intellect and of the will, the formal object is good. But man is taught the truth only that he may

* The angels can choose between doing this and that good. They are confirmed in grace, and hence cannot but pursue the good, but they may choose among various genera of good acts or thoughts.

embrace the good. And truth and good in God are one. "He alone is good," and all alleged truth which tends not to Him is falsehood and error.

It is obvious then that that plan of education which prescind from God is vitiated in its root and its entirety. Professing to teach truth, it inculcates fatal falsehood ; and aiming at producing a man, it generates a monster. As we are given to know the truth only that we may love the good, those who withdraw the good, namely God, from their methods of instruction, are by a single blow beheading both and defeating the very possibility of their own desires if they meant education at all.

And outside Catholicity, has any other than this false system prevalence or sway ? No ; we say mournfully, no, there is not. Educate, educate, is the continual and universal cry ; but it is the education that produces the accomplished savage and not the Christian man. To know nature in all her ways and laws ; to sift the bowels of the earth and dive into the deep recesses of the sea ; to measure the path of the sun and number all the stars of the firmament ; to acquire all knowledge save the knowledge of God—this seems the chief and sole aim of the nineteenth century.

Agreeably to this principle God is relegated to the background and dropped from the curriculum of studies. And what is the fruit ? A race of moral monsters endowed with the fearful capacity of evil which comes of misdirected knowledge. A brood of vicious vipers to fester in the bosom of society and prey upon its strength and vitality. Oh ! glorious anticlimax of evolution. Man emerges with the help of his accoucher, Darwin, from the ignoble tabernacle of his apehood, but science sends him back to grovel in loathsome caves of saurians and reptiles. She would have him a God, but she made him a worm.

And is it upon such a rock the security of the state is founded ? Are these the men to stand forth the mighty motors of modern progress ? Men of mind they may be, but they are men who have no morals. Men with heads, no doubt, they are ; but alas ! they have no hearts. But they are the spontaneous outgrowth of the culture which they have received. Their minds were soaked with science of a sort, but their hearts were left as dry as chips. Their intellects were trained and formed to a degree of refinement, but

the will, the pliant, plastic, mobile will, was thought unworthy to be moulded to its model,—nay, was robbed of its object, for it was robbed of God.

This one-sided and truncated system of scientific culture is undoubtedly the arch-enemy of all true progress, as any false, unsound, or inharmonious development of the human faculties must of necessity be. But widely apart from this is the system of the Catholic Church. She has no crude and ill-digested notion of the nature of man, nor of the needs of that nature. Keenly conscious of his end and destiny, she perceives how hollow and delusive is any progress he attempts, which has not for its ultimate term the attainment of that end. God is the goal which she ever urges man to gain. She does not vilipend the value of human science, but holds it high in her esteem. But no faculty of the soul does she fail to feed with its appropriate food. The mind she illumines with the brightest rays of truth; to the memory she recalls the sweetest recollections; the imagination she makes glow with the loftiest ideals and the grandest fancies; the heart she fills with the purest and holiest emotions, and the best and most tender of sentiments and affections; and as the crown and finish of all, to evoke all the possibilities of human character and manhood, she forms the will to virtue, and by the magnetic attraction of divine grace, she links the soul to God, its first principle, its final end, and its sovereign and only good.

The Church, therefore, alone produces that perfect and harmonious development of man's powers and faculties which is the foundation of real progress.

CHAPTER II.—PART I.

It is not, however, from the sole consideration of the relation and co-ordination of the faculties in themselves that the idea of progress is evolved. These faculties must be rightly ordered in themselves, and every faculty must have its proper play. But they must also be determined rightly to their objects; they must be legitimately exercised. Now, these objects are fourfold, viz.: the eternal world, man himself, society, and God; and it is the exercise of the faculties upon

these several objects that begets the various *genera* of progress, which are commonly known as material, intellectual, social, and moral or religious.

Now, the Catholic Church alone prescribes the mode, determines the bounds, and marks out the measure according to which the human faculties must be brought to bear upon their objects, and so perfected as to call forth the supreme possibilities of progress in its manifold variety. And this direction is necessary, not only to give progress its highest impetus and broadest scope, but to impart to it any impulsion whatever. A faculty without an object is, indeed, a power without a purpose; but a faculty which fails to strike its object, or strike as it should, serves no better end than a missile which misses the intended mark.

The claim we here set up for Catholicity we shall seek to establish from a consideration of the genesis of the several sorts of progress; wherefore it shall appear how Catholicity determines and directs man in the exercise of his faculties upon their objects as he pursues his progressive course, and thus shall shine forth that exclusive part which Catholicity plays in the production of all progress properly deserving the name.

After this dry disquisition, we proceed to the discussion of things more interesting, because of a more concrete character, and, perhaps, therefore less confused. We may not hope, so intimately woven is one order of progress with another, to observe that sharp distinction in the arrangement and introduction of topics which our divisions might seem to make desirable, yet we shall do our best. At the risk of repetition, we shall strive to shun obscurity. Material progress first merits our attention, not by reason of importance, but in force of arrangement.

If we were abruptly required to give a definition of material progress which might be regarded as both accurate and adequate, we feel forced to confess our fears as to our ability to comply with the demand. And if any are amazed at the might of our ignorance, we refer them to the dictum we laid down with respect to the illogical and unphilosophical reasoning which would disjoin things, so naturally united as are the different kinds of development called progress. As the human mind, however, is gifted with the power of abstraction, nothing hinders our endeavor to consider material progress as

something by itself, and as if it were the work of man endowed with no more than a machine-like capacity for controlling matter.

When man brings his faculties to bear upon the matter of the earth, the outcome is a change or alteration which constitutes the principle of material progress. Man is not the God of matter, for he did not call it into creation, and as he cannot create, so neither can he destroy. No particle of matter ever perishes, and this is one of the undisputed facts of science. Wherefore, it follows that all man's efforts and energies as exerted upon matter, have no other effect than that of transformation. "Man may plant, Apollo water, but God gives the increment," and hence, if God smile not on his endeavors, all man's attempt on matter, transformations only though they be, are fruitless, purposeless, and vain. For the very inchoation of material progress, man must call in the co-operation of his Maker. In never losing sight of this fundamental truth and efficaciously pressing it on man, the Church makes possible the initial step, sows the seed, furnishes the germ of that growth we know as progress.

To transform is to labor. No change in matter can be effected by man, save by the exertion of his powers. The golden age of which the poet dreamed had no reality, unless it were in Paradise before the Fall.

"The golden age was first, when man, yet new,
No rule but uncorrupted reason knew,
And with a nature bent, did good pursue.

No walls were yet, nor fence, nor moat, nor mound,
Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry sound,
Nor swords were forged; but void of care and crime,
The soft creation slept away their time." — *Ovid*.

Labor was then unnecessary, for the obedient soil yielded forth spontaneously whatever was wanting to minister to man's creature comforts.

"Out of the fertile ground [God] caused to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the tree of Life,
High, eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold. . . .
Southward through Eden went a river large,

Nor changed its course, but thro' the shaggy hill
 Pass'd underneath engulf'd :

. . . . Which through the veins
 Of porous earth, with kindly thirst updrawn,
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
 Watered the garden. . . .
 And from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
 Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold
 With mazy error under pendant shades
 Ran nectar ;
 Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balms ;
 Others whose fruit burnished with golden rind
 Hung amiable ;
 Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose ;
 Umbrageous grots and caves
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
 Lays forth the purpling grape. . . .
 Airs, vernal airs,
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
 Knit with Graces and the Hours in dance,
 Led on the eternal spring." —*Milton*.

This, indeed, was the golden age, if any such there were ; for "Hesperian fables, if true at all, true only here." This was the period of traditional innocence before man felt the "woes of want," the pangs of poverty, and the heavy scourge of sin. Oh ! blissful bowers of Eden, home and paradise of peace. Foul was the fiend of darkness, who from us filched thy felicity, robbed us of thy rest, and sent us toil-worn wanderers through a land of blight and bale. Yet even so it was.

And now man must his "fardels bear" ; he must "sweat and groan under his weary burden," nor may he lay it down, till death, which lightens all our loads, shall lift it from his back. Not merely "from early morn till dewy eve," but from morning's rosy manhood till the pale starlight of declining days is quenched within the tomb, must he maintain "the struggle for existence." It is not, indeed, the struggle in which the weaker go to the wall, and the helpless are ground out, that the fittest (?) may survive ; but it is no less for that, a hard, heavy, strenuous struggle to wrench from the stubborn soil, or an unwilling world, the elements of life and subsistence.

Labor, then, is the great law of life, and the prime mover of all progress. Of this pregnant truth, no one has a keener recognition than the Church ; and to lend it full force and effect, none furnishes such powerful and impelling motives. In the world's wisdom, man must labor only because he must live ; in the Church's eye, labor is sanctified as a Christian duty. According to the knowledge of the world, labor is an irksome burden to be avoided if man has to feed upon his wits ; but in the light of Catholic instruction, labor must be embraced as a condition of existence consequent upon original sin.

She who explains the fount and origin of the obligation, can properly enforce the fulfillment of the duty. The drones of society, society starves or brutalizes in her prisons ; the Church would make them profitable servants by recalling them to a sense of manly self-respect and Christian independence. Idleness she declares to be a sin. "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread," is the fiat of the Almighty.

PART II.

As the Church is the prime mover of material progress, properly understood, so is she the parent of genuine social movement.

By the social system, I mean those varied and multiform relations which each individual holds to other members of human society.

Man is born in society ; he is a social being, or as Dr. Johnson puts it facetiously, "man is a clubbable animal," for he does not suffice for himself. He depends on society no less than on God ; or to speak more accurately, he depends on God through society and by communion with his fellow-man. "No man liveth unto himself," is true in a social, no less than in a moral sense.

The social system comprises manifold relations, which, however, for brevity's sake, we shall reduce to a few principal heads. Of these, the first in order is the family relation.

"It is not good for man to be alone," said the Lord of the creation, and thus by calling woman into being, and giving her to Adam to wife, God Himself became the direct and immediate founder of the family relation.

Conformably, therefore, to divine ordinance, it comes that, instead of men being consigned to solitary separation, like Alexander Selkirk

on the island of Juan Fernandez, on the one hand; or being congregated, on the other, into promiscuous herds, they are divided into small communities, of which the individual head is called the father ; united together by those instincts, those ties of affection, those gentle offices of service, trust, and dependence which flow spontaneously from the conditions of existence incident to the nature and the constitution of family life. Thus the individual is the basis of the family, and the family the foundation of the state.

How good, how admirable the providence of God! Rational creatures enter life, not like many of the lower orders of creation, provided with the power of procuring the means of existence, but in a condition of extreme helplessness, unable not only to supply their wants, but even to express them.

But God has established the parental relation, and provided us with kind and loving parents, to minister to our infirmities, to furnish us the sustenance we require, and to seek no ampler reward for all their toil and pain than the smile, the joy, the gratitude of their offspring. Sweet days of childhood, they come not back again ; but what memory is so unmindful of those distant days, or so feeble as to fail in recollection of the melting love, the enduring tenderness, and the fond affection of the parents that bore us into life, afar along its prickly path! Where shall we again find a nurture so beautiful, and a care so thoughtful and so kind as that which smoothed our pathway under the mantle of a mother's kindness, and under the shelter of a father's hand? Like the gentle dew from heaven, their love rained blessings on our heads.

And yet there have been, and are still, those who would tear up by the roots those tender, holy ties ; who would destroy parental authority and with it, family life, by placing the education of the young under state control, to the exclusion of those rights which a father inherits from the law of nature, and the law of God. Farewell, then, to the domestic hearth, the shrine of innocence and love; farewell to home and all the dear associations that cluster round the sacred name.

To accomplish this unholy object has been the aim of social philosophers and law-givers since the days of Lycurgus in Sparta, who displaced the parent from his rightful position over his child, with no better result than the production of a race distinguished only for

brutality of manners, for selfishness and cruelty, and for the absence of those sentiments and affections which can be fostered so well and so fruitfully under the benignant shade of the parental roof-tree.

The Catholic Church, however, has always vindicated the rights of the parent to the education and control of his children against all usurpation of the state, while she stringently enjoins on the parents as a paramount duty the office of bringing up their offspring as becomes their sacred charge, planting in their youthful minds the tender shoots of virtue, ideas of patriotism and incorruptible citizenship, of which the summary is to educate them in the fear and love of God.

Nor does she fail to enforce those reciprocal obligations of love, obedience, reverence, and respect, which are incumbent on children towards the parents who begot them. Indeed, filial piety and parental care are darling objects of the Church's heart, which, both in season and out of season, she inculcates with all the force and power of her God-given mission, as the spiritual mother of mankind.

Social life without the family is impossible, but the Church sustains the social system, by maintaining the integrity of the family, and thus proves herself the mother of social progress.

The perpetuity of the family depends upon the sanctity and permanence of the marriage bond. The destruction of parental authority is perhaps a lesser evil than that which makes the marriage contract revocable at the option or caprice of one or both of the persons thereunto concerned ; for the latter monstrous doctrine opens the floodgates of licentiousness, destroys the peace and harmony of households, engenders heartaches, bickerings, nay, even uxoricide, suicide, and various forms of death, and not only saps, but upturns the foundations of society. Such keen observers as Gladstone and Tolstoi are alive to the force of this contention, and are as strong in advocacy of the indissolubility of marriage, and denunciation of divorce, as Catholics themselves can be.

But where, outside the Catholic Church, shall we find an institution of like power and influence, maintaining, as a doctrine born of heaven, that marriage is a contract raised by Christ to the sublime dignity of a Sacrament, ratified by God in heaven, and unbreakable by any power soever, till the bonds are severed by the levelling hand of death.

Wild theorists, called Christian Scientists, and the insane advocates of socialism in its full sense, have sought to overturn the marriage relation, but God has inscribed folly on these mad attempts to disturb His divine arrangements for the welfare of mankind.

In the social system government is a necessary element. Society without government cannot stand, for to govern and be governed is of the essence of association. Nay, there is government among the angels and in heaven itself,

“For order is heaven's first law, and thus confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest.”

In order to the well-being of communities, and for purposes of just restraint, for maintaining order, peace, and prosperity, government is indispensable. The possession of property, the exercise of freedom, nay, the preservation of life itself, demands that protection which government is ordained to give. But if there is to be a government, then there must of necessity exist the reciprocal conditions of commandment and obedience; for to govern means to rule, to command, and to command were idle if there existed no obligation to obey.

Now, it is true that the very palpable advantages which are derived from the institution of government are a great incentive to obedience on the part of the governed, as well as those feelings of loyalty and nationality which are so natural to man; but to secure that unshaken allegiance and that universal respect which are essential to the perseverance of government, higher feelings and stronger sanctions are required. These sanctions come from God.

Obviously, therefore, it belongs to the Church to explain and defend these sanctions, for she alone lays down those theories as to the origin of power and authority, which being accordant with divine truth, are capable of securing the just ends of government.

The seed of pride was sown in the heart of man by the serpent of old time, and from that hour to the present it is a painful thing for man to subject his will to that of his fellow-creatures, unless it be made clear to be his duty. But what is duty? What is it but what God commands, and it is duty precisely because He has commanded it.

When, therefore, it becomes apparent that the authority of the

government is the authority of God, the subordination of man's will to those invested with such power is no longer painful to his pride and self-sufficiency.

Behold, then, the important function which the Church plays in the scheme of government in refuting false theories which place the origin of power in social compacts, or in the right of conquest, or in the popular will, and in teaching that it comes direct from God, which gives to society its stability, to governments their authority, and to laws their binding force upon the human conscience. The Church declares that he who resisteth the secular power lawfully constituted, resisteth the ordinance of God, for there is no power but from Him.

She rests not here, for she knows that the arrogance of man impels to tyranny, no less than to insubordination, nay, his arrogance grows proportionately with his opportunities to sway his fellow-men for the gratification of ambition. Those, therefore, who sit in high places are apt sometimes to consider their authority as property that is personal, rather than pertaining to their office, and thus substitute their own will for the will of God, the supreme governor.

To these despotic rulers the Church teaches the needful lesson that their power is not their own, but the power of God ; that it is a limited, not an absolute power ; that it is a delegated and subordinate power which they must exercise with discretion for the good of mankind, and the glory of Him to whom they must one day surrender it again, for "power is given them from the Most High, who will examine all their works and pass judgment thereupon."

In the social system every man must depend upon a vast number of his fellow-men, who are in turn dependent on others of their race.

Now, it might seem as if there were so little coher ence in society, so little probity, fidelity, and truth, that the great fabric would fall down by its own instability. Indeed, when we consider the greed and selfishness of men, we are hardly shocked at the theories of men like St. Simon, Fourier, and others of the communistic school, who laid down the dictum that all men are swayed by an enlarged self-love and inordinate ambition. And yet, whence comes it that the commerce of the whole world is sustained by little bits of white paper stamped credit or truth? Whence comes it, the care of the poor, the relief of the indigent, the support of the sick, the maimed,

and the helpless, are matters of concern to the chief portion of society? It comes, you say, of the instinct of preservation, or at least, of the instinct of humanity. Not so. "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," and the instinct of preservation is not active when dangers seem remote. It comes from the teachings and the influence of the religion of Christ inculcating charity and benevolence, honesty and truth, industry and sobriety, as the only basis of the prosperity of the state, and the preservation of society.

Hence the futility of the attempts of those enemies of revelation who have sought to found a social system without the aid of religion. God will always mock such empty schemes, and the originators He will cover with confusion.

The Catholic Church is now, as she has been from the beginning, the only successful opponent of this false and dangerous doctrine; she is, therefore, the conservator of society, the palladium of government, the effective promoter of all social progress.

PART III.

THE chief faculties of man are his intellect and will. They constitute the principles of knowledge and volition, and they are his glory and his crown. It was in view of these powers of the human soul, incomparably above all else in the work of God's creation, that the inspired Psalmist was led to declare that God had fashioned man but "little below the angels." And if they place him but little below the angelic creation, they raise him immeasurably above all irrational existence. "Man," says St. Thomas, "differs from irrational creatures in this, that he has the mastery of his acts," which, in plainer phrase, signifies that he is a being of intelligence and freedom.

The will is the power of choosing between good and evil, "life and death"; or, to speak with more exactitude, since the will cannot choose evil for sheer evil's sake, but only under the semblance of good, the will is the faculty of choosing good and rejecting evil.

As nothing can be the object of our choice, unless it be in some way the object of cognition, man was gifted by God with the light of intelligence to enable him to work out his pre-established destiny by the employment of the means deemed necessary by the

Creator in His eternal plan. The will, of itself, is a "blind faculty," as the philosophers say, incompetent to grasp the good which it was made for ; and hence, unless the lamp of reason shine before it to guide its way, it must grope helplessly in darkness. How necessary, then, intelligence is to man for the attainment of his ultimate end appears from this, that God has made the observance of His law the means to lead men to the final purpose of their being. Law has been defined the limitation of man's liberty, but I think it is better described as the perfection of that power. But, howsoever it be viewed, it is always manifest that the will of man can neither incline to, nor deflect from, the law, until the latter address itself to man through the light of his intelligence. The power of initiative, therefore, resides in the intellect ; and in this sense, though the will be the nobler, the intellect is the primary principle in man, and, taken together, they constitute the great motive and moral power of humanity.

I am not unaware that many metaphysicians and psychologists have evolved a much more minute and elaborate enumeration of the faculties; but not infrequently they have done so, only to beget confusion, and mix up, in inextricable medley, feelings, emotions, perceptions, volitions, powers, and passions. It is just here that the Catholic Church serves mankind signally in preserving those fundamental distinctions, and those only, which are consonant with reality and psychological experience, and necessary to enable man to attain that supreme wisdom found only through the right knowledge of himself. Some confounded volitions and emotions, and thence arose a controversy which Catholic philosophy, based on Theistic principles, alone could settle whether faith was a matter of head or heart. The severe intellectualism of Kant would reduce all religion to pure rationalism ; and as extremes always meet, there soon arose a reactionary school which made sentiment and feeling the root of morality, religion, and philosophy. At present, however, we are chiefly concerned with the intellect: its relation to the other powers of the soul will be seen as we advance ; nor do we think it necessary here to enter upon any discussion as to whether there be a real distinction between the soul and her faculties, or between the faculties themselves ; for, whether we so consider the case, or whether we regard intellections, emotions, and volitions merely as different manifesta-

tions of the same subject, the soul, in operation, it makes nothing against the soundness of a philosophy which ascribes to every operation its right value, and does not confound an act of volition with an act of intelligence, nor, what is worse, with an affection of the emotional part of man's nature. As Cardinal Newman says, "We trust not our faculties so much as their acts; and indeed it is from the inspection and consideration of the acts only, that we have any warrant for ascribing them to one faculty rather than another."

As progress has been defined to be the orderly and harmonious development of man in relation to his faculties and their proper exercise; so intellectual progress is the development of man's intellectual powers according to the purposes for which God created them; and hence we must have at the outset a clear comprehension of these powers to produce the initial step on the road of progress.

What is this wonderful intellect of ours which we are so proud to speak about? It is the instrument of our knowledge; nay, it is not merely the instrument, it is the cause; in a sense it is the generator and conserver of the knowledge which it draws up into its conservatories from the garden of the senses.

Nothing but that which is true has a right to exist; there is no room for falsehood in this world. Knowledge is the foundation, error the enemy of all progress. But truth alone is knowledge. Ignorance in itself is not error, for error lies in the judgment, and is a positive condition or state, while ignorance is the absence of knowledge, and is always the point of departure in the eternal quest after truth. It was this reflection that extorted from Rousseau the statement that it is not what we do not know, but what we know erroneously that brings us to harm. And I think it is our own Josh Billings, who was so fond of repeating the quaint apothegm, borrowed from Montaigne, that it is better not to know so many things, than to know so many things that are not so. Indeed, "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

And well, indeed, it were, if on the first day the conscious creature turned in upon himself to explore the wonderful workings of his mind, he saw them according to the reality of truth, and not by the unsteady and delusive light of a false philosophy. Perhaps it was in punishment of his pride and self-sufficiency, that man's strenuous strivings to attain the all-important knowledge of himself, so often

ended in puerility of principles discovered, with a long chain of fatal and calamitous consequences.

Be this as it may, it was only when man turned his thoughts from the external world around him to the world of mind within him, that he plunged into the seething waters of wildest error and vain imaginings. In the history of philosophy the shores of thought are strewn with the mental wrecks of the boldest explorers.

"The proper study of mankind is man"; and the day that man first began to reflect, to study himself, "*Agere intus*," to read within, philosophy was born. On that day was sown the seed of progress in humanity, though the cost in error was incalculable. By the law of psychological analysis illumined by the light of human history we discover that every element of progress and civilization has its origin in the intellect of man. Human nature is everywhere the same. Its primary manifestation is in the individual; but as the species is but an individual of larger growth, its larger manifestation is found in the species, and the history of the species is the history of development, of progress, and of civilization.

How essential, then, to progress is it, that man should have a correct knowledge of himself, and, perforce, of his intellectual powers and all his cognitive faculties. Catholic philosophy alone, guided by the wisdom from above, has been able to correct the aberrations and safely direct the investigations of the human mind in the delicate and difficult pursuit of the knowledge begotten by reflection on the operations and laws of the understanding. Such philosophy alone, I say, can do this, for it is divine, and intellectually, as well as morally, "to err is human." The radical defect with all purely human philosophy, from the days of Philo, Plato, and Aristotle to our own time, has been the utter discrediting of grace and the influence of the supernatural in the investigations of the human mind, especially when fixing its intuitions upon itself. Here precisely comes the cry of the great Augustine, "Lord! that I may know Thee; that I may know myself."

This may be theism, if you will; but let it not be forgotten that genuine philosophy is twin sister to theism; or rather, they are united by inseparable marriage. But we need not urge this point now.

When the human intellect began the work of self-interrogation,

the first question which presented itself from the background of consciousness, was, can I know anything? How do I know? How do I know that I know? Is my knowledge real? How am I to attain knowledge? When the German professor said to his class in college, "Think the wall. Now think that which thinks the wall," he struck the root of all philosophy. But Catholic philosophy, which is but one echo of that Voice of which Nature is the other, has always rendered right replies to these profound problems of the mind.

Can we know anything? No, says Herbert Spencer, at least inferentially; for by his singular doctrine of "transfigured realism," he leads us into the desert-land of hopeless doubt concerning the reality of our knowledge, since upon his fanciful and fantastical hypothesis our knowledge is not actual but representative, and rejoices only in a hazy correspondence with the objective realities around us.

Can we know anything? No, says the whole school of "Relativists," who would frame for our guidance a philosophy which practically denies that we can know things as they are.

Can we know anything? No, says Descartes, for my senses are the medium of my knowledge, and they are unreliable, and can and have deceived me. And how could he know anything who doubted the validity of his faculties, the force of necessary truths, and such self-evident axioms as the capability of the human mind to acquire knowledge. His methodic doubt was a delusion; there was no "method in his madness." In the grave of universal doubt, he buried himself beyond rescue, and beyond resurrection. He cannot say so much even as his historic, "I think, therefore I am." How does he know he thinks, if he must doubt the fact? "My own existence," he replies, "cannot be the subject of my doubt." Then neither can he doubt his faculties, for they are bound up with his existence, and the same evidence supports both. I may exist, but what is that to me, in view of my knowledge, if I do not know that I exist? And if I know that I exist, I know that what I know, on the present point, I do know; which is tantamount to saying that my faculties are trustworthy, and veracious, and do not deceive. Self-existence is asserted in the very act of doubting, and the fact is irresistibly brought home to every sane and conscious individual. But Descartes killed the goose that laid the golden egg, and committed philosophic suicide; for his destructive principles pulled

down the whole fabric of human thought beyond the possibility of repair with any materials furnished from the *debris* of universal doubt. Man may, and does, start from ignorance as the beginning of investigation, and from the contemplation of self and the experience of his intellectual acts, can discover that he is a being endowed with an interior light called intelligence ; but when he proclaims the incompetency of his faculties to find truth, or, at least, suspects their value, how can he, with any show of consistency, invoke the testimony of these discredited witnesses in corroboration of his dictum, "I think, therefore I am."

It seems we cannot know anything. For all along the corridor of the ages stand the sceptics, some of whom made their doubt a dogma ; while others, with a timidity natural to such minds, were afraid to say even that they doubted.

Modern agnosticism (a term, by the way, lately introduced into our dictionaries) had a precursor in Bishop Huet, who said of the two schools of doubters, "They know nothing, and we know nothing, though we feel uncertain of our nescience." Verily,

"So little do we know what we're about in
This world, that I doubt if doubt itself be doubting."

It seems we cannot know anything, at least with certitude ; for traditionalism is, say some, the only criterion of certitude, and that criterion is a frail reed to lean upon, for it is palpably fallacious. De Lammenais gave fresh currency to this doctrine. He taught that a few primary truths were received direct from God by the first man, and being preserved for our instruction in the mental storehouse of humanity, were set forth and elucidated by the voice of universal testimony, or by what we call common sense.

All such hair-brained theories rest on the ludicrous assumption, that human faculties have not the natural power of intelligence, but must, whether by the revelation of primary truths, or by the continued concurrence, or rather, positive interposition, of divine influence, have, as Occasionalism teaches, their work directly done by God Himself. These absurd hypotheses impugn the autonomy of human reason, deny the reality of second causes, and pave the way for Pantheism of the fiercest form. Some of these alleged "doctors in Israel" spurn the notion of a miracle, and yet make human life

a perpetual miracle. They exaggerate the possibility of providential interference to that degree that we could never be quite sure of anything without the active influence of divine intervention. Too proud to stoop to the simplicity of the teachings of experience ; too arrogant and self-sufficient to be said by the teachings of the wise, and rejecting the obvious principle of causality, many fall back on Providence for everything. I heard of a poor man, who, with more piety than prudence, knelt down in the dust and prayed Providence to send him a shovel when some benevolent stranger had caused a ton of coal to be delivered at his gate. Nicholas de Cusa, who should have known better, wrote a brace of books to demonstrate the impotence and incapacity of reason in its strivings after truth and the absolute need of divine intuitions. Many, with confidence, appealed to Scripture for the sanction of their views ; but it were well if they had heeded the Pauline admonition, "not to be wiser than it behooveth to be wise," "but to be wise unto sobriety." But, as Augustine says, "great are the delusions of the great."

Divine providence is a fact and factor, both in physical and metaphysical science in all legitimate excursions of the human intellect, and it cannot be ignored without putting a period to all philosophy. But as it cannot be set aside too lightly, so neither can it be invoked for every triviality, and without any shred of reason. Extremes always meet, and if, like Bayle, some outraged God, and man when they banished human reason out of sight in constructing the edifice of faith within the soul ; so, in like manner, others went to the absurd and conceited pitch of toplofty folly in asserting the absolute sovereignty and infallibility of reason, and the supremacy of philosophy over truths sent straight from the serene heights of heaven.

"O ! Star-eyed science, hast thou wandered there
To waft us home the message of despair ?"

Far be it from our minds to attempt to pluck one laurel from the bright-crowned brow of philosophy. She is the mistress of the mind, and, after theology, the queen of all the sciences. They all depend on her for their principles and for their method.

Unless they shone by her reflected light, they would languish in the darkness of uncertainty. Physical and moral science, the indus-

trial arts, political economy, social rights and duties, law, order, history, and, in one sense, faith itself, the best gift of God to man, rest on reason, and the immovable pillars of philosophy, as on their indestructible foundation. The question of objective realities; of the good, the true, and the just; of the laws and destiny of the human soul; of the origin of the state and the nature of society; of the connection between human causes and events, and the relation of human liberty to the providential action of the Creator; and lastly, of the motives of credibility which justify a rational assent to truths beyond the range of reason—all these inquiries, the bases of the foregoing sciences, are the undisputed province of philosophy. Here stands philosophy, serene and majestic, without a rival and without a peer. But when, unmindful of her lawful sphere, philosophy would measure what is measureless, and reduce the standard of religion and the science of God to the airy conceits of her shallow understanding, her proud pretences must provoke contempt from the wise and pity from clients of religion. There is a dim mysterious twilight in the regions of revealed truth which the most profound philosophy can never penetrate; and they who, like Cousin, proudly proclaim philosophy to be in all things “the light of lights and the authority of authorities,” are serving neither religion nor philosophy.

Despite, however, the validity of argument which assigns to faith and reason their respective spheres, each revolving in its orbit without hindrance to the other, and supporting each other by a sort of mutual attraction, we suppose the conflict between error and truth must be eternal. And as there will be the proud to plant the banner of reason on heights it should never occupy, so there will be those who will trail its gonfalon in the dust as a worthless ensign to humanity. It were idle to recount the errors on the one side or the other. But for me, I prefer the sin by excess to that by defect.

Some attack all first and necessary truths, and tell us there is no absolute principle, except that nothing is absolute; and destitute of foundation, reason crumbles to nothing.

Huxley hews down the props of physical science, his own passionate pursuit, and cuts the ground from under his feet, when he calls in question our certainty for the constancy of natural laws in the past, while granting it in respect of the present. The deadly destruction of Huxley in the domain of physical science is more

than duplicated by others in the metaphysical world. Blind instinct, fatalism, and invincible necessity on the one hand; innate ideas, divinely infused knowledge, a pretended clairvoyance of intellect, and a groundless traditionalism on the other, are some of the "baseless fabrics" the mind of man has constructed when surveying the vast boundaries of its own dim interior. Some make God do all for us; others would have Him do nothing; and thus a kind of perpetual Pelagianism, in the intellectual order, has been one of the most forbidding features of philosophy. Some, perhaps, builded wiser than they knew; others building as they thought, did not foresee the colossal ruin wrought by their mistaken labor. When Descartes made all truth rest on the divine free will, so that had God chosen, necessary truths would not be true at all, he did not take account of the fact that he stabbed all truth to the heart, wiped out at one fell blow all distinction between error and falsehood, and rendered incapable of demonstration the dearest of all truths to us, that God cannot use His omnipotence to make us the ludibrium of divine deception. He, perchance, did not see how his theory of innate ideas denied to our mind the power of forming its own conceptions, forbade us to pass from the sensible to the supersensible, from sensation to thought, made all our certitude come from God, and our very idea of God a divine infusion or communication; thus planting himself in the centre of a vicious circle in proving reason from God, and God again from reason. No wonder that the "Eagle of Meaux" declared that he foresaw a tremendous conflict between the Church and science, under the name of Cartesian philosophy. Had Descartes reflected that we do not pass from ideas as the direct gift of God, to their application to the realities within and without, but from facts and sensations to ideas and principles, from the concrete to the abstract, from the known to the unknown, from the finite to the infinite, from the created to the uncreated, and God, he had spared the world a world of delusion.

From vain hypotheses and idle speculation of false teachers, let us turn to the pure running rivers of rational philosophy, fed by the crystal springs of Catholic truth.

One of the manifest differences of man from the brute, and one of the proofs of the spirituality of the soul, is the power of reflection. When the mind enters introspectively upon itself to discover its own

laws, and reduce them to system, it performs the wonderful feat of reflecting. Philosophic knowledge is natural knowledge, "rendering reflexly to itself an account of itself." "The day on which man first reflected, was the day on which philosophy was born; for philosophy is reflection on a magnificent scale." And that day was the day on which the mind gave an account to itself of itself and its workings. Not more marvelous than necessary, is that power which makes the thoughts of the mind the subject of its thought. To give an account to ourselves is something of wonderful import and meaning. And what does it signify, to account to ourselves for anything? It means that we can analyze and decompose it, run it into its elements, and by the beautiful alchemy of thought, transform it into ideas which we can compare and test, and pronounce on their validity or invalidity, their truth or their falsehood. The human mind reflects. It intellects, if I may thus speak, itself. It reads within itself—*l'gere intus*—and thus it beholds itself within itself, and thence it learns what it is to think. It sifts all its windings, dives into its inmost depths, beholds the wonderful mechanism of thought, the springs of knowledge, and by the instrument of dialectics it transmutes all its gleanings into elementary conceptions, atoms of thought, as it were, and thence reconstructing it, evolves the laws that govern its own operations. Is the mind capable of this achievement? Yes; for Catholic philosophy teaches that man can attain to the knowledge of the truth, and this he could not do unless he could reflect. When do I know anything? Not when I possess some ideas concerning it, for ideas are but the germs of knowledge; but when I know that my ideas are true, or when I know that I do know. This knowledge is but partial still, for I want besides to ascertain the sources of my knowledge; to take apart the mechanism of my mind; survey the processes of thought; discover the strange and magical manner in which the material objects without me, are, so to say, refined and sublimated that they may be brought into contact with the spiritual principle of intelligence within me.

These are vital and fundamental questions; they are the foundations of philosophical knowledge; they find their solution in the penetrating power and all-searching wisdom of Catholic scholastic philosophy, whose invincible champion is the "Angel of the Schools." And this is the philosophy of common sense, the philosophy of

humanity, founded on the nature and constitution of man, and the essences and realities of all objective existence.

That it cannot create an intellect of its own, nor diminish the glory of the one God has given us, scholastic philosophy most cheerfully concedes ; that it cannot even know an intellect which has not in some way spontaneously manifested itself, it promptly recognizes ; and hence it aims not at synthetizing a philosophical system, which,

“ As imagination bodies forth
The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing,
A local habitation and a name,”

so would be no more than a fairy fabric of the same gauzy proportions ; but on the contrary, it seeks only to reduce to harmonious dialectical order, and to refine, elevate, and carry to their highest activity and progress the faculties and principles of the common knowledge of mankind.

On this imperishable basis, Catholic philosophy takes her stand. Conscious of her power and dignity she assumes to teach ; and beginning with the most elementary principles, she traverses the boundless domain of human knowledge, nor stops in her steady and progressive flight, till, like the eagle who soars athwart the very eye of the sun, she fixes her clear gaze on the awful verities of God. On the threshold of investigation she has assurance of her power, for the voice of unerring truth declares, in reference to the reasonable defensibility of our most vital, consoling, and necessary truths, that, “Reason can with certainty establish the existence of God, the spiritual nature of the soul, and the freedom of the human will” (*Sacred Cong. Index*, June 11, 1855).

The path that leads to these serene heights of science is thorny and rough, but her steps never falter, and her eye never tires. Craggs of error, fastnesses of falsehood, shadows of obscurity bedim and block the way ; but she scales every obstacle, breaks down every barrier, dissipates the shadows and the darkness, till she stands, like the triumphant traveller upon the mountain-top, in the radiant sunshine of the heavens.

Pass with her along the journey ; mark the several steps she takes ; see how prudently she walks ; observe the false guides and

enemies she eludes, as she treads along her way, pondering and unfolding worlds of mind and worlds of matter to the greedy gaze of humanity.

God, she teaches, in the first place has gifted man with the marvellous faculty of intelligence, because he was made for knowledge, for love, and for service. The powers of that intellect are subject to limitations and to laws, it is true, but these lessen not its native force, nor dim its fire ; for it rejoices in the inherent capacity of attaining knowledge by its own creative capacity, the capacity of forming its own conceptions.

Refuting false theories of innate ideas, and infused knowledge in the natural order, she explains to man the true nature and origin of his conceptions and the method of their foundation. She unfolds to him a world without and a world within, and explains how an admirable union between both is effected.

She explodes the misty bubble of idealism, and proclaims the reality of objective existences. She points to the wonderful power of sense-perception, and shows how sensible images, true to what they represent, are received by the sentient creature. She unravels the intricate, and, as it were, actinic process by which the mind passes from sensation to the subtlety of thought, and photographs upon the receptive brain a picture, an image of the nature of objective entities, by means of which we understand them. She explains the act of apprehension by which we grasp the first notion of an object, and give birth to our ideas. She teaches the true value of those ideas, and their actual correspondence with the nature of those external realities they represent. She develops the mental process, and passes from mere apprehension to the transcendently grand act of judgment, the crowning act of intelligence. At the door of judgment she stops a moment to post the caveat "beware," and says, though sense-perception and intellectual apprehension always tell the truth, error sometimes insidiously enters the mind through the gates of judgment.

As "judgment is that act of the intellect by which the mind joins or separates two terms through affirmation or negation"; so the same philosophy tells us how from one judgment we proceed to another, and thus by the aid of comparison, reach the formation of a third, which proceeding is entitled to the honorable appellation of reasoning.

She stops not even here. We have not two intellects, one direct and one reflex, but one ; and she indicates how this same intellect can turn in upon itself, and account to itself for all the foregoing operations, and survey its own wide-extended interior by the marvelous process of reflection. Thus the mind can think thought, or think itself, or that which thinks thought.

Nor is this all. She likewise shows how in thinking itself, the mind thinks everything.

It has been well said that man is a microcosm, or a miniature universe. Man is, in a sense, whatever is ; or as St. Thomas says, "*anima est quoddammodo omnia*"; the soul is, in a measure, all things.

It is no groundless analogy that certain philosophers seek between the human composite and the outer world. The human system is justly compared to the earth that we inhabit ; for as the globe is composed of three parts of water and one part of land, so man is composed one-fourth of solids and three-fourths of liquids. The solids represent the bone and the muscle, and the fluid is the blood that rushes through the veins and arteries of the system. We thus behold a striking similarity established by the Creator between the human system and the earth wherein we live. Thus man sums up in the elements of his being the several constituents of the cosmos ; for as our own world is constituted, so we may suppose the vast and circling systems, that make the universe, to be. As Pascal has observed, man is neither an angel nor a brute. His animal nature unites him to the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, and his mind bears him up to the lofty regions of spiritual existence. Hence, while connected with the material universe through the medium of his body, he is raised far above it by the forces of his mind, which gives him the knowledge and the ownership of all. In naming the human creature, God called him man, meaning, in the language of the past, to think.

By means of his intelligence, he obtains a knowledge of the world, and by the superintendence of the same intelligence, directing his liberty and will, he transforms and changes that world in accordance with his pleasure or necessity. He measures his path across the trackless seas upon voyages of discovery ; he levels mountains, fells forests, reads the buried secrets of the under-world, and performs

those prodigies of progress which we call civilization. He measures space and creates mathematics ; breaks down barriers, and calls it industry ; studies the course of the stars, and names it science ; perceives notions of equality and justice, and founds the state ; beholds and imitates the beautiful, and gives birth to art ; and behind all this, above all this, he sees an unseen and omnipotent power, and bows down in mute acknowledgment and recognition of religion. His mind thinks all this, and thus, thinking itself, it thinks everything. In a word, he impresses on the external world, in some degree, his own personality ; exalts it, as it were, into his own immortal image, and communicates to the gross forms outside himself, a portion of his own dignity and worth.

But here lies his danger. This is the maelstrom in which the great minds of antiquity were engulfed. The passage from the consciousness of mental power to Pantheism is not so remote to the mind that sails the sea of speculative science for the discovery of truth. Man was made for truth, it is true, but he makes not truth himself ; he seeks, he finds, he discovers it. But the finder is easily deluded into the belief that he is the maker. Catholic philosophy lays down the necessary limitations. It teaches man the extent of his powers. It neither exaggerates nor disparages them. It suffers thought to rush with lightning speed beyond the boundaries of the visible world, but "from the visible things that are," it calls on man to consider a power greater than himself or nature,—the God who enlighteneth all. Chained to the limits of a concrete existence, man sees everything under sensible images and mundane forms which his judgment often pronounces on erroneously, and bears him far beside the truth ; and in his quest for the precious pearl, he will often, unless the star of Catholic truth guide his course, fail to find that which is the cause and the model of all perfections discernible in the world, and in himself. God is no more separated from the world than He is confounded with it.

"Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night
Are but reflections caught from Thee."
"The earth is crammed with heaven
And every common bush afire with God."

It is the grandeur and glory of faith to recognize God in that which does not visibly contain Him, but only reflects Him as a shadow.

But who is to teach man these things? Who is to guide his intellect that it may not go astray? Who can lead the way but the pilot who knows it, because in possession of the truth and nothing but the truth?

Without truth no intellectual progress is possible, because truth is the object, the life of the intellect. Every presentation of truth is the perfection of the intellect; every denial of truth is the destruction of the intellect, in so far as it can destroy. We conclude, with every confidence, therefore, that the Catholic Church alone can produce real progress of the intellect; for she, and she alone, rejoices in that gift of infallible guidance which corrects the errors and directs the researches of the human mind as it ranges over the profound and wide-extended fields of philosophical speculation and inquiry.

PART IV.

THE moral progress of the world is likewise due to Catholicity.

The will, it has been stated, is the great moral power of humanity. But what is meant by morals?

The word, derivatively, comes from the Latin *mos*, custom, and signifies those invariable canons of conduct which men observe in the operations of life.

It is obvious that a custom, as such, does not make a thing right in the moral sense, but something else is implied; to wit, a conformity of those customs with the natural law, which is the fundamental rule of morals. Custom may suffice as sole arbiter of actions which may be regarded as indifferent in themselves, and in this respect the rhetorician says that custom is the law of language. "*Mos est norma loquendi.*" But since there are no indifferent actions in the individual, every action performed by man is said to be right or wrong, according as it squares with or deflects from the eternal law graven by God on the hearts and minds of His creatures. As, however, the actions of men in general are supposed to be ruled by right reason and common sense, which is nothing else than a participation of the eternal reason in creatures, we can argue, from the customs of mankind, that

certain actions are right or wrong, moral or immoral, as they possess, or lack, the sanction which the usage of mankind confers upon them. The science of morals is, therefore, nothing else than a knowledge of those laws which regulate human acts by the customs of humanity.

Man is a man because he has control of his actions. He is a free agent, competent to act, or not to act, as he may elect. And this is the consequence of his nature, for it is rooted in his liberty and intelligence. And yet sciolistic *Necessarians* have impugned this truth and denied to man the glorious prerogative of free will, which Catholic moralists have always steadfastly maintained. John Stuart Mill and others of his school have practically repudiated the self-acting power of the will in attributing so much to influence and association, as to make our conduct the outcome of congenital disposition, character, circumstances, and environments which are wholly beyond volitional control. That we are the creatures of circumstances in so far as we have to take the world as we find it, is manifestly true; but that circumstances, be they ever so ineluctable, can govern and control the exercise of our free will to the extent of making us necessary rather than free agents, is palpably absurd. The will of man is an immanent faculty, subject to no coercion or external influence. All human acts, properly so called, are free or voluntary, and so far as they befit man with respect to the end of his creation, they are moral acts.

The will, therefore, is the chief factor in morals, and this Catholic philosophy has always insisted upon and triumphantly confuted the hair-brained advocates of necessarianism. Nor is this all. The ethics of Catholic teachers clear away those excrescences which others have enwrapped around the faculty of freedom so as to obscure its nature and its functions. By the will we do not mean feelings, sensations, and emotions which many mix with volition. It is a native, original principle and distinct faculty of the soul. Physical sensibility announces to us what is painful or pleasurable; conscience tells us what is right or wrong; passions and emotions indicate our feelings; reason declares what is true or false; but it is the will, and the will alone, which can make a choice, can select an object, perform an action, or do the contrary. And yet, sooth to say, outside of Catholic philosophy the most conflicting opinions obtain, and the most preposterous doctrines are advanced with oracular authority upon the functions of the faculties and the nature of the powers of the soul.

The simple little child who learns from the catechism, that as in God there are three persons, so are there three powers in the human soul, will, memory, and understanding, has made itself master of a better knowledge of psychology than those astute metaphysicians who map the mind of man as the pretending explorer writes the geography of a country whereon he has never set his foot. I have urged this point with some insistence, for the fact that man's will is self-acting, as a second cause, of course, and is, in this sense, autonomous, or a law unto itself, is the essential condition of responsibility, or as the theologians say, of imputability of actions. In this we strike the root of all morality, for actions are neither good nor bad, from the moral view, nor are men any longer responsible for their deeds, if those deeds proceed from a principle in the soul neither free nor voluntary in its exercise.

And just here, perhaps, it is not inept to advert to those who uphold what may be called an independent morality, ascribing to human reason a sort of absolute autonomy, as if independently of all external authority reason could decide every question of right or wrong and determine every matter of morality. This is simply the deification of the human intellect, and it is the sole refuge both of dogmatic atheists, if there be any, and practical unbelievers. Reason is not the supreme legislator. Reason is not the final arbiter of morals which can explain all duties and impose obligations upon itself, apart from all extrinsic authority.

Ethics, it is true, begin with human nature, and declare that certain acts are consonant with right reason, and, therefore, becoming to man as man. But whence is derived the obligation? The idea of duty may be and is evolved from reason; but it is not the office of reason to create binding force. It is the will, and the will alone, guided, of course, by reason, that can impose precepts, decree obligations, or, in one word, make a law. But whose will has such authority? Whose will gives to law its inviolable sanctions? Not the will of man, of itself alone, for what right has an equal to command an equal? It is, therefore, the will of the Supreme Legislator, whose will is absolutely autonomous and independent, that can make obligation for mankind and give law to rational creatures.

The eternal law of God embraces the whole of creation from the lowest to the highest being therein, and, in its physical aspect, it

begets effects, while on its moral side it creates obligation. This Law is the remote rule of morals, and it is as immutable and infallible as God Himself. Under one aspect, it is the good Providence of God, reaching powerfully from end to end, and disposing all things sweetly according to the destinies unto them appointed. In another view, it is God's sovereign justice decreeing rewards for good, inflicting punishments for evil, giving sanction to authority, exacting subjection and obedience, revealing the nature and springs of duty, and, in general, "justifying the ways of God to man."

Now, the natural law is but the participation of the same eternal law in man. It is a reflection of the divine light shining in the soul of man and enabling him to see those moral distinctions between right and wrong which are antecedent even to divine commands as made known by the light of revelation, because founded in the eternal fitness of things. Right reason is, therefore, only the voice, or the interpreter, of the Eternal Law, and this law aside, it has no inherent power to compel duty, or enforce obligation. The man that acts against reason is entitled to the appellation of fool, for he has made a "sinner of his judgment"; but who could convict him of criminality for thus behaving, if he transgressed no higher law than that of human reason? Theologians, as St. Thomas tells us, consider sin as an offence against God, and philosophers regard it as an offence against reason, because what offends reason offends God. But relegate God to the background, and reason may condemn man's folly, but can neither punish nor prevent his crime. How fatuous and illusory is the aim of those teachers who seek to divorce morality from religion, and propound a system of ethics in which, not only the idea of God and of man's duties towards Him, but even the mention of the Deity's name shall be completely blotted out. And yet, outside the Catholic Church, such is the notion of education that sways the most cultured and enlightened minds. Of this, we have lately had a striking instance in the conduct of those men, who, envious of the success of the Catholic priests in teaching the Indians of the West, exerted every nerve, in their hatred of Catholicity, to secure the suppression of all denominational instruction in the Indian schools, even seeking to exclude the name of God Himself from the studies of the pupils.

In exercising the practical judgment of the understanding to de-

termine what is right or wrong in the particular case, right reason is called conscience. There is such a thing as an erroneous conscience, but how erroneous are the judgments concerning conscience outside the Catholic Church.

This is the rock on which the brightest minds have foundered. Even that Titanic intellect, Dr. Newman, made a mighty slip, when, defining conscience, he declared that it was always emotional. Conscience is a rule of conduct, and it is the condition of responsibility, and hence it must reside in the reason and not in the emotional part of man. Conscience is not feeling, it is not sentiment, it is not emotion ; it is simply the practical judgment which every man pronounces concerning the morality of his conduct at the particular moment of its performance. Some men make emotions the arbitrators of morals, as if blind, unreasoning things could compose a court of judicature.

When conscience proclaims a deed to be good, certain emotions of the soul, no doubt, instantly present themselves and unmistakably announce their existence. The contemplation of virtue and of vice must necessarily arouse the sensibility of every man not morally dead, in a manner corresponding to the character of the subject of his contemplation. But the sentiments or feelings thus evoked are not the primitive judgment of the mind upon the morality of man's voluntary actions ; but, as Cousin says, they are but a powerful echo. They have been aptly described as the ministers of conscience. At one time they are as angels of light and sweetness, imparting to the soul a lofty elevation, and gladdening the heart with an exhilarating enthusiasm when the will takes complacency in virtue, goodness, and benevolence ; and, again, they are like avenging furies, tormenting and punishing the rebellious and obdurate will when it forsakes the path of righteousness for the seductive, but deceptive, ways of vice. And yet these feelings are not conscience, but its concomitants or consequences. Conscience lies far deeper than these things, for it is founded in the very laws of our moral constitution.

On the threshold of every ethical investigation the question occurs, is there any real distinction between good and evil ? Nearly all the ancient moralists of Greece and Rome agreed as to this distinction, yet they much disagreed as to what this distinction was in

itself, and how man came by it. And although men should concur, in the abstract, that such distinction exists, they would still expend much logomachy in determining the difference in the concrete case. This is the case to-day beyond the pale of Catholic philosophy. I have met men in these States who soberly and gravely maintained that lying was no sin in business ; that bribery was no crime in politics ; that dishonesty was no wrong between employer and employed ; that polygamy was rooted in the law of nature ; and that it was lawful to shed the blood of those who differed from you in religion. Of course it may be argued that these men are exceptions, and only perverted their reason by their cupidity, their prejudice, or their passion. But this is all I claim, and it is enough to show how hard it is to find all men in agreement on the most elementary distinctions between good and evil.

Nevertheless, all men have a conscience, for, if a man has no conscience, he has no reason, for what is conscience but reason ?

Moral principles, in the primary order, are prior to experience ; they are, as it were, constitutional principles of the human mind ; and the human soul, by the very principles of its moral constitution, indicates that there is an indelible and eternal distinction between good and evil which holds for all minds and all ages. But the question of practical duty must be determined by each man for himself by the faculty of conscience ; which, though it has a manifold affinity with the intellect, inasmuch as it judges and discerns, yet in ethical inquiry it superadds something to the understanding which concerns itself with truth, or the *quid est* ; conscience occupies itself, not with the *quid est*, but with the *quid oportet*, or the question of duty. But this question is settled only by reference to external authority, or the eternal law of God.

Conscience, therefore, reveals a law to us with authoritative and binding obligations. Whenever a question is raised in the mind as to the moral quality of an action, conscience discovers either that the act is conformable to reason and law, and therefore permissible or commanded ; or that it offends the law and is, therefore, condemnable ; or that it is indifferent in itself, which, however, in the case of immediate action, loses its indifferent character and is resolvable into one or other of the preceding cases.

What, then, does conscience do when we learn its voice, interpret

its dicta for ourselves? It declares simply what our duty is ; what we ought to do or ought not to do in the given case. Its nature and its function is to indicate a law demanding rigorously our obedience. Nor is this all. It speaks not merely in the indicative mood, like reason ; nor in the optative, like the will ; it talks with an imperative voice and proclaims what must be done under pain of violating reason, or under penalty of sin. "Its words are bonds ; its oaths are oracles" ; its rules are obligations, and it sits upon its throne like a king, ruling the vast realms of morals by the government of mind. "Its smiles are rewards ; its frowns are reproofs. It rests on its own prerogatives, and it wears the crown and wields the sceptre whether its claims are acknowledged or denied."

"Right reason," says Cicero (whereby we understand conscience), "is itself a law congenial to the feelings of our nature, diffused among all men, uniform, eternal, calling us imperiously to our duty and peremptorily prohibiting every violation of it. Nor does it speak one language at Athens and another at Rome ; but addresses itself to all nations and ages, deriving its authority from the common Sovereign of the universe." A wonderful testimony from the prince of pagan orators ; but a higher authority than he has said : "They who have no law are a law unto themselves ; who have the law written in their hearts."

This conscience, then, is placed within us by the hand of God Himself, nor is there one "who feels not this divinity within his bosom." It is placed there as the pilot of the soul, to be its guide, its guard, its governor in revealing principles, subduing passions, and prescribing right for human actions. It is the supreme judiciary of the mind, where decisions are imperative even when erroneous, and whose judgments are answerable to no tribunal but that of the immutable law for which it must ever seek, and the God whose august will finds in the law its embodiment and expression. To this law it is and always must be subject ; for as the mind does not make the truth which falls beneath its cognizance, so neither does conscience create the law which it proclaims to man. The sun shines in the heavens, although no human eye beholds it. The difference between right and wrong is not a figment of the fancy, but is written on the fibres of the soul, implanted in the radical constitution of the mind ; and conscience is but the finger of reason tracing out this dis-

inction and ever pointing up to the light that issues from the sun of the Eternal Law. But as the physical eye may become deranged so that it no longer beholds the light ; so the moral eye is blurred and blinded so as not to see the law. The gusts of passion, the swell of pride, the distemper of a perverse heart, blind the eyes of the understanding to the light of truth, and erase from conscience the clearest lines of duty. And yet amid all this haze and obscurity the index of conscience points to the law ; amid all this din and clamour of turbulent passion and unholy strife the voice of conscience ever cries out for the reign of reason and authority. While other philosophic systems ignore these truths, the ethics of Catholicity incessantly proclaim them trumpet-tongued. Nor does Catholic teaching desist at this point. It shows how conscience must connect the idea of law with God Himself. The law-revealer in the heart proclaims the Law-giver of creation, for a law without a law-giver is almost an unthinkable abstraction. The sense of fear tells of One who will inevitably punish ; and the sense of responsibility points to One to whom we must render an account. The great Cardinal Newman, whose recent demise we deplore, develops these ideas with great beauty and precision, when he speaks of the apprehension of God through the medium of the conscience, showing how conscience involves the recognition of a living object towards whom it is directed, and that, too, without previous experience or analogical reasoning. Whether or not it be so, as the Cardinal states, that the dictates of conscience seem to be congenial, and even co-natural with the initial action of the mind, one thing is certain, that apart from that system of Catholic ethics which is founded on divine truth and the written Word of God, and aided in practical morality by divine light and grace, perfect notions of morality are with difficulty attainable, and man's moral progress all but impossible.

But the ethics of the Catholic Church are not limited by the regulation of conscience. Man must know not only the distinctions between right and wrong, but he must also know the true end of his existence, and how it is attainable.

Every creature has its pre-established end and destiny. To act for that end is characteristic of a rational creature. Some creatures pursue their end of necessity ; others by choice or free will. The end is attained by means, and the means chosen must be conducive

or adapted to the end. Every human act is performed for a purpose, and with rational creatures that purpose can be no other than the pursuit of happiness. Happiness is the end of man, and yet, though all men seek happiness in the abstract, not all place their happiness in the genuine springs thereof, but more frequently in goods that lead to infelicity and disquietude.

"O happiness, how far we flee
Thine own sweet paths in search of thee."

Such is the perversion of the normal operations of man's will that he may well be compared to sheep who have gone astray, and to fools upon whom the light of understanding shines not, and the sun of justice has not risen.

The desire of perfect happiness is the outgrowth of man's nature, and hence it must be one day satisfied, for God does not implant a faculty without an object, and it would be a vain desire if essentially incapable of satisfaction. Such happiness this world can never give, for in this valley of tears where floods of grief and joy swell and flow by turns happiness has not its home. All indeed is vanity and affliction of spirit, as the wise man says, in this under world, and only in the realm of the King in His beauty shall we find a felicity in which joy is made perfect, and humanity crowned with glory.

But some will say this constant quest for happiness urges men on the way to progress, and progress leads to civilization. Yes; but civilization, culture, refinement,—these are not the end of man, says Catholic philosophy, and all progress which leads not to the true end of life, which is to know the life that never ends, is the progress of perdition. Although, even in the natural order, the object of perfect happiness is God, still men, without the aid of grace, could not attain the object of their hopes. And man can never rest satisfied till his mind contemplates the height, and length, and breadth of truth, and bathe in the pure springs of all essential, intellectual, and moral beauty which are discovered in the Eternal Fountain of felicity itself.

But how shall we attain this glorious consummation?

Virtue, says the Catholic philosopher, is the only royal road to happiness. But what is virtue? "Aye! there's the rub." All are captivated by her reported charms, and yet all do not recognize her face.

“Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen.”

Yet all do not seize the fair lineaments of virtue, though it is so amiable as to be lovable for its own sweet sake.

Virtue, says the philosopher, is an acquired habit impelling the faculties of the mind to the performance of deeds or acts agreeable to right reason and human nature. Virtue is, then, a habit, and yet some men are esteemed virtuous if they perform a few shining deeds of patriotism or benevolence. No man, says the proverb, has wisdom enough to last him always, and hence the habit of moral virtue must be firmly fixed in the soul or rooted in the will, for the general conduct of life, and the government of the passions. Plato felicitously compared the rational soul in man to a charioteer driving two refractory horses, one of which needs the goad, and the other the rein. The horses represent different classes of the passions, one of which must be restrained by temperance, and the other encouraged by fortitude. But even where the passions are rendered subject to the control of reason, and the soul securely established in habits of moral virtue, it is to be remembered that the object of felicity is not to be found in virtue as its ultimate term, for God alone is the final end, as He is the first cause, of man. This contention is of paramount importance, for there exists a class of philosophers who set up a standard of natural morality, consisting of deeds of charity, benevolence, and good-will to men, as man's highest perfection, irrespective of the nobler end preordained for him by his Creator.

Socrates placed all virtue in knowledge, as do many of our modern teachers, and ignorance alone is vice in their fallacious estimation. Virtue is not knowledge, nor is ignorance, when inculpable, vice. “The evil which I will not, that I do,” says the Apostle. “It is better to feel compunction than to know its definition,” says À Kempis. And again, “What doth it profit me to dispute learnedly about the Trinity, if I have not humility, and so am displeasing to the Trinity?”

True virtue, therefore, consists in the acquisition of those habits which befit a man's rational nature, because they make him pleasing in the eyes of his Creator, and are referable to his ultimate end and everlasting destiny.

I conclude, therefore, that Catholic philosophy is alone conducive

to true moral progress, because the whole problem of ethics is concerned with the explanation of duty, and correct ideas of duty, such philosophy alone can give, which explains, unerringly, the true nature of right and obligation ; the constitution of the moral faculty in man, his will ; the character of the human conscience, and its correlation with the Eternal Law ; the nature and the destiny of man ; the means of happiness, and the object of felicity ; in fine, all those relations, arising from a complexity of human acts and habits, which constitute the perfection of our common nature, and which, properly defined and understood, consistently and uniformly acted out in the programme of life, make moral progress possible, because, as the needle points direct to the pole, so do they advance humanity along the only road of improvement, whose ultimate term, and last and only-desired end, is God.

The Catholic Church, therefore, as we have seen, by an *a priori* argument, is the parent of material, social, intellectual, and moral progress, and by consequence of progress in the general understanding of the term.

CHAPTER III.

WE have now arrived at the second part of this essay, in which we shall consider a simple question of fact, and that fact is, briefly and succinctly stated, has the Catholic Church promoted the progress of the race during the last nineteen centuries, or has she impeded it? Every fact is demonstrable by evidence, and the facts that concern the human race are recorded in the annals of humanity. We therefore interrogate the voice of history. We appeal to history as the sole and sufficient arbiter of the momentous question at issue, not indeed for our own conviction, but for the triumphant refutation of the enemies of religion and the foes of God. As this argument is founded on experience, we call it the *a posteriori*, or experimental.

When the light of Christianity dawned upon mankind, the world was overcast with profound moral gloom. Gross ignorance upon all subjects affecting man's final destiny permeated the minds of the masses, and the multitude wandered in the darkness of the most degrading superstitions. In the firmament of truth shone no soli-

tary star, and, save the few straggling rays of primitive revelation, the light of true religion had faded utterly away ; or, like the sun-like enlargement of the moon's disc, when the planet approaches the horizon, the delusive radiance of a false philosophy was regarded as the bright sun of divine truth.

The empire of vice was universal. Temples consecrated to prostitution and incest were erected in the centres of culture and refinement, and the most polished cities of the ancient world were those most delivered to the enslavement of vice and devoted to the decadence wrought by effeminacy, sensuality, and the brutal indulgence of the passions. Barbarous in their domestic habits, corrupt and venal in public life, and governed by pride and selfishness in every pursuit they followed, patriotism languished, and parental affection expired in the breast of a people who esteemed only the amusements of the amphitheatre, the intrigues of office, the contentions of the forum, and the excitement of war with the coveted glory of military triumph. The deification of the passions was supplemented by the apotheosis of emperors, and man-worship succeeded to the worship of the gods. A religion which was as destructive of human happiness as it was revolting to the laws of nature enthralled the intellect, polluted the imagination, hardened the heart and closed its chambers to all the finer feelings of tenderness, pity, and compassion. The blood of infants and of virgins flowed in copious streams upon altars before graven deities, and sacrifice in propitiation of the gods was not duly consummated unless the altar-stone was whetted by the blood of some helpless human victim. A few favored individuals, like Plato, Seneca, and Socrates, in force of superior reason, were enabled to cling to the great truth of immortality and bestow glowing encomiums on virtue ; but even Plato made profession of never speaking openly of the true God through fear of exposing so great a truth to derision ; while Cicero declared that no one paid attention to the instructions of the moral philosophers because none of these teachers was as moral and principled as his reason required ; none viewed his lessons as the rule of his life, but rather as the display of his wisdom ; none restrained himself and observed his own maxims, but yielded to the indulgence of his lusts.*

Nor was the case much improved among those whom God had made the depositaries and conservators of His truth, till the day of final revelation in the person of His divine Son should have arrived, and the Enlightener of the World should have dispelled the darkness upon the earth,—He, whom Plato styled the great Teacher, for whose coming it behooved them patiently to wait, till He should come and “teach them their duties towards the gods and men.” Although the Jewish people had positive traditions regarding the great Deliverer of the race, and although they had clung with invincible constancy to their ancient faith despite Egyptian persecution, Babylonian captivity, and the oppressive exactions of Roman domination, they were finally divided into contending factions, whose political disputes were aggravated by the rancor of religious differences. One party, the conservatives, ostentatiously upheld the letter of the Mosaic jurisprudence, and the customs and traditions of their forefathers, but were strangely insensible to the inward sense and living spirit of the law, which they perverted and distorted, by way of strict interpretation, to their own selfish ends, their proud, intolerant, and exclusive spirit, and their narrow and contracted views. These were the Pharisees, condemned by Christ Himself with unsparing severity.

The other party were the Sadducees. This was the movement, or progressive party, who, like all radical reformers, lapsed themselves into violent irregularities, while attempting to improve existing conditions. They believed in a liberal interpretation of the law, had but meagre respect for the old traditions, and appealed for support to the people as against the aggressions of the ruling classes. Distinguished by latitudinarianism in morals, epicureanism in philosophy, and rationalism in religion, they believed that the true God could be adored only on Mt. Gerizim, and that worship accorded to the Deity elsewhere they despised and held in sovereign contempt. Aiming at the spirit of the law, they sought to vilipend the letter, and according to their free methods of thought, they imparted a merely human interpretation to the inspired Word, denied the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, and practically fell away from the faith which had been revered and believed for centuries. Distracted by internal commotions, jealous and mistrustful of each other, hopelessly divided in politics and religion, and goaded to desperation by the constantly renewed exactions of their

Roman conquerors, both parties repined over the departure of the nation's former glory, but were too enfeebled by long oppression and too divided by strife to raise a hand to save the Jewish state ; though they, finally, in the energy of desperation, made the futile attempt to regain their liberty, which culminated in the horrible disaster of the destruction of the city and temple of Jerusalem, begun by Vespasian and completed by Titus.

Such was the lamentable degeneracy of the world, when He came upon the scene, who though He said His "kingdom was not of the world," also declared that He would "found His church upon a rock," and that "the gates of hell should not prevail against it."

At first an imperceptible streak of light, rising mildly amid the encircling gloom, its effulgence soon overspread the tenebrous earth, "the nations beheld it from afar, and the gentiles walked in the brightness of its rising." Though the powers of darkness were arrayed against it ; though men shut their eyes to its dazzling beams ; though every human agency sought its extinction, the star which rose in solitary grandeur and shone upon the path of the expectant shepherds, was destined to shoot its luminous rays into every corner of the earth for the guidance and enlightenment of mankind.

In the bosom of society, as it flourished under paganism, was found no principle of social regeneration. The efforts of wise rulers like Trojan and Marcus Aurelius to stem the tide of corruption, were signally abortive and deficient in results. Nature can never rise above nature. A thing is bettered only by that which is better than itself. A supernatural principle was needed to purify morals, to restrain the impetuosity of passion, to allay the fires of concupiscence, and reduce the hearts of men to the laws of obedience and self-denial. A supernatural light was required to illumine the darkness of the intellect, to enlighten the understanding, and point men the path to peace, to order, to virtue, to a higher life than that indicated by the groings of a debauched and grovelling reason.

The first triumph of the Catholic Church of Christ was over the reason and intellect of man. She elevated that reason to a higher order. Christianity, indeed, confers no new faculty upon the understanding, but it widens its scope and range by presenting to its grasp the truths of an order otherwise beyond its ken, as well as by enlarging its comprehension of truths within the natural order,

and thus it contributes to the perfection of the intellect, because, as the mind was made for truth, every presentation of truth must conduce to the perfection of the mind. Even as to those truths which, as the Vatican Council declares, men *may* know by the unassisted light of reason, how confused were the brightest minds among the ancient sages, and how impotently did they strive to solve those problems of life and destiny which the glimmerings of reason but faintly unfolded. Who among them did not ask, as Pilate did: What is truth? Who among them did not anticipate by many centuries the poet's plaint?

“What mark does truth, what bright distinction bear?
How do we know that what we know is true?
How shall we falsehood fly, and truth pursue?”

But to see the good is little good unless we pursue the good.

Video meliora, proboque ; deteriora sequor.

And the pagan writer here only tersely expresses the deplorable impotency of human nature to do the good which is congruent with it, when struggling after that which, by its native powers, is practically unattainable.

The liberation of the human will from the tyranny of passion, and its emancipation through the glorious and unfettered liberty of the Gospel, was the consequence of the teachings of the Church of Christ. The Church took man as a moral unit, and by her disclosure of the truth in its beauty and fullness, by the sacramental action of her treasures of redeeming grace and love, transformed and elevated, while it roundly developed the whole man. No system of human ethics could accomplish this marvellous transformation. Steeped, as he was, in sensuality and ignorance, neither Platonic lore nor Socratic wisdom could lift man out of the abysmal depths into which the primal Fall, and his own constantly accelerating crimes, had plunged him. In the Christian religion alone man could find that light which, first emerging from the primitive revelation, was crystallized in the doctrines of a divine Redeemer, and which beaming forth more brightly with the course of ages, has regenerated society, altered the whole system of human life, and been the cause of all the subsequent progress of mankind.

It is surprisingly difficult for the mind of man to transcend present conditions and environments. We judge of things as they affect our senses, and especially our sense of sight, and no profound philosophy is required to inform us that ideas generated by visual experience are more tangible and impressive than those produced by the action of the other senses; as, perhaps, for similar reasons, the knowledge born of experience seems more substantial than that which reposes on authority. Here arises the obstruction to passing just judgment on bygone ages, and upon the causes and events which distinguished them, as well as the actors concerned in the doings of far-off times. We make the fatal error of estimating things past by present lights, without attempting to transport ourselves, in thought at least, to other times and places. It seems to us that had we lived in the days of Lycurgus, we would have dined on something more savory than Spartan broth, and had we been at the Council of Salamanca we would have shown the Genoese Navigator a direct route to a new world. But much as we pride ourselves on our present superiority, there is no valid reason to suppose that had we flourished at other periods, our ideas, our manners, or our lives would have been essentially different from those of them by whom we were surrounded; there is every reason to assume the contrary.

In like manner, after centuries of civilization and enlightenment; after ages of effort on the part of Christianity to relume and reform the earth, it is no easy task for us to understand the dark depravity of that period at which the light of the Gospel first dawned upon a bewildered world. One thing alone can teach us the true idea of the moral obliquity of pagan times, and that is, that despite the innate love of truth that burns in the breast of man; despite the heroic lives of the early Christians; despite the convincing proofs that accompanied the introduction of the Christian religion and attested the divinity of its doctrines: it nevertheless encountered the most unrelenting opposition and its followers the most truculent persecution that hatred could conceive or malignity execute. But the Church of God rose triumphantly over all assaults, because she was upheld of God. With the advent of Constantine, Christianity became a ruling power in the world, and with the supremacy of Christianity the crisis between the ancient and the modern world was

bridged over and the era of progress and civilization began its irresistible march. The Church passed her hand over the chaotic elements, with heavenly skill and organizing force, and there came forth the beauty of a divine transfiguration. A new principle of life had sprung into being, vivifying the earth by its wondrous power and producing life differing from all preceding forms of existence. This principle was the energizing spirit of Christianity, introducing by its action upon discordant and repellant elements a new or a second creation, just as the Spirit of God brooding over the formless void called into being a first creation. The rapid diffusion of her doctrines; the courageous resistance of her adherents to all forms of persecution; the sublime purity of her principles, preserved from age to age, without corruption or deviation, attracted to her the attention of mankind as the most remarkable historical occurrence in the whole course of human annals, and proclaimed her to be future mistress of states, government, science, and civilization.

Modern civilization is not the continuation of pagan civilization, but is the creation of the Catholic Church. Its component elements are twofold, moral and material; and while the first was absolutely created, the second was incalculably promoted by the action of the Church. The features of moral civilization, as Cardinal Manning has pointed out, are: 1, The Christian household created by the sacrament of Christian marriage; 2, the Christian people formed by Christian education; 3, the Christian State elevated by the higher law of Christian morals.

Of Christian marriage and Christian education full treatment has been made in other pages; here it is necessary to refer to the Christian State.

The Christian State is simply the temporal sovereignty "elevated by the higher law of Christian morals" to a plane of Christian action. Like the social authority, in all times and conditions, its power lies within the temporal order; its rule lies over the ordering of those things which concern natural right and the natural end of man, and pertain to the tranquility and stability of society; but at the same time it does not lose sight of man's supernatural end, and its purpose is to so order man's civil relations that it may facilitate the attainment of the ultimate end of man. Thus, it does not rest on the principle laid down by Aristotle, that the State exists for itself. It recognizes

that its authority springs from God's appointment, to whom it is accountable in its rulers, since it is, as the Apostle says, "the minister to man for good." The Christian State is that which dwells in amity and concord with the spiritual power, in no wise encroaching upon the Church's jurisdiction, impairing her free action, or impeding the exercise of her rights ; but, on the contrary, harmonizing, on all conceivable lines within its proper sphere, with the Church in its action and influence upon society. Under the Christian State the two powers are united, and yet they are distinct ; they are in one sense co-ordinate, but in another subordinate ; one human, the other superhuman ; one natural, the other supernatural. Where the Christian State exists, the laws, authority, and institutions of the Church are both recognized and respected ; and that ideal relation designed by God and aptly likened to the union of Christian marriage, is fostered and promoted between Church and State. This was the lofty ideal contemplated by Gregory the Great before the close of his remarkable Pontificate, and was also entertained by Charlemagne.

Such was the Christian State created by the Church. It had no existence in the pagan era. Under the pagan constitution of the State the civil and religious functions were exercised by the same authority and centered in the same person. Thus the State was not religious, but *was religion*. Religious unity, when maintained and supported by political institutions, is an appreciable benefit to man and society ; but this benefit becomes a bane when the State itself usurps the office and authority of religion. Liberty of conscience is then proscribed, and the Church is subordinated to the State, and often reduced to complete subjection. By consequence, the national religion becomes the only true religion, and all others are banished as pernicious and impious. The distinction of the two powers, entirely consistent with their co-operation, and which is the only true condition of social life, unknown to Paganism and first promulgated by the Gospel, was never realized except through the influence of Christianity, or the Catholic Church.

Outside of Catholicity real civil liberty had never had existence, and civil liberty is the foundation of the State. Under the pagan State individualism was a negative factor in society, but the Catholic Church always opposed the encroachments of the civil authority

upon the right of the individual, and to her influence, running through the social economy of the Middle Ages, is modern society indebted for her civilization and freedom. Civil and political liberty are founded upon the fundamental truth of man's equality with man, and the fact that man as man has no authority over man, except what has been delegated to him, whether mediately or immediately, by God. But the Church, while maintaining the distinction of the two powers, exercised her right to establish the absolute condition of Christian truth in its relation with the civil and political power. Obedience to legitimate authority was enjoined by her as of divine law, but the exactions and tyrannies of princes she condemned with tireless and courageous voice. She fought with indomitable perseverance against the revival of pagan materialism, the corruptions of the renaissance, and the despotism of kings and governments. She rallied to the rescue of society when it was menaced by the tyranny of the feudal system, by political anarchy, by universal serfage, by the prevalence of might, and when without her timely interposition civil liberty would have expired. But for the tireless energy of her sovereign rulers, her Gregorys, her Innocents, her Bonifaces, and her Julians, the hard-won fruits of her victory over Paganism would have been annulled by the triumphant restoration of Cæsarism and State absolutism in the countries but recently converted to the light of Christianity by the influence of her teachings. Strange to tell, it was the German sovereigns, so much distinguished for their rugged individuality and so readily converted by the Church, who were concerned with transplanting into Europe the laws, customs, and morals of the East.

The Church planted, by the sanctions of religion, the civil authority upon a rock ; but at the same time justified resistance to civil power under certain circumstances, and upheld, for the consolation of mankind, the cheering doctrine that unjust authority was no authority at all.

Her most unsparing blows were levelled at the institution of slavery. The institution of slavery is inimical to the permanent progress of every State ; but such is the consecration of vested rights that they are relinquished with supreme reluctance and often with the utmost violence. This was eminently so with slavery, and those who reproach the Church with her tardiness in securing the

manumission of slaves should look back on the civil war in the United States and count in blood the cost of Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation. All the philosophers of antiquity, Zeno and Epicurus, Epictetus and Plato, considered slavery as inherent in the very nature of civil society, and even Aristotle is at pains to justify its existence and necessity. The Catholic Church sealed the doom of slavery. She embraced the poor slave to her bosom, and elevated him to her highest dignities. "There is neither bond nor free, for all are one in Christ Jesus." This was the solution of the problem, and were it not for the example of the Church in liberating her own slaves and the powerful influence of her voice in counselling others to do the same, the curse of slavery would still afflict, perhaps, the whole civilized world, and the misery now weighing like a nightmare upon the Oriental nations would also harass the most enlightened countries of the west. No power on earth could have accomplished the abolition of slavery, save the power of her who could proclaim with divine accent, that all men were equal before God, and therefore equal to one another; that all were children of a common Father, and all were therefore brothers.

Besides the liberation of man, the exaltation of woman was due to the teaching and influence of the Church. The recognition of the Virgin Mary as the Mother of God was the rational motive for restoring the female sex to the position of dignity and honor so long withheld. Mary was the model of her sex and the mirror of true womanhood, but she also was a vessel of virginity and a paragon of purity. Woman, hitherto in disgrace, should henceforth be honored, because God Himself had honored her. No longer the slave of man's lust and passions, she was to be esteemed as his helpmeet and honored as his equal. Paganism had subjected her to a degrading inferiority, and had regarded her as the minister to man's unholy passion. The written page would blush to record the unmentionable atrocities of which helpless woman was the victim in the pre-Christian era. Juvenal in his famous satires lets some light on the scene, and no pencil could paint with too dark a coloring the indignities put upon the sex at periods when the immortal Plato wrote his Republic to urge the foundation of a State in which not only a community of goods, but a community of wives should obtain and no man should be embarrassed with the knowledge of his paternity

Under the benign influence of the teachings of the Church, woman became the object of man's respect, reverence, and love. Her whom he had formerly looked upon as a vessel of vileness, became a "vessel of honor," to borrow a sacred expression ; and she whom he had treated with contempt and coldness he regarded with tenderness and veneration.

The same refinement of feeling and gentleness of manners extended through the whole structure of society when the Church came to inculcate the meekness and docility of the Gospel as the true standard of human conduct. Even in ages now esteemed as but semi-civilized, the urbanity of manners, the mildness and lenity of public officials, the offices of courtesy and kindness among all grades of society, would serve as a salutary lesson to the hauteur, the superciliousness, and the hollow, civilized mockeries of social forms in the present much-vaunted progress of society.

The miraculous nature, as it may be styled, of the social transformation may be duly appreciated by reflecting on the character of those peoples who were the subject of this prodigious change. They were the barbarians of the North.

With the disappearance of the Roman Empire in 486, the Church, the true civilizer, brought the torch of faith, the light of civil liberty, to the barbaric hordes of the North, or rather they came to her in the first instance to behold the light.

The fortifications of the Roman frontier opposed no effectual barrier to the assault of the barbarians as they poured out of their rugged fastnesses from the dark forests of Germany to plunder, despoil, and lay waste the civilization of centuries. They conquered Rome, indeed, but were in turn conquered by the power of Christian faith and love. Only to the eye of faith is revealed the secret of this immortal triumph of the Church over the untamed and unmitigable ferocity of nations who swept down upon works of the ancient world, as the typhoon riots upon the sandy plains, or as the tornado convulses the sea. The finger of God was here. The only explanation is found in the doctrine, the miracles, and the grace of Jesus Christ. In the progress of civilization the designs of Providence are always manifest to the mind of the pious believer, both in the particular and in the general phenomena of history. Under the good Providence of God, the Church was the saviour of society and

the preserver of the old civilization which she linked to the new, and thus gave possibility and actuality to the great march of humanity. If the irruption of the wild hordes of Northern Europe had not been stayed in its impetuous course ; if there had been no Leo to check the "Scourge of God," as Attila was styled, no imagination could picture the "splendid desolation" that would have overtaken all the grandeur of human achievement from the dawn to the decline of Rome's imperial power. Every monument of antiquity would have perished ; every throne would have crumbled into dust ; every vestige of civilization would have vanished, and left the world in Cimmerian gloom which no light could ever penetrate.

With patient toil the Church gathered up the fragments of ancient learning which remained after the deluge of barbarism had subsided, and securely sheltered them in her archives for the delight and instruction of posterity. Vandalism could no longer touch them. For more than five centuries, as Hallam says, learning was confined to her bosom, and she "kept it flowing in the worst of seasons, a slender but living stream." The ancient literature of Greece and Rome were rescued by her from the general shipwreck ; she set them, like jewels that sparkle when unbosomed from the earth, in the diadem of Christian philosophy and theology ; made them reflect the glory of religion, and shine with a lustre which "paled the ineffectual fire" of paganism's most golden period. Hers was the hand that drew forth, from the literary lumber-room of dust-crowned ages, the orations of Cicero, the comedies of Plautus, the histories of Herodotus and Xenophon, and the works of Lucretius, Quintillian, and Tertullian. She founded libraries all over Europe, and her monks and anchorites dissolved their days in the pleasure of study and reading, and, like the temple of Apollo, their cells and sylvan grottoes became the haunt of the Muses and the sanctuary of literary splendor. "The medicine of the mind," as books were esteemed, she administered to every class, and by skillful industry and research she amassed the choicest productions of every clime. Nicholas V. laid the foundations of the incomparable library of the Vatican, and Sixtus IV. was no less celebrated for his protection of the arts and sciences and his munificent patronage of education. It was the patient hand of the monk and the taste of distinguished Pontiffs, and the culture of the brilliant galaxy who always clustered around the Pontifical chair, as

planets around the sun, that conspired to keep alive the flame of learning when its pursuit was arduous, when manuscripts were important articles of commerce, and when the restoration of letters was environed with difficulties and the very ability to read no common acquirement. Gregory the Great, on the testimony of the Protestant historian Voigt, enforced on bishops the important duty of protecting letters, fostering arts and founding schools, and long before the Reformation and the invention of typography, the Catholic clergy were the chief, if not the sole, guardians of the wants of public instruction. From the days of Charlemagne to those of Charles the Fifth, the Church was the arbiter of literary taste, the sponsor of education, the patron of science, art, and philosophy. She is the historic mother of all the great universities, from Bologna, Salamanca, Paris, Louvain to Cambridge and Oxford—Oxford with its twenty thousand scholars who formed a fighting army in the Middle Ages. “Catholic Italy supplied,” as Hallam remarks, “the fire at which other nations lighted their torches.” The courts of Italy were superior in literary and artistic attainments to those of London, Stockholm, or Copenhagen. Italy was the fountain-head of science for centuries. Her renown among the nations had culminated before the Augsburg Confession was dreamed of in the literary magnificence of the golden age of Leo X., whose impartial biographer declares that even “among the predecessors of Leo, the philosopher may contemplate with approbation the eloquence and courage of Leo I.; the beneficence, candor, and pastoral attention of Gregory the I.; the various acquirements of Sylvester II.; the industry, acuteness, and learning of Innocent the IV. and of Pius II.; and of the munificence and love of literature so strikingly displayed in the character of Nicholas V.” Monks of the Catholic Church were the fathers of English literature, and their sacred songs were chanted by the choristers of the monastery long before a Chaucer told his tales, or a Shakespeare “held the mirror up to nature.”

This is the Church which contributed, nay, made, the progress of civilization by the men of renown whom she gave to the world. In the march of events we are prone to ascribe too large a share to individuals as to the importance of their parts in the drama of history; but while recognizing the action of that higher and invisible power which rules all things, we are not to become oblivious to the fact that

God works through human agencies, and men are but instruments to accomplish His sovereign will. The man of destiny is no historical fiction, but a philosophical reality. This is the Church, then, which, in the designs of God, raised up for the admiration and instruction of men such geniuses as Scotus, Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, Roger Bacon, St. Bernard, St. Ignatius, St. Augustine ; such orators as Chrysostom, Bossuet, Massillon, Lacordaire ; such writers as St. Jerome, à Kempis, Fenelon, Lingard, à Lapide, Rhorbacker, Manning, Hergenrother, Wiseman, and Newman ; such philosophers as Malebranche, Balmez, Von Schlegel, Gioberti, and Des Cartes ; such poets as Tasso, Dante, Ariosto, Petrarch, Racine, Corneille, Pope, Southey, and Moore ; such astronomers as Secchi ; such linguists as Mezzofante ; and such rulers as Charlemagne, St. Louis, Alfred and Edward of England, King Stephen of Hungary, and Rodolph of Hapsburg.

It is the testimony of Edmund Burke that France produced more remarkable men than all the Protestant universities of Europe ; of Gibbon that one Benedictine monastery published more scientific works than all the educational establishments of post-Reformation days ; and of Hutchinson, in the house of Parliament, that Catholicism was at one time the religion of the most numerous, the religion of the most enlightened nations in Europe, and the religion of the most famous characters who have ever honored the name of man. Col. Mitchell, in his life of Wallenstein, declares that " religion and civilization can never repay the debt they owe to the Pontiffs and to the Church of Rome, who, for so long a period, made the most noble efforts to advance mankind upon the path of progress." To that Church modern Europe is indebted for its knowledge, its civilization, its laws, and its acquaintance with the fine arts of music, painting, sculpture, and architecture.

If in any department of intellect the Romans evinced the strength of their acumen, it was in the matter of the perfection of their laws, which to this day form a comprehensive system of practical equity and universal jurisprudence, both for States and individuals. Nearly all cases coming under the conventional or customary law of nations, will find some precedent in the *jus gentium* of the Romans, and nearly every case affecting individuals has its exemplar in the Roman civil law. But when the great fabric which valor and policy had founded upon the seven hills of Rome, through general political

corruption and the decline of knowledge, and virtue began to crumble, all respect for the supremacy of the law commenced to fade likewise, and when the barbarous hordes of the North had by their martial energy and irresistible force imposed their yoke upon the ancient possessors of the Empire, they would also have engrafted the wild and lawless individualism upon the conquered, but for the moulding, restraining, and civilizing hand of the Church. In some respects the Roman law, at least the *jus gentium*, was contracted and illiberal in the character of its provisions, owing to the influence of the pagan mythology ; but the doctrines of Catholicity, universal in their application and benign in their intent, gave a broader extension and a milder character to the old Roman jurisprudence. Most of the modern international law, save such as wholly new exigencies created, has been deduced from the canon law of the Church and the Roman civil law. The Church helped to revive the study of the Roman law, and under Gregory IX. the canon law was reduced to a code which the Church employed in public and private controversies. When the Church, which had constituted a sort of bridge spanning the chaotic gulf which separated declining antiquity from modern civilization, had fully formed and consolidated the Christian government of the nations, and all recognized one sovereign, spiritual head, the authority of the Roman Pontiff was frequently invoked to arbitrate difficulties between different nations. The Pope thus became the great pacificator of Europe at a time, a crucial period of history, when without such supreme intervention, all the art, science, learning, law, and government which had been built up upon the ruins of the ancient world, would have disappeared in the social convulsions and political revolutions of the new order, whose orgasm would be unchecked by any paramount authority. It was thus that European nations escaped in many instances the absolutism of kings and emperors, and often were the people compelled to take refuge under the crook of the Church, for it is not easy to conceive, as Burke has justly observed, a government as mild as those of the Church sovereignties. International polity for many centuries recognized the Papal supremacy, at least in its pacificatory office, till pagan policy was once more revived when Henry VIII. cast off the authority of the Church, and united the civil and the spiritual functions in his own royal person.

Happily for England, as nearly all commentators on her constitution show, the political principles of Catholic ages she preserved in her government and public institutions. Her sturdy yeomanry objected to the royal Cæsarism which overspread Europe after the renaissance had attempted to resurrect pagan forms and pagan customs, with pagan literature, and though unable to undo the unholy usurpation of the king, they sought to temper his authority and resist his despotism by parliaments and commons. They held tenaciously to the principles of Magna Charta, which Stephen Langton, Catholic Archbishop, had extorted from a reluctant tyrant; and the old laws and traditions; the ancient legislation, dating back to the days of Alfred; representative and constitutional government, coming down from Catholic times—all were held fast by the people as a priceless heirloom derived from a religion which they no longer acknowledged or confessed. Similarly, the Church was mainly responsible for whatever of free government existed in the continental nations after the great revolution of the sixteenth century. Spanish liberty, till overthrown by the absolutism of Philip II; free institutions in the Catholic cantons of Switzerland; civil liberty in Westphalia and the Rhenish countries and the enlightened constitution of St. Stephen of Hungary, were all imbued with the spirit and formed on the models suggested by the teachings of Catholic philosophers and publicists, guided by the doctrines of that Church which is the mother of civil liberty, because inspired by the Spirit of divine truth. "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Nor was the Church less concerned with the preservation and development of the fine arts—those refinements of civilization which satisfy the spiritual cravings of man's nature, elevate the mind, and soothe the heart. Her system of divine worship was admirably calculated to unfold the beauty and the power of these agencies in captivating the heart and intellect.

Music caught new and diviner inspiration from her heavenly fire. Her temples resounded night and day with the strains of sacred song, and her daily invocation to her children was to praise the Lord with the psaltery and harp, as Israel did of old. Her musical compositions have never been equalled, and never will be surpassed. The majestic organ, with its mighty volume, sounding the voice of

God, was first heard in a Benedictine monastery. The solemn, plaintive chant which moves the soul to tears, was arranged by Pope Gregory, and those lighter, but still solemn strains, which are so admirably adapted to express pathos and feeling, are named after a Cecilia.

At the solemn midnight Mass the deep-toned organ sounded through the monastery aisles, accompanied by the chant of the monks, as in meek procession they passed from sanctuary to vestibule and back again to altar. Thus on the wings of music, the most spiritual and spiritualizing of the arts, the Church sought to raise the heart to God.

Painting was, like music, her own creation, for but little survived from pagan times to stand as models to the modern artist. But like Prometheus, the Christian painter caught his fire from heaven. Solitude is the nurse of genius; and in the stillness of his monastery cell, the pensive monk called forth the wondrous creations of the mind, and with form and color clad them and made them breathe and live. One order alone, the Dominican, produced names that are immortal. The great paintings of the past which have won the enduring praise of generations, are monuments to the inspiring genius of Catholicity. How sublime in composition and expression; in coloring, how unspeakably rich and natural are the works of the immortal Catholic masters! What genius for relief and perspective; what marvellous blending and harmonizing of tints; what glorious translation of nature to the realm of art exhibited in their frescoes and paintings! What a scene of confused action, violent motion, fearful expression in Tintoretti's "Massacre of the Innocents," in Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment." Scenes, indeed, executed with superhuman power, and almost too tragic for human contemplation.

Look on the "Magdalen" of Titian—and look unmoved, if you can. It is a representation, not so much of body as of soul. Standing in her grot, with one hand laid upon her breast, her eyes raised to heaven in an agony of penitence, what tearful anguish in the pleading countenance, lighted with the slight smile which seems to betoken the approach of comfort and of hope; and the "Crucifixion," by the same hand, how it moves the inmost soul and opens all of pity's unlocked fount. The mother, fainting and falling when the "sword of sorrow" had at length pierced through her soul, and John and

Magdalen gazing on their suffering Master with devoted love and passionate grief.

Then, in his admirable "Annunciation" and still more beautiful "Assumption," what artistic grouping and arrangement, what composed sublimity of expression, conjoined with reverential awe and tenderness. In the latter masterpiece is the Virgin, standing upon a cloud, robed with celestial light and borne upward with hosts of attending angels, while beneath are lingering the adoring train of the Apostles. With arms extended and glowing, upraised countenance, the Virgin Mother ascends, radiant and glorious, to the throne beyond the stars.

And the incomparable creations of Correggio, Paul Veronese, Leonardi da Vinci, poet, mathematician, painter; Guido Reni, Giulio Romano, Raefaeli, Fra Bartolomaeo, Murillo, Velasquez, Rubens, and many others, are not these *chefs-d'œuvre* the result of that heavenly flame of piety and genius lighted upon the altar of Catholic inspiration, Catholic thought, and Catholic feeling? Assuredly it was not from Pagan sources they drew their lofty and godlike ideals of art.

The divine seed of knowledge, from which spiritual life grows, was dead under Paganism's baneful reign. Art was then the handmaid of the baser passions. The flame of worship, which ascended to the blue heavens above, arose from altars dedicated to Bacchus, to Venus and Apollo. Down in the depths of the tombs, in the bowels of the earth, the children of the cross sang in happy unison a new song to the Creator, and sent forth with unwearied repetition the salutation to the Virgin Mary. Then Christian art began to live. It is natural to man to express his feelings, not only by the voice, but by the hand as well. On the rock walls of the catacombs were carved in rude outline figures expressive of the feelings of the Christian heart. A heart, symbolizing love; an anchor, implying steadfastness and hope; a peacock, signifying omniscience and immortality; a dove, the symbol of the Holy Spirit; a palm with the chalice, meaning victory over death and destruction—such were the rude beginnings of Christian art in the halls of the dead, where seven millions slept in Christ, of whom two hundred thousand won the martyr's crown.

For centuries, with varying fortunes, Catholic art forged ahead,

till at length the mighty genius of Angelo and the exquisite felicity of Raphael produced those prodigies of the pencil which are among the most stupendous creations of art and genius united that history has recorded, or the world can boast. Since the pen of inspiration wrote the description of the birth of light, nothing ever conveyed to the mind of man such an adequate idea of the process of creation and transfused such awful sublimity into the living images which shall appear before the affrighted eyes of the sinner on the final Judgment Day, as the hand of Raphael in the one case and that of Angelo in the other. In the first the Eternal Father moves through chaos, laden, as it is, with dense, black clouds, broken by occasional flashes of lurid light. His head is turned aside, His arms are extended, His limbs in violent motion, as He separates light from darkness, reduces chaos into order, His whole form instinct with the stupendous effort of creation. Again, He moves with tranquil majesty through a transparent atmosphere above the new-formed globe, separating with His finger the dry land from the sea. Now, He rises above the earth, and wielding the sun in one hand and the moon in the other, He fixes them in the firmament of heaven, as far apart as day is from night. Finally, He walks the earth, with arms outstretched in benediction, and obediently to the tread of His footsteps, the multitudinous animal creation springs into existence. Conception can mount no higher. Execution equals the lofty theme and befits the Almighty Actor.

And the terrible grandeur of the "Last Judgment." In the centre of a semicircle formed of patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, spectators of the awful scene, stands the Judge of heaven and earth. In form, colossal; in limbs, titanic; in expression and attitude terribly sublime; with hands uplifted in repulsion, the energy of avenging justice upon His frowning brow; the inclination of forward motion given to His body to depict the intensity of His action; His lips seem to utter the frightful malediction: Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire. The doomed reprobate plunge downward in a common torrent, and the angels hurl thunderbolts upon them. With cowering head, shrinking muscles, swollen eyes, and crouching forms, the unhappy victims of divine vengeance betray that terror and dismay which will overtake them when in the evil day they shall call upon the rocks and the mountains to fall upon them and hide

them from the wrath of the Omnipotent. The other features of this deathless fresco we need not dwell upon, nor do we possess the power to describe the overmastering sublimity of the picture as a whole; a work which has made imperishable the fame of this gifted son of Catholic genius. If, when observed only through the medium of steel engravings, these works are capable of producing the most profound emotions of which the heart is susceptible, what must be the effect of the originals upon the favored beholder?

The Catholic Church has also been the zealous promoter of architecture. She built the great basilicas, cathedrals, and churches of the world. When they sought to construct temples of worship worthy of the Almighty in a city upon the ridges of the Apennines overlooking the sea, Romanesque architecture began to flourish under Theodoric. Her abbeys, convents, and colleges were remarkable for beauty of proportion, splendor of external finish, marvellous richness of interior decoration. Thus her monasteries became centres of the highest culture, and villages grew into walled towns. The palace of Charlemagne, now but little more than a splendid memory, and the Cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, once the great monarch's chapel, were the offspring of Catholic inspiration, and the Cathedral at Hildesheim was planned by Bishop Bernward in the eleventh century. Gothic architecture was not possible until the Northern sons of the forest had felt the religious influence and observed the models of the Church in Italy. The cathedrals of Mayence, Strasburg, Worms, Spires, Milan, Florence, York, and Westminster were inspired by Catholic genius and built by Catholic hands. The graceful, pointed Gothic arch, supported by the fluted column, crowned with capitals exquisitely carved, sometimes made wholly of marble, and sometimes encrusted with that material and inlaid with foliage and branchwork, upon which the sunlight played with magical effect and indescribable charm, originated in the devout mind of the Catholic architect, who sought to transfer to the purposes of religion something of the form and beauty of nature. Fantastic and irregular this Gothic architecture arose at first, but when, polished and refined by the mellowing spirit of Christianity, it came forth in its full-orbed splendor, how inspiring, how imposing and magnificent.

The wealth of interior ornament in the Catholic churches of the

Middle Ages was of surpassing splendor and richness. The costly candelabra; the bejeweled vestments, radiant as the rainbow; the glittering mosaics of painstaking workmanship; the baptismal font with its curious carvings and symbolic devices; its representations of the four rivers of Paradise and the heavenly Jerusalem; the chests for precious relics, adorned with paintings and ornamented with gold; the ivory shrines and crucifixes; the engraved and illuminated gospels, psalters, and missals filled with miniatures colored and gilded with elaborate elegance and finish, which all together demonstrate the high degree of perfection which these minor arts had attained long anterior to the time that English Dissenters held in horror stained-glass and organs, that John Knox, as Carlyle says, smashed crucifixes in France, and that Luther hurled his inkstand at the genius of evil.

Colonization has done more for the progress and civilization of the world than, perhaps, any single civilizing agency. The Catholic nations have been the great colonizers of the world. Spain, Portugal, and France sent their colonists to the farthest parts of the earth. The spirit of enterprise was always blended with the spirit of faith, and a Xavier did as much for China and Japan in the sixteenth century as a Stanley did for Africa in the nineteenth. The earliest encroachments upon the Western wilderness were made by Catholic missionaries, who tracked our rivers and scaled our mountains when travelling was daring and difficult compared with the safe and economical transportation wrought by the progress of improvement. The names of Marquette, Lasalle, Champlain, Jaques Cartier, De Smet, Da Leon, and a hundred more, are indelibly written on the broad surface of the Western continent. The sound of axes followed the voice of the missionary, and the pioneers of material improvement traced their path by the footsteps of the heralds of the Gospel. Were some pen dipped in the hues of truth to paint the real adventures of the pioneers of civilization, when our rivers were first navigated by little arks as incompetent to ascend the turbulent stream as to sail the Atlantic, we should do honor to the heroic courage and devotion of men who cast into our soil the seminal principles of religion and progress.

To what dangers were they not exposed! To what inclemencies from the season, and to what perils from the savage and inhospitable

surroundings! Compelled not infrequently to sleep without shelter ; to wade through morasses or through snows ; to climb lofty cliffs and descend through dismal gorges ; to carry life in their hands — nay, hold it up as a target — daily, hourly expecting captivity, torture, and lingering death, they esteemed all as dross provided they might gain souls to God and seal the continent for Christ, even at the cost of the effusion of their blood. They were the servants of posterity and the benefactors of succeeding generations. They sowed in tears and blood, and we reap their sheaves rejoicing. They came to gladden the new world with the light of the Gospel, even while they sunk under the weight of their unmerited woe. Through scenes of gloom and misery, they opened here an asylum for liberty of conscience at the same time that they cut through the wilderness a path for subsequent progress. In the history of mankind how many pages are devoted to extol the exploits of those who devastated fields, laid waste countries, sacked cities, and overthrew empires. The world rings with the fame of an Alexander, a Hannibal, a Cæsar. But instructed by the experience of the past, which teaches us the true value of victories wrought in blood, all genuine lovers of the race will hold in honor and precious remembrance the fame of men who, as they built churches and planted colonies, laid broad and deep the foundations of our enduring greatness and national prosperity.

Among them all was one band of men whose names history will enroll in her brightest pages and entwine with the laurels of renown. They were the intrepid sons of St. Ignatius. Men of culture and refinement, famed for science and sanctity ; the best educators in the world, desirous of no distinction save that of influence over the souls of men, kindled with an enthusiasm that defied all danger and endured every toil, they passed from the cities of Continental Europe to Japan, China, Abyssinia, and to Patagonia, where they founded the model republic of the world. To every corner of our country they penetrated with the same intrepidity and undaunted devotion. Along the course of the Arkansas, the muddy Missouri, and the mighty Mississippi ; in the smiling valleys of the Genesee and the Mohawk ; upon the granite hills of New Hampshire and in the pine forests of Maine ; through the labyrinthine windings of the Colorado, the Green River and the Red, and to the far-off golden slope of the Pacific, from Vancouver to San Lucas, and from San

Lucas to the Gulf, they spread the light of Christianity, upheld the emblem of man's salvation, and carried the banners of the cross in peaceful but glorious triumph from pole to pole. Landing upon our shores they boldly plunged into the unknown and unexplored interior to summon the savage native to forsake his idolatry and bow down in meek submission to the cross ; and, erecting rude altars in the deep forest glade, the Holy Mass was said, and the first tinkle of the Mass-bell, floating like a wave of heavenly melody upon the morning air, announced the consecration of our country to the Lord and King of mankind. And whether they walked under smiling skies or faced the frowning storm ; whether in bland and balmy valleys or on cloud-capped and wind-swept mountains, they toiled their weary round, they had but one aim, one hope, one cause for which to do and dare and die—to exalt the name of Christ and bring to all flesh the light of God's salvation.

They are gone from the land of the living, but their memory is immortal, for the good can never die. Side by side in the rugged edge of battle they fell, but their fame shall endure. The chains that rankled on the feet of God's forsaken children they struck loose, and the rock-ribbed fastnesses of error they broke down. They disarmed prejudice, they silenced opposition, and the sheen of their swords will flash light upon this continent while a Christian treads its soil. Like Moses in the arid desert, they smote the rocky hearts of men, and the waters of salvation gushed freely forth ; like the angel at the pool of Bethsaida, they stirred all the fountains of human feeling and gave healing to the sin-sick multitude. Now they rest from their labors, for their works have followed them. They fought the good fight ; they kept the faith ; they have gone to their reward and won the incorruptible crown of the Christian conqueror. Inebriated by the fullness of God's house they hunger not, neither do they thirst any more ; because the Lamb shall rule and shall lead them unto fountains of living waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. The road that leads to the Infinite's abode is steep ; but it is starry, too. They climbed the steepes bravely, and now the stars flash upon their brows. The white light of heaven, shooting from the unclouded splendor of the Lamb, shines upon them. They stand not in need of the sun for a light by day, nor of the moon for a light by night, for the glory of

God's countenance is unto them a light that sparkles with fadeless splendor evermore.

Nor was the Church at any period of her history insensible to the advantages of material prosperity. She exalted the spiritual above the temporal, as was but just, but she fostered industry and enterprise, always upheld the dignity of toil, and taught that labor should not be robbed of its reward. The arts and sciences she encouraged; inventive genius she esteemed; and commerce, the handmaid of civilization, she did more to promote by her missionary efforts than all the States and Governments of Europe. The words of Cardinal Pecci, now the illustrious reigning Pontiff, explains her attitude towards that material progress which her calumniators have plausibly endeavored to show as incompatible with her rule and domination. The effete and fallacious argument which vaunts the material superiority of Protestant nations it is unnecessary to consider, for no man can show anything in Catholic truth or Catholic teaching inconsistent with the highest material advancement. On the contrary, she teaches in the words of Leo XIII.:

"How grand and full of majesty doth man appear when he arrests the thunderbolt, summons the electric flash, and how powerful when he takes possession of the force of steam! Is there not in man, when he does these things, some spark of creative power? The Church views these things with joy."

Under the shield and protection of the Church the manufacturing and mercantile interests flourished with surprising vigor, in the Republics of Genoa, Florence, and Venice, and in most of the cities and towns of Southern Europe, when the northern part was oppressed by feudalism and distressed by idleness, stagnation, and poverty. In France it was under the Catholic St. Louis, and in Spain it was in the Catholic city of Barcelona, that trades-unions, or trade-corporations, as they were called, took their origin, which, so far as can be known, does not antedate the thirteenth century. These unions had corporate powers, clearly defined and established rights, and often wielded great influence in the State. They were blessed and encouraged by the Church, which always recognized the just claims of labor and the respectability of the artisan's employment. The principle of legitimate association upon which they were founded the Church always justified, even as she does to-day

with regard to the Knights of Labor, and to her patronage and assistance they have often been indebted for their emancipation from grinding task-masters, who, enriched by the fruits of their toil, only mocked their dependence and derided their poverty. The Church knows that an empty stomach is a poor civilizer.

The progress of poverty is to-day, as it was in the Middle Ages under feudalism, a grave problem. As to the existence of poverty, Henry George is right. If we adopt the Malthusian doctrine, that population increases in geometrical proportion, while the means of subsistence advances only in arithmetical ratio, the moral and physical checks indicated by the author of the theory, will be of small efficacy in the salvation of society. Every war would be a blessing in disguise, and in point of fact we should live in perpetual warfare. The only moral check that would have any real influence in averting an issue so calamitous, was the celibacy of the clergy ; the prevention of ill-advised and improvident marriages by the watchfulness of pastors over their flocks, and the diminution of illegitimate births by the restraints of reason and conscience upon the empire of the passions. On the principle inculcated by our Lord Himself, that if we seek first the kingdom of God and His justice, all the rest shall be added unto us, the Church always insisted that the moral and Christian virtues, chastity, charity, probity, and prudence, as much as genius and science, belonged to the wealth and temporal prosperity of a nation. To the poor plebeian she taught resignation, self-denial, frugality, order, and economy ; the rich man she called upon to moderate his avidity, to stimulate his charity and give alms of his bounty to the needy. Disinclination to toil ; immorality and ignorance ; improvidence and intemperance ; the pride of professional employments, for which but few were qualified, and the desire to forsake the humbler avocations which the many must pursue ; the unrestricted accumulation and concentration of commercial capital ; the foundation of new feudal systems, whose barons would be bankers and whose manufactories often multiply the poor instead of relieving poverty ; agrarian monopoly, and the greed, cupidity, and injustice of the lords of the soil, together with bad legislation, the imperfection of public charitable institutions, and the neglect of religion in education, politics, morals, and social institutions,—these are among the chief causes of the social misery of mankind, and to

overcome, or at least to neutralize the disastrous effects of habits, tendencies, dispositions, and conditions which are a prolific spring of poverty and suffering in every land, the Church devoted her vast influence, her mighty energies, and her constant zeal. Poverty, radical and extensive, is the outcome of a great historical fact, the existence of slavery in all countries which had not embraced the teachings and spirit of Christianity. Under the influence of the Church a change was wrought in favor of the masses, but the transformation was necessarily by slow and successive degrees. Even yet, though the formal institution is abolished in Christian lands, the old idea that men were but chattels is often evinced in the harsh and tyrannical relations which subsist between employer and employed. But the great work of elevating the working classes, in so far as it has been wrought, is the Church's achievement and the Church's glory. Those Christians who have separated from the Church of Rome, before the emancipation of labor and the destruction of feudalism in the West, like the Greek and Eastern Churches, have done nothing, made no solitary step towards the liberation of the great army of toilers. Indeed, that emancipation was impossible without the progress of civil liberty as a factor in forming the public mind ;—that liberty which Alexander III. affirmed to be the birth-right of all men, and which the whole discipline of the Church was designed to secure and perpetuate. Everything which contributed to the pursuits of peace, to public happiness and prosperity, the Church defended and protected. Martin V. proclaimed the authority of temporal rulers against the anarchical and seditious ; Urban V. asserted the right of property, the justice of commerce and of contracts, the order of justice in compensation, restitution and self-defense, the authority of judicial oaths and of public power ; Leo X. affirmed the right and justice of war ; Alexander VII. maintained the legislative power of civil government ; and Alexander VIII., Innocent X., Gregory XIII., and Urban VIII. defended free will and asserted the existence of the moral law, for nations and individuals.

But material success is not the sole criterion of progress and civilization, for such success the heathens had abundantly.

“ All mankind are students. How to live
And how to die forms the great lesson still.”

The enterprise of mankind is not to be limited to the acquisition of wealth and the building of monuments of temporal grandeur. Higher and nobler objects rise in the horizon. True progress makes for heaven and God. Upon the great tide of time men drift along with no chart or compass to guide their course save that which religion and virtue can bestow. Before the soul of man opens immeasurable fields, endless as time and wide as God's creation, stretching onward through the untold rounds and cycles of eternity. Each day, each hour, the thousand incidents of life leave their deep-drawn traces on the soul for good or ill. "Unheeded all the currents of our lives are bound in shallows and in miseries." Sick of vice, and yet an enemy to virtue ; disgusted with pleasure, and yet its constant votary ; regretful of the past, yet reckless of the present and hopeless of the future — despair usurps the place of enjoyment, and the heart makes itself a heaven in the chase of folly and the pursuit of those transitory goods which yield no permanent satisfaction, and work, as in the case of those empires and kingdoms of which history records the mournful story, ruin for the individual and calamity for the nation. The power of religion alone can give true progress to society. Under the influence of religion the possibilities of human advancement border on the illimitable.

The human mind has ever been prone to fancy that the world is yet to be the theatre of great events, in which the wonderful perfections of God's providence directing the deeds of men will be displayed as it has never yet been permitted man to behold them. Tradition has delighted to discourse and poetry to sing of a golden age in the beginning of the world's history, and both have looked forward to the time when all things shall be restored to their primal unity and perfection. Science and philosophy of to-day have with their materializing tendencies sought to pour contempt upon these high expectations, which, however remotely realizable, are, we think, among the best aspirations of the human heart. Though perfection be not attainable, to aspire to it is a perfection itself. Who shall place limits to the future ? Who shall say what secrets nature may yet unfold ? Who shall tell us what the hidden principles of divine grace and goodness may yet do for mankind ?

It required the genius of a Newton to discover the true theory of the heavens ; but how many of the secrets of Nature are yet unex-

plored! We are yet only in the vestibule of Nature, and have not found the key to the inner sanctuary of her being. As with nature, so with grace and the supernatural powers of divinity. We know not how much may be accomplished for mankind. Though God no longer dwells visibly among the sons of men, He has left behind a train of light like that which illumines the earth in the darkest hour of the tempest. Upon the higher elevations and prominent peaks of Christian contemplation, rising far above the clouds and shadows of a gross, material world, we can discover a kindling light issuing from the Eternal luminary, and flooding the world with its beneficent radiance. God's work will go on in His Church till all things be perfected unto the fullness of the day of Christ Jesus. That Church stood by at the birth of civilization, nursed it in its infancy, and will follow its manifold courses through all succeeding ages, for "Age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety."

VIII.

HOW FAMOUS MEN DIED.

THE new school of Christian Science, as its votaries have baptized it, professes to have discovered, if not a remedy against death, at least a method for the removal of the dread which has always accompanied the destroyer's advent. If, as they allege, they are competent to mend a broken leg without the intervention of a surgeon, it would seem not much more hazardous for them not only to annihilate the fear of death, but to destroy all possibility of the dissolution of this "frail and fickle frame" of ours, and even indefinitely to prolong the term of human existence. Ponce de Léon's fountain of perpetual youth has at last been discovered in the metaphysical mazes of New England philosophy! But, "as for our single selves we had as lief" credit them with the capacity to accomplish the one as to do the other. We fear that death must always continue to be, as it has been, the dread and awful archer and the king of terrors to the majority of men, and that nothing can temper the rigor of his wrath, but the protecting ægis of a life of virtue and sinlessness.

In view, however, of the frequent reflections that must occur to every man as to the precise nature of what his feelings shall be in that supremity of danger, it may be interesting and instructive to observe what has been the conduct of great minds, in the world's history, when brought into contact with what shall be the inevitable doom of all. I shall devote some labor and research to the ascertainment of the facts, which, as they appear to my mind, are of the most obvious interest. Having inspected the death-beds of these celebrities, and seen the manner of their death, we can then examine, if we choose, the tenor and common conduct of their lives, and thence we shall be able to infer some conclusions as to how the method of their lives influenced the manner of their death; which deductions,

doubtless, shall be salutary and profitable to ourselves. Each can frame his own reflections.

Engaged one evening, some time ago, in perusing a page of the Bible wherein it is recorded that Lamech slew by chance, as it is supposed, the unhappy fratricide Cain, I said within myself, this is surely a conspicuous instance of the punishment of heaven. But on learning that Lamech unmercifully beat to death the stripling by whom he was led into error, I was fain to think that both divine and poetic justice required that Lamech should encounter some untimely and violent taking off, and I was relieved to learn that, like the rest of the patriarchs, he simply "died," as do ordinary mortals.

I have made mention of this episode of Lamech's history merely to show that it is not to be expected, as many believe, that a bad man must die a violent death. Indeed, I have been powerfully struck at witnessing the apparent calm and composure with which I have seen some godless unbelievers die, contrasted with the alarm, reluctance, and fright of many whom I had no ray of reason to think otherwise than as just and upright Christians. Perhaps, in the one case, it was the torpidity and apathy of despair, and in the other the anxiety of the Christian respecting futurity.

It chanced to be the writer's own experience to stand more than once, face to face, with the dread destroyer, and he is frank enough to say that his feelings were far from calm and comfortable, to say nothing of his terror and dismay. But this may only argue his unfitness, from a Christian point of view, to meet his end with equanimity.

It might savor too much of egotism to detail the circumstances, and, besides, they may be of limited interest; and therefore we shall pass to the consideration of the cases which we purpose to examine.

Sacred Writ furnishes us with many instances of death, sublime, heroic, awful, terrible, serene, and tranquil. Some, like Abraham, and Jacob, and Moses, "decaying, died at a good old age; and having lived a long time, and being full of days, were gathered to their people."

The peaceful end of the patriarchs was probably the reward of their virtues. But there is a touch of pathos in the demise of Moses on Phasga's height, whence he could look over the land of Ephraim

and Juda and the plain of Jericho, and the city of palm-trees, as far as Segor, but could not pass into the promised land. Nahab and Abiu, for offering strange fire, were burnt by fire from heaven. The sublime death of Samson is in striking contrast with the fearful fate of Saul ; and the courage and heroism of the one with the cowardice of the other. Achitophel and Judas, the one through envy, and the other through remorse, came to the same suicidal end. The proud Assyrian Sennacherib, who perished by the parricidal hands of his own offspring, met an awful doom, but less horrible, perhaps, than that of Jezebel. Ezechias shrank from going to the "gates of the grave," and rejoiced at the retrogression of the sundial.

These references might be multiplied indefinitely, but as they do not, for the most part, record the sentiments of the subjects in the presence of death, they are not very apposite to our purpose, which is not so much to find how men came to their death as how they bore themselves in the final moments of their lives.

The most shining example, of course, of fortitude, courage, and resignation, is presented in the death of our Saviour. His last words are such as should be in the mouth of every dying Christian who is possessed of speech. But here we are subjecting to scrutiny the conduct of heterogeneous classes of men, whether Jew or Gentile, Christian or Pagan.

It is a pity that Homer's end is not better known ; and we are compelled to submit to the same dearth of information as to Shakespeare. Julius Cæsar's stinging rebuke to Brutus was the only exhibition of his feeling when he felt his fatal wounds. Mirabeau, according to De Lamartine, uttered as his last words, "Sprinkle me with perfume, crown me with flowers, that I may thus enter upon eternal sleep." "If he had believed in God he might have died a martyr," says Lamartine. Voltaire, according to some, died in abject terror and distress, and in the grip with death the smile of mockery and raillery faded from the arch-scoffer's lips. The conclusion of Paine's life was of a similar character, if we are to credit Fr. Fenwick.

Queen Elizabeth's impassioned appeal for another hour of life is indeed well known. The Emperor Adrian, when dying, made the remarkable address to his soul which Alexander Pope has felicitously

translated. It is said that Roscommon, at the moment of expiring, sang with much force and energy, so as to show his own devotion, two stanzas of his own *Dies Iræ*. Klopstock, Disraeli tells us, had in his Messiah made the death of Mary, sister of Lazarus, a picture of the death of the just; and on his own death-bed was found repeating some of the verses on Mary, "thus exhorting himself to die by the accents of his own harp." Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, kept feeling the state of his pulse until the final moment; and Haller, another physician, also observing his pulse in the final critical moment, turned to a brother physician, and saying, "My friend, the artery ceases to beat," instantly expired.

Henry the VIII., according to some, died in the anguish of despair. Still another account puts into his mouth the most edifying sentiments of devotion. The melancholy death of Henry's minister, however, is a matter of well-ascertained history, and has been touchingly presented by Shakespeare's master hand. "Father Abbot, I am come to lay my bones among you. Master Kyngston, I pray you have me commended to the King; had I but served God as diligently as I have served him, He would not now have given me over in my gray hairs."

The heroic fortitude of Sarsfield, whose "ruling passion strong in death" was patriotism, is history. Catching his heart's blood in his hand, he cried aloud, "Would that this had been shed for Ireland." This conduct of Sarsfield brings to mind the alleged despairing act of Julian the Apostate, who is said to have tossed his blood towards heaven, uttering at the same time the remorseful cry, "O Galilean, thou hast conquered."

There is a long list of those who fell by their own hand, since the day that Saul's armor-bearer refused to slay him. Decius immolated himself upon the altar of his country.

Socrates, with calm intrepidity, drained the fatal hemlock. Cato thrust the poniard at his heart, but he was probably guilty of levities of a softer nature than that of the steel with which he let life run out of his body. Lucretia has won great renown in the opinion of many.

But it is time to pass to the Christian side of the subject, and gaze on the bed of death which is smoothed by the hand of religion.

Addison sent for his stepson, the young Earl of Warwick, in order

that the youth might behold how a Christian could die in peace. Gregory the Great, about to yield up his life, declared, "I have loved justice and hated iniquity ; therefore do I die in exile." O'Connell, the tribune and liberator, evinced at once his patriotism and religion, by his solemn exclamation, "My body to Ireland, my heart to Rome, and my soul to God." Pius IX., of immortal memory, said, on the approach of his physician, "Dear doctor, it is over now." And when, having received the sacraments, the prayers of the dying were being said, and Cardinal Bilio in tears hesitated to speak the last farewell, the great Pontiff himself ejaculated, "In Domum domini ibimus," "We shall go into the house of the Lord"; and then repeated the words the Cardinal could not utter, "Go forth, Christian soul." And shortly after, imparting his benediction to those present, he expired.

Venerable Bede, who labored for God in all he wrote and did, died while actually singing the praises of his Maker.

He was engaged during his last illness in making an Anglo-Saxon translation of the gospel of St. John. The account of his death by his disciple, Cuthbert, is too interesting to be omitted here :

"He passed the remainder of the day in prayer and conversation ; in the evening, when his scribe again interrupted him, saying, 'Master dear, there is yet one sentence not written.' Bede told him to write quickly, and he dictated a few words, when the youth exclaimed : 'It is now done.' 'Thou hast well said,' answered Bede, 'it is done. Support my head with thy hands, for I desire to sit facing the holy place where I was wont to pray. There let me invoke my heavenly Father.' And thus, on the floor of his cell, chanting the *Gloria Patri*, he had just strength enough to proceed to the end of the phrase when he breathed out his soul with his last words, *Spiritui Sancto*, on his lips."

That great prodigy of learning, Sir James McIntosh, lay dying in the city of London. The attendants, watching his last moments, saw his lips move, and bending near to catch the last sounds, heard, "Jesus, love!" "Jesus, love! the same thing." These were the last words that he ever spoke.

How touching and edifying the deaths of St. Jerome and St. Benedict.*

* The other day the whole Christian world was profoundly stirred by the

We will close with another instance. It is that of a Christian youth of our own time, who was stricken by a fatal malady. He was the sole support of an aged widowed mother, who stood bathed in tears beside the bedside of her dying child, and saw the vampire, death, suck life's honey from the lips. But as the end approached, the filmy eye lighted up, the shadowy hands were raised and clasped, and turning to the disconsolate mother, the lips were parted and the feeble voice cried out exultantly,—its last cry on earth, "Mother, give thanks to God."

If we ponder the examples thus cited almost at random, we shall not fail to discover that as the Christian religion alone can teach us how to live, so it alone can teach us how to die. For neither rank nor fortune, strength nor beauty, power nor pelf, nor all those fond expectations that we build upon them, can oppose any effectual barrier to the ravages of death, nor supply us with the courage, fortitude, and magnanimity of mind required to sustain us in the hour of final separation.

announcement of the death of one of the greatest characters of this or any other age, the illustrious Cardinal Newman. It is reported that just before he lapsed into insensibility he uttered the remarkable words, "I hear the music of heaven. All is sunshine."

IX.

EDUCATION.

CHAPTER I.—THE STATE VERSUS THE INDIVIDUAL.

I DISCOVER two powerful, if not predominant, passions ever playing within the hearts of men, and they are often found to stand in deadly conflict. The one is the pride of power, and the other the love of liberty. The first is rooted in that egotism and selfishness which are the fruit of sin; the second is fixed in the effect of God's creative act sowing imperishably in human nature the seeds of freedom. It is not easy to say which is the stronger feeling of the two.

If we analyze this thirst for power, we find its well-spring far down in the human heart, in that passion for superiority which, though too often based on pride and arrogance, seems almost natural to man. It assumes endless forms, but in principle it is one. It is sometimes called ambition, and is deemed the spur of noble minds. It moves the intrepid explorer to turn aside from the haunts of civilization, to pursue his paths across trackless seas and oceans, to penetrate the dim interior of the hitherto untrodden forest, and traverse the arid and burning desert that, at length possessed of the object of his tireless search, he can exclaim *Eureka*, and hand down his name to an admiring posterity as the first to claim a continent, track a river, measure a mountain, or circumnavigate the globe. The same burning energy spurs on the pale student, sitting over his midnight oil, wasting his substance and turning his blood into thought, that future generations may link his name with the discovery of a sidereal system, the invention of a mechanical device, or the production of some masterpiece of music, of painting, or of literature. And what is the impelling motive? Not unfrequently it is not the love of these achievements for their own sake, nor for a better reason, but it is the passion to excel, to outstrip one's fellow-men.

This love of superiority never manifests itself with more intensity than when exercised by man over man himself. If it is flattering to man to outshine his fellows in things external to them, it is doubly pleasing to control his fellow-creatures in those internal possessions which distinguish man as man—his freedom and intelligence. Just here it is that pride of opinion and arrogance of mind come into operation, and give birth to that intolerance which has piled burning fagots on the son of science and nailed true reformers to the stake. Here, too, appears the most overmastering passion of them all—the desire of one man's will to dominate the will of those who were made to walk the earth as freely as himself. Under the unchecked sallies of this fierce desire for ascendancy, men are sometimes capable of the most illiberal sentiments, and the most selfish and base-minded conduct towards those whom circumstances make the victims of their imperious sway. To compass the object of their vaulting ambition principle, honor, conscience are sunk out of sight, and even pity, compassion, and the most common instincts of humanity, are trampled down like the dust of earth. Thwarted of their aim, they are transformed into fiends and tyrants, who, like a Nero, a Pisistratus, sport with the lives of men and gloat in their destruction. Foiled by those they fear, they pine with envy and, consumed with jealousy, they employ every covert, but despicable, art to effect the removal or the ruin of their rivals, for if "Love be strong as death, jealousy is hard as hell."

As it happens with individuals, so also does it come to pass with society. Human history, from its opening to its latest page, affords confirmation of this fact. Each class and cast loves to aggrandize its power and extend its authority. So sweet is power, so strong the passion to rule.

As, however, society cannot exist without the governing and the governed classes, the history of humanity is an almost unbroken record of a struggle between those who, set by fortune, force, or choice, above the rest, sought to extend their dominion, and those who, placed beneath the yoke of subjection, have striven, often, alas! in vain, to preserve their rights and defend their liberties against the encroachments of usurpation and oppression. From the outcome of this struggle have arisen, for the most part, the different forms of government which have appeared among the sons of men.

To grasp the full comprehension of this strange outcome of an age-long strife, we have only to trace the progress of humanity under the operation of government, not so much according to abstract theories, as in the light of facts, or according to historical development. Government is both a right and a fact; I view it here as a fact, but shall say something later about the right.

The oldest system of government known to man is the patriarchal, which had its foundation in the authority of the parent over the child. The father was the head of the family; the head of the eldest family was the chief of the tribe, and the chief of the oldest tribe was the head of the nation. At first all governments were tribal. The tribal form is seen in the wandering hordes of Arabia, the clans and Septs of Ireland and England, the castes of India, and the *gentes* of Rome. No alien had any part in the religious or political rights of the people, unless he were adopted into the tribe. Blood and kinship were the basis of all political privileges, and where these had no actual existence, they were, as men grew more tolerant of strangers, established by the fiction of legal adoption. Under this primitive system, both the religious and political control was vested in one and the same individual, the patriarchal head of the Sept or tribe. Under such system, it is obvious, the education of youth was, if not the function, at least the (alleged) right of the tribal chief, because the whole office of government devolved upon the supreme head of society. All such forms of government are barbaric and chiefly despotic, for where power and authority are regarded as a private right, and not a public trust, absolutism and despotism will ultimately prevail. This springs from the pride of power before alluded to, and universal as humanity. Men are not angels, but children of clay, and apart from the grace and light of Christianity, they differ but little from the creeping things around them. They have no right but might; no power but force; no law but selfishness and personal gratification.

Such being the fact, it can be readily inferred that where government is clannish, the land is constantly alive with broils and feuds. The arbitrary will of the despotic ruler is opposed by his oppressed subjects, and various expedients are resorted to to temper his authority and restrain his power.

The first evidence of this appears in the rise of an aristocracy, like

the Roman patricians, or the lords of feudalism, comprising the heads of the principal families, and forming a sort of Senate to share the concerns of government with the Sovereign. The remedy was always ineffectual while authority was held to be a personal right, exercised generally neither for nor by the people. Aristocracy was in no way remedial of the evils of monarchy, where both ruled, each by its own sweet will. In those dim days there was no voice to teach (the Church excepted), and no power to enforce the modern maxim, that public office was a public trust.

Under the Jewish dispensation there was, doubtless, more even and exact justice administered than elsewhere obtained; but, then, the Jews lived under a theocracy, and repeated revelations were necessary to preserve society from disintegration.

Moses gave to his people a system of laws, both civil and religious, but under his economy there existed no political constitution in a strict sense. He did not alter or diminish the power of the patriarchs, but rather confirmed their authority. If he and his successors assumed the chief control of affairs, it was by divine appointment so ordered, and such manner of government was designed for the extraordinary emergency of the long and memorable journey of the Jews to the promised land. Hence Moses did not abolish the tribal or patriarchal system. Nay, more; he adopted, when purged of their grossness and idolatry, the laws and customs which immemorial usage had sanctioned among the early forefathers of the Jewish people. Upon the conclusion of their pilgrimage, the old style of government was continued, and where the various tribes had settled upon their allotted lands, it was to repose or to struggle on a field where the feeble arm of the patriarchal chieftain was exerted to maintain a due equipoise between liberty and authority.

As it was in the tents of Abraham in the land of Mamre, so was it in Palestine; the father of the family, or the chief of the tribe, was the ruler, and his authority was transmitted by heredity to succeeding generations.

If in this economy there was no supreme or central power either to maintain unity or to excite jealousy, nevertheless the elders of the community ruled with despotic sway, and dispensed at the city gates such justice as seemed accommodated to the people whom they governed. As they felt no check upon their authority, save when in

matters of profound legal difficulty, the arbitration of the priests was invoked; it is readily conceivable that a conflict of interests was inevitable, and freedom and power came into frequent and violent collision. Moreover, people long accustomed to the independence of nomadic life are always averse to the exercise of strong central authority, nay, to authority of any kind. Only when attacked by such superior numbers as to threaten the extinction or subjugation of several tribes, might a leader or dictator be chosen whose wisdom and prowess appointed him to the post of danger, but whose authority lapsed with the emergency that called him forth.

Even when God raised up judges to rule Israel, the people, tired of the yoke, rejected Samuel to constitute a king who imposed upon them a harsher and more unbearable burden. And when we consider, that of all who ruled over God's chosen people during six hundred years, only three were proved to be just and God-fearing men, the struggle of the people to maintain their political and social rights must have been as bitter as it was protracted. If such be the case under theocracy, when theocracy meant much more than the divine right of kings in the Middle Ages, and stood for a fact and not a fiction, what chapter of history is long enough to contain a record of the contentions born of the attempt, on the one hand, to uphold, on the other to suppress, popular liberty among peoples not favored like the Jews with the direct and often visible assistance and counsel of Jehovah?

The patriarchal system, as I have said, was a despotic system, for even if he had the absolute right to govern his own child, he had no authority to govern the children of other fathers than himself, and his power, besides, was claimed as a natural personal absolute right, which is the essence of tyranny and usurpation.

With the advent of civilization came a change. Under Clisthenes in Athens, about 510 B.C., so far as I am able to discover, the first seeds of civilization were planted. This Athenian statesman introduced several important changes into the constitution, the most momentous of which was, that, consequent upon the division of the people into ten tribes instead of four, politically ascribed to the soil, all political rights became territorial instead of personal. But what change is this? Was not government before this era founded upon landed property? Yes, but under the patriarchal system, as in the

later feudal, the right of dominion was vested solely in the patriarch or suzerain. The chieftain of the tribe was sole proprietor, in most cases, and the minor chiefs held from him and under him. Proprietary rights were vested in the owner, but the owner and the ruler were one and the same individual. Owning the soil, he claimed, by consequence, the right to govern as subjects all who occupied it. Between the landlord and his tenant-subjects, therefore, the struggle was permanent.

But the change wrought by Clisthenes, which was the base of Grecian liberty, attained fuller development under the Roman Republic.

The father still continued to rule as father, and within the family sphere was supreme, but could govern none but his own offspring. The State stepped in to limit his authority, and with the State came the civil order or civilization. The State was the organic people, attached to the soil, and expressing its will through the senate, or in pure or qualified democracies, through popular assemblies, like the Roman comitia or the Grecian popular assemblies. No one not attached to the soil, or, to speak more correctly, not comprehended within the boundaries of the State, could be invested with the prerogatives of citizenship, or could possess political rights. In this theory, the land claimed the man, not the man the land, and his civil rights came not by favor of any patriarchal proprietor, but from the fact that every son of the soil, so to say, was a citizen of the State.

On the day that the State was founded civilization was born, for civilization means progress, and progress is impossible under the despotisms that spring from systems in which political liberty is conditioned upon the arbitrary will of the individual, whether governor only, or both proprietor and governor.

After all, the right to govern is not founded upon the right of property, unless where dominion is absolute, and it is absolute in God alone. The monarchical and aristocratical forms of government are, no doubt, the historical outcome of the old patriarchal system in which the governor was both governor and ruler. Because they were supreme lords, they claimed to be supreme sovereigns. This, a false development of the right of property, and the natural propensity of men to aggrandize power and authority, especially when, as lords of the soil, their opportunities for such dilatation are so ample,

easily gives rise to extreme theories on the side of those who deplore the evil, and see no remedy save in the extinction of all individual ownership in the land itself. But this is digressive.

With the foundation of the State, however, the liberty of the individual was not imperishably secured. Then, in fact, the fight for freedom fairly began. Was the patriarch a usurper, the State could be a more intolerable tyrant. Was the ancient chieftain of the clan a selfish sovereign, the State could be an unconscionable despot. The reason seems to reside in this, that a wrong is more readily perpetrated where many are concerned, for then no one appears personally accountable.

Wherefore, although the State was founded for the protection and perpetuation of the liberties of the people, the time came when it sought to abridge, if not destroy, what it was ordained to foster and facilitate.

In recognition of this fact, history shows how in different ages the populace strove to stem the tide of supremacy, and alter the form of government as seemed best calculated to preserve individual liberty.

Feeling at one time the need of a powerful hand to guide the destinies of the nation, or lead it on to coveted victory, they proclaimed a dictator, like a Sulla or Marius, and again groaning under the encroachments of a despot, they conspired for the downfall of a Caesar.

Like the Jews of old, they called aloud for kings to reign over them, and, oppressed by the exactions of royalty, they raised the banners of revolution, and hurled age-long dynasties from gilded thrones and asserted the majesty of democracy.

To meet the countless difficulties that environ the exercise of power, the people devised at one time a limited or constitutional monarchy, at another an aristocracy, and, again, a democracy, or some one of the mixed forms of government which appeared best adapted to their wants or more congenial to their wishes and desires. But ever and always we discover a struggle between those invested with power on the one side, and those who are subject to it on the other.

During the past century, perhaps more than ever, this contest has been the characteristic of every national movement, and immense

social changes have occurred which have convulsed Europe to its centre, and pulled down the oldest dynasties and most time-consecrated aristocracies the world has ever seen.

What principle lies back of all this unrest and agitation ; this levelling and upbuilding ; this change and reformation ? What, but the unquenchable aspiration of the people for self-government and popular rights ? It manifests itself in the efforts of Poland, Bulgaria, Ireland, and Cuba, to secure for themselves the right of self-government and local independence.

There are, it seems to me, two great opposing forces in this world waging an endless war, and they are despotism and democracy. Most generally, it may be, it is extreme parties that are engaged in the battle — anarchists and tyrants — and very often democratic government is identified with the excesses of the mob and the horrors of the revolution. More commonly, however, the desolating social upheavals that, like the waves of the sea, sweep over the face of society, spring from the tyranny of the power-holders, who love to have their fellow-men fall down and worship them, either as monarch, king, or kaiser.

God, I fain would think, has given power to the proletariat for the preservation of the race, for had He by divine right invested it irrevocably in the few, society could never stand without a reconstruction of human nature, or a larger latitude for heavenly grace.

When people are ground down by the arbitrary power of irresponsible rulers and the popular will and popular rights are long suppressed, the outbreak from such enslavement is nearly always vehement and violent. By the irate populace old landmarks are swept away, ancient institutions are levelled to the dust, social order is demolished, even religion is imperilled and discarded ; for men, demoralized and obdured by oppression, lose respect for religion and morality, and oftentimes make forfeit of their faith in that overruling Providence, whose goodness, bounty, and justice seem inconsistent with the existence of the evils that fill the cup of life with unmingled bitterness. We are always ready to condemn the great army of the discontented as the enemies of peace and order ; but let us remember how history's pages gleam with the record of the burning wrongs endured by the masses of mankind, and how often the piercing cry for popular liberty was quenched in human blood.

Disgusted with the sickly scene of painted courtiers and knee-crooking flatterers ; grown weary of the glamour of regal dignity ; exasperated at the sight of those who, while "they toil not, neither do they spin," are yet able, "void of care, to loll supine in state," although they who are "neither of coward spirit nor unwilling hand" must pine in poverty and misery ; the plebeian classes often yield to the fiercest passions which beget the darkest deeds of desperation and despair. But I am talking of extremes.

In the ordinary case, though, this popular disquietude only marks the deathless aspiration of the people for the air of liberty and the sunshine of freedom. It is the old struggle of individual freedom against State supremacy or absolutism. It was fought before the field of Marathon was glorified, and before Roman valor had shed undying renown upon the plains of Philippi or the immortal attempt of the Gracchi had been made to restore the ancient constitution and protect the liberty of the citizen against the centralizing tendencies of the ruling classes. That aspiration and that spirit obtained new impetus in the Middle Ages, and it flames forth with redoubled ardor at the present day. Before it all obstacles must go down. Nothing can withstand its progress. It has the handwriting of God upon it, and no human agency can blot it out. Sometimes when tyranny and absolutism hold sway it breaks out with volcanic violence ; again it works silently but surely, effecting a quiet transition from barbarism to civilization, from personal to territorial rights, from absolute to constitutional monarchy, or from monarchy and aristocracy to the incomparable majesty and dignity of pure and unfettered democracy.

From the very dawn of human history to the present hour we behold this eternal battle between the rulers and the ruled. What does it signify ? If it has meaning at all, it implies a truth, God-given and God-guarded, that the development of popular power and popular rights is according to the natural law, and that God Himself wishes no limits set on human freedom outside those necessary for the coherence and stability of the permanent existence of society. I say this is the law of nature, and if so it must not, it cannot, be ignored. It may at times be guilty of excesses, but it is not an unmitigated evil in itself, and in civilized communities virtue, intelligence, and patriotism will always prescribe its limits and hold it within just bounds.

It is a natural law, and, like all the laws of nature, it cannot be stemmed or stayed. Tyrants may oppose its progress, but in the end they will bite the dust. Those who raise a hand in sign of its destruction will go the way of the Stuarts, the Bourbons, the Hapsburgs, and all that senseless idolatry of man-worship which, whether in a Roman Cæsar, or a Corsican upstart, or Victorian queen, cumbers the progress of humanity and the development of the race.

In the United States of America this law has found its grandest realization. Here we have no aristocracy and no oligarchy, and the free and untitled sons of the soil are both the bulwark and the basis of the State. The State and the individual are in our favored land each in its own sphere supreme. Rational and constitutional liberty is the pride and glory of America. Here it is chargeable with few excesses. It has never pulled down, but has always built up ; it has never been stained by the blood-red seal of anarchy ; it has never taught the philosophy of despair ; it has always steered a safe and steady course. It is bound to win in the end, because it is the will of the people, and in its rightful acceptation the will of the people *is the will of God*.

The tottering thrones of royalty may stand up against its march ; monarchs may league for its destruction ; the State may frown it down and seek to fetter it with the bands of centralization ; but all these obstacles are a mere feather on the torrent's tide, for what God and nature have ordained, man in vain must seek to destroy.

Society to-day demands free government. The demand is as reasonable as it is imperative. Nothing can resist it. Education has made it necessary. *An educated people must and shall be free*. To educate the people, then, and then oppose the consequences, is to light a fire with powder and extinguish it with straw.

Nay, more, popular rights, free government, individual liberty, are the legitimate consorts of Christianity. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." Christianity proclaims man's freedom, not only in the moral, but also in the political order, and this freedom knows no limitations, but an infringement of the rights of others. In the days of their swaddling-clothes, monarchs were the protectors of the infant commonwealths, but when the Republic became a man, it put away the things of a

child. Now it is only a man, but having passed the days of its non-age, it is as well a *freeman*.

Where does the Catholic Church stand, on the side of State supremacy, or on the side of individual freedom? She stands, immovable as a rock, where God has planted her, on the side of rational and constitutional liberty, and she will never stand on other ground, whether the ruler be a king, an emperor, an autocrat, or President. She can flourish under all, but her sympathies are with the people as against all encroachments by the powers that govern. She has done more for popular liberty than all the institutions on earth combined, than all the statesmen that ever lived, than all the leaders and reformers the world ever saw. Where she was absent, blind servility, passive obedience, abject slavery, the attendants of ignorance and barbarism, found their home. Between absolutism and revolution she has always taken her stand; and considering that all government is based upon a tacit agreement between the people and those chosen to be their rulers, she has even sanctioned resistance to tyranny within certain limits as the right of the oppressed. This is her position, and such it always will be. She is truly conservative. Her policy and her teaching are as distant from absolutism as from the wild and frenzied doctrines of revolution, anarchy, and chaos.

Protestants claimed the Reformation as a source of personal liberty, but the Reformation preached the principle of passive obedience and the divine right of kings. The great theologians of the Church taught, like Thomas Jefferson, that government derives its powers from the consent of the governed. If history teaches any lesson it is this: that where the Church has been driven out, servitude has stepped in, and wherever she has flourished liberty and civilization have found an unshaken footing and unimpeded progress. Individuals may have erred, but the Church is not responsible for them. It was not the Catholic, but the Protestant Church which imperilled the ancient constitution of England; who taught that the queen was sacred, and held that the despotic will of an Elizabeth, a James, or a Charles was the will of God. The Catholic did not sanction the axiom, *Quod placet principi habet vigorem legis*. Her conduct at no stage of history has furnished ground for the stale charge that ultramontaniam and absolutism are inseparable.

In one word, her teaching is that of her greatest theologian, St Thomas Aquinas.

"A king," he says, "who is unfaithful to his duty, forfeits his claim to obedience. It is not rebellion to oppose him, for he is himself a rebel, whom the nation has a right to put down. But it is better to abridge his power, that he may be unable to abuse it. For this purpose the whole nation ought to have a share in governing itself. The constitution ought to combine a limited and elective monarchy with an aristocracy of merit and such admixture of democracy as shall admit all classes to office by popular election. No government has a right to levy taxes beyond the limit determined by the people. All political authority is derived from popular suffrage, and all laws must be made by the people or their representatives. There is no security for us as long as we depend on the will of another man."

It has been rightly said that Christianity in the secular order is republican. It upholds the doctrine of popular liberty. It proclaims the supremacy of the people, invests them with the root of power and authority, makes them the foundation of the State, and opposes Cæsarism, imperialism, despotism, and all methods of government which do not harmonize with their expressed will, or seeks unjustly to abridge their rights and liberties.

I have said that popular liberty has found in these United States its grandest realization. But the old spirit of Cæsarism is not dead. The forces of centralization are still at work, and in this country they are nowhere more displayed than when asserted to abridge parental rights and control absolutely the work of education.

CHAPTER II.—PARENTAL RIGHTS.

EDUCATION supposes authority. Education is the development of the faculties, and the direction of the destiny of man, and no one may assume this function without the right, and there is no right without authority.

This authority has, from the very morning-time of civilization, been usurped by the State to the prejudice of the parent and the injury of society. In most governments, both ancient and modern,

socialistic principles of the most advanced order have been upheld and applied to the work of education; and whether parents were agreeable or not, their children were compelled to attend schools established by the State, even when they could not do so without lesion to their consciences, or when they deemed such schools as patently perverse of their faith or morals. All such governments, of course, either explicitly or constructively, act upon the axiom of Danton, the French revolutionist: "*Liberi erant respublicae, priusquam erant parentum*": children belong to the State before they belong to their parents.

Democracy, taken not in a party, but in a broad sense, means the minimum of government. To preserve the liberty of the individual and maintain the authority of the State, each in its fullness and perfection, is the true end of democracy. Under a democratic constitution, therefore, the State has no right to restrict the liberty of the individual beyond those limits necessary for its own preservation and continued existence. Upon this principle the State has no right to concern itself with the education of children, save in so far as such interference is essential to the common weal, and vital, I may say, to the very existence of society. Obviously, then, the State has *some* competence in the matter, and there are some rights not outside her just province in respect of education. To deny it were "to bay the moon." To attempt to frustrate it were vain and futile. We cannot recede twenty centuries, nor even one. The State, then, has the right to *see* that her subjects are worthy citizens and competent voters. This, of necessity, implies a certain measure of education and intelligence. These truths are axiomatic, but are frequently forgotten, and when not forgotten, are persistently ignored. And I consider that Catholics, whose narrowness of view did not enable them to perceive them, have, so far from helping, seriously crippled the cause for which in all honesty and earnestness they have so long contended.

Let us, in all sincerity of purpose, consider the question: to whom does the right to educate belong? I take it here as an abstract question, without special reference to any particular government, though later on I shall view the subject in relation to democracy, as here in our United States it is our privilege to dwell under the greatest democracy that has yet flourished in the world.

To disarm prejudice and forestall all captiousness, let me publish in brief the platform of principles on which I stand:

I am a Catholic, and I do not blush to own it. I am a Catholic, and to be one is my glory and my pride. I am a Catholic, and I love my religion and my Church, and believing, as I do, with all the powers of my soul, in the divine authority and unerring judgment of that Church in all that falls within the domain of faith and morals, I distinctly repudiate and positively abjure whatever may be in conflict with the teachings of her infallible voice. Besides, if no other reason impelled me, the fact that the temper of the American people is so abhorrent to hypocrisy, and so intolerant of paltry minimizing, would constrain me to utter the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as I hold fast to it in the hope of my salvation. If the American mind loves anything, it is honesty and fearlessness of opinion; if the American people hate any coward, it is the pusillanimous temporizer who has not the courage of his convictions.

But I am also an American. I love my country and I glory in her institutions. I hail her constitution as the palladium of human liberty, and the most perfect work that ever came from the hand of man. I know that professions of ultra-patriotism are sometimes deservedly suspected, but I must say, at least, that second only to the love I bear my God, is the love I cherish for the land where I first beheld the living light, and that land I love the more because the starry flag of freedom flutters in the heavens above it. Yes; I am an American, and I have no sympathy and but little tolerance for those who, of whatever nationality they may be, seeking shelter and firesides upon our soil, either refuse to harmonize with our ideas, adopt our customs, learn our language, or will not in any right sense fall in with our spirit, conform to our genius, or sail along the broad, expansive current of our American life. Such nonconformists should have remained chained to their idols in the lands from which they came. I assert the homogeneity of every nation as the very work of nature and of God. Those who oppose it are warplots of creation and deserve contempt from men. Those who do not like us, neither should they live with us. They are amongst us, but not of us, and they should seek a more congenial clime.

As a lover of American liberty and American institutions, it is alien to my purpose to wage war upon the public schools. I freely

and even gladly hail them, in one sense, as a boon. The experience of the people of England, who through apathy, as Cardinal Manning thinks, suffered millions of their children to grow up like the weeds of the forest without the simplest rudiments of training or cultivation, a menace to society, a disgrace to the nation, and a curse to themselves, should not be lost on us. The most strenuous opponents of State education cannot blink the fact, that the spontaneous enterprise of individuals can never succeed in making education, as it should be, universal. This negligence and apathy on the part of parents will always render some intervention by the State in educational affairs a matter of necessity, and may even fully justify the establishment of a public school system by civil authority; setting aside consideration of the vast number of poor children whom private charity is either unwilling or inadequate to assist, and for whom, consequently, public provision must be made by the lawfully constituted governmental powers.

Recognizing this, I should be long hesitant to impugn the right of the government to found a public school system in any country in which all the children, without exception, were not fully and entirely provided for by the zeal and liberality, the enterprise and exertions of the individual citizens of such country. And this is impossible.

This work, however, would be supplementary, not primary, on the part of the State, and would not, by any means, demonstrate the native, original, and underived right of the State to assume of itself, and to itself, the right and duty of the education of its citizens, or future citizens in its children.

Thus much said to clear the ground, all liability of misunderstanding is, perhaps, removed.

To whom does the right to educate belong? *

Manifestly, there are but three parties who can have any concern in the work of education, and these are the parent, the Church, and the State. We shall consider the rights and duties of each, both in themselves and relatively to one another.

Nature, says the philosopher, is the first and best of teachers. She is our instructress in the subject of our present investigations.

The first cry uttered by the new-born babe on its entrance into life is one of helplessness and dependence, and the first articulate

speech it pronounces is addressed to its natural protector as it learns to lisp father, mother. Here nature's instincts talk ; here the voice of nature speaks—speaks in tones, though weak and tender, yet imperious and inexorable. Where does it pillow its tiny head for shelter but on the bosom of its mother, and where does it repose with satisfied security but in the strong arms of its father ? From every other breast it instinctively turns away, and from every other embrace it timidly shrinks back in fear which long familiarity alone can dissipate. No caress can soothe, no touch can calm, no hand can heal, no embrace can warm, no voice can call the new-come visitant to earth like those of the fond authors of its being, after the God who gave them their sacred holy charge in the person of their child.

And what does all this tell ? It tells of a law that is all-pervading, irresistible, and inviolable. It proclaims the laws of nature, extending through the boundless realms of creation, from the scintillating atoms of star-dust in the pathway of the planets and the myriad forms of matter in the vast recesses of the deep, to the nobler intellectual and rational existences that overspread the earth, and the seraphic intelligences that glow with celestial brightness hard by the throne of God.

In obedience to this law, the bright sun flings his golden showers upon the ripening grain ; the moon sheds her silvery light athwart the mantle of the night ; the stars sparkle with a splendor that atones for the moon's decline ; the planets circle in ceaseless harmony in their appointed orbits ; the sea slumbers in the mighty cave hallowed by the Creator's hand ; and the earth pours forth her teeming fruits in rich profusion and in proper season for the use and nourishment of man.

This omnipresent law rises higher, and transcending the physical domain, it reigns with equal rigor in the rational and moral realms, and regulates and governs the countless multitudes of creatures, whose reason makes them cognizant of its existence in the pursuit of their appointed ends. This is the law which has its seat in the divine wisdom, its force in the divine power, and its harmony in the whole universe. Shining in the far-off ocean of eternity, its light reaches to the uttermost bounds of time, and being the eternal and unchangeable law in God, it exists in rational creatures by participa-

tion. This law is above all laws ; it is the foundation of all laws, whether written or unwritten ; it is antecedent to all states, prior to all constitutions, and before all decrees of human legislators. It was published before the pandects of Justinian, before the statutes of Solon, or the laws of Lycurgus, and it had been fixed in the human heart by the finger of the Almighty even before the Decalogue was delivered upon the flaming mountain, amid the thunder and the lightnings of the Lord God of Hosts. And this law is inviolable. It cannot be contravened ; it cannot be contemned ; it cannot be set aside by any enactment of human legislation ; and whosoever will despise it must pay those sure and certain penalties which nature always inflicts upon those who invade her holy sanctuary.

The law of nature confers upon the parent the right to control the education of his child. This is not merely a right ; it is also a duty ; for right and duty are correlative terms. It is the bounden duty of the parent to feed, clothe, and educate the children whom Providence entrusts to their care.

By the fact of generation, or procreation, they voluntarily assume this duty, and assume it so completely that they may not lay it down. The fact of generation begets the first obligation on the parent to provide all that is essential for the well-being of his child's existence, both in the physical and the spiritual order. The parent is responsible for the child's existence in this world. He is, in one sense, its creator ; its creator in the order of secondary causes. To whom would the child look for sustenance but to him who gave it being after God ?

Upon parents, therefore, before either Church or State, is incumbent the duty and the obligation of the education of their children ; in this sense, that if the Church and State never existed parents could not suffer their offspring to grow up in deprivation of things essential to temporal felicity, nor in ignorance of truths necessary to their eternal happiness and the end of their creation. For if the parent would not be bound to this duty, could anybody else be named upon whom that duty would devolve ? Assuredly not.

The first and the chief, as it is the highest and holiest obligation of parents, is the education of their children ; and it is an obligation which they cannot evade, ignore, or despise. Nay, they are invested with the God-given right of forcing or constraining their children,

when necessary, to learn what is needful for the fulfillment of their duties in life, especially as these concern the God who made them ; of compelling them to attend schools appointed for such instruction, and of inflicting upon them adequate and proper punishment for disobedience and neglect in complying with their parents' commands in this important matter. It ensues, by logical necessity, that parents have the right of absolutely excluding all others from the work of moulding their children by education ; all, besides, who would impede or interfere with their own labors in the training of their offspring, either by the employment of some distasteful method, the inculcation of doubtful or pernicious doctrine, or the mediation of objectionable tutors, or by any other means seeming dangerous or unreasonable to the parents of the children ; for on any other supposition the parents' rights would be vain and illusory.

The parental right of education, as founded in the law of nature, is inalienable. It cannot be abdicated or abjured. It cannot be transferred, though it may be deputed to be exercised by others, but only as the agents and representatives of the parents, who still retain the scope of supervision, and the authority delegated is cancelled at recall.

Parents may provide education themselves directly, together with the Church, and dependently upon it, or they may delegate this duty to others, even under certain circumstances to the public schools ; provided, however, they have clear certainty that such schools are noxious neither to faith nor morals, for they are, before all else, bound by the most stringent obligations to ground their children in the true religion and in sound morality, and to employ the utmost vigilance that those children be widely separated from the danger of corruption to either. If, however, sage experience and ripe investigation declare that the State or common schools are not of such character, or if they are of even doubtful expediency as educators, parents would not be excused from culpability by the law of God in sending their offspring thereunto, even if the civil authorities mulcted them by fines, or punished them by imprisonment for failure to comply with the demands made by the State through compulsory education laws, or other means of constraint.

That children belong to their parents, and that, by the law of nature, parents have the right of guardianship and control over their

offspring, is clearly recognized and cogently defended by the ablest and most respected writers on jurisprudence, and by all eminent authorities, whether in canon or civil law. For although they vindicate for a sovereign State the broadest rights regarding laws of personal capacity and duty, as they are called, claiming for a State over its own citizens complete and irresistible jurisdiction with respect to the qualities of citizenship, minority, and majority (thus fixing the time when the child is civilly emancipated from its parents), legitimacy and illegitimacy, property, contracts, idiocy, lunacy, and, alas! we know, even marriage and divorce; although asserting full and sovereign power over so many personal conditions and capacities, no respectable authority ventured so far as to set up the novel and communistic theory that it was not the parents of the children, but the State, who was engaged by the law of nature to feed, clothe, and educate them.

Sir William Blackstone affirms that the last duty of parents to their children is that of giving them an education suitable to their station in life; a duty pointed out by reason, and of far the greatest importance of any. "For," says he, "it is not easy to imagine or allow that a parent has conferred any considerable benefit upon his child by bringing him into the world, if he afterwards entirely neglect his culture and education, and suffers him to grow up like a mere beast, to lead a life useless to others and shameful to himself."

Dr. Wayland, a powerful name among American scholars, declares that "the duty of both parents is generally to educate or bring up their children in such manner as they believe will be most advantageous for their future happiness, both temporal and eternal." The parent "is bound to inform himself of the peculiar habits and reflect upon the probable future situation of his child, and deliberately to consider what sort of education will most conduce to his future happiness and welfare. The duties of a parent are established by God, and God requires us not to violate them." Chancellor Kent says: "The duties of parents to their children, as being their natural guardians, consist in maintaining and educating them during their season of infancy and youth." All the canonists of the Church have affirmed unanimously the same doctrine, and of these one so eminent as Bouvier says: "The principal obligation of parents

towards their children are their maintenance, their protection, and their education."

The Church herself has invariably proclaimed and vindicated the parental right. When it was surreptitiously sought to take forcibly the infants of Jewish and Mohammedan parents to be baptized and educated in the Catholic Church, the furious zealots who attempted it were reprimanded for their bigotry, and the great Thomas Aquinas sounded the solemn warning by his affirmation that their conduct was repugnant to natural justice, nature having made the child the property of the parent, the author of its being, to whom alone it belonged; and the child should remain under the control and custody of its parents until it became *sui juris*, possessed of the use of reason, and then it was led into the Church, not by force or coercion, but by persuasion and conviction.

But to whomsoever parents may confide the education of their children, the inherent and inalienable duty imposed upon them by the law of nature, demands that the most substantial and most essential part of the training shall be done by themselves. They are the natural educators of their children. They are divinely-appointed pedagogues. They are heaven's own teachers, and they carry their credentials from the very hand of God. In their room no one can adequately stand. That smiling train of virtues, which casts a halo about the brow of childhood, and imparts to it an unspeakable grace and charm, can be instilled into the heart by those alone whom nature has qualified for the exalted task, and whom God Himself has gifted with talents which art cannot supply and cannot successfully imitate.

To form them for their sublime function, nature has made elaborate preparation, and equipped them with a splendid outfit. They have been invested with an authority which is all but sacred, and which the child learns to recognize and respect with the first dawning of intelligence. Into the very fibres of their being, and the very marrow of their hearts, the Creator has infused that parental instinct of love and affection whose bonds are as unbreakable as adamant, as enduring as the decrees that issue from the councils of eternity. It seems to have pleased the all-wise and beneficent Author of our being to have provided parents who are formed for a responsibility so high as the rearing of children, and upon whom,

without exaggeration, it may be said so many souls depend for their salvation, because they are the real guides of their destiny, with a warm, intense, and absorbing affection for those committed to their especial care. Therefore, they stand to them in the place of God; they are clothed, as a certain holy father has said, with the power and authority and the love of God, and are a kind of secondary providence to their children. Ah! what greater honor can human beings claim than to bring up sons and daughters to the God who gave them this vicarious office? And how should they not furnish themselves for their lofty mission?

The elements of all that is great and good are entrusted to the moulding hand of maternal skill, and awful responsibilities are implied in the sacred trust. But the promise of the blessing is awarded to loving fidelity. O! mother, why has God thus gifted you with such undying love for the offspring of your womb? Truly,

“There is none,
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount,
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart.”

And, heaven be praised, most mothers are sensible of their solemn duty. Who has not seen the accomplished and fine-wrought lady, who has surrendered early affluence, all accustomed comforts, the pleasures of society, the indulgence of refined taste, and become a menial, as well as a mother to her children, and entered into all the arduous labors of the nursery, the perplexing and harassing details of minute daily economy, and the innumerable pangs and heartaches of bearing and rearing children, not with sullen submission, but with cheerful, joyful, active interest, and sweet and ever-present sympathy?

How noble and how sacred the love of woman, when strengthened by the bonds of duty and the ties of nature! Who would not be a mother, to reign in her imperial realm? Other subjects are ruled by the sceptre; hers are controlled by the eye and held by the magnetism of the heart. Elsewhere is heard the sound of arms; by her fireside the voice of peace. Elsewhere men are ruled by the rod of iron; with her, by the wand of affection and the mace of love. Is there a sacred spot on earth hallowed by angels' footsteps, and

guarded by seraphs' care? It is by the child's little cradle, at the silent and pensive hour of eve, when the mother folds its tiny hands in slumber, and kneeling down, so hushed and still, lifts her tender, loving gaze to heaven, imploring future blessings on its head. Hark to the angels' whisper ; see the light of God overhead ! Show me the hand that sways empires, and you will show me the mother's hand. Show me the throne that rules all other thrones, and you will show me the mother's throne in the nursery. If there be anything in this weary world, that, before all else, comes near the "unsearchable riches of God," it is the fountain of a mother's love, a mother's care, ever springing up, like a well of living water, in the arid desert of human life. To smooth the couch of her suffering offspring ; to lull him to his slumber ; to fan his fevered brow, and wipe his tear-dimmed eye ; to catch his faintest whisper, and heed his oft-poured complaints ; to hear his wayward cries, and stand by, through the toils of the day and the sorrows of the night, with patient, vigilant, and never-weary love, this is the divine duty which is inseparably associated with the functions of the mother. And what can kind sympathy say, what can feeble friendship do to assuage the cold and wintry grief of that bleeding breast, when death has blurred the glossy tincture of the skin, and sucked away life's honey from the lips of affection's fondest darling ? With stricken heart and aching brow she sits by beauty's bed with air distraught, and wild and wandering gaze ; or with burning tears of heart-wrung, hopeless anguish, she lays her first-born in the cold and silent tomb.

"The very first

Of human life must spring from woman's breast,
Your first small words be taught you from her lips,
Your first tears quenched by her, and your last sighs
Full often breathed out in a woman's hearing."

I thank God for my mother ; I thank Him ten thousand times, for of her I can say, as Bishop Hall of his : "Never have any lips read to me such feeling lectures of piety, neither have I known any soul that more accurately practised them than her own."

To qualify parents entirely for their laborious duty, God has not only implanted in their breasts this ineradicable love of progeny, but He has also filled the hearts of children with all those tender

sentiments and feelings which flow from filiation. The reciprocal love begotten by paternity is, perhaps, stronger in the heart of the child than in that of the person who claims its fatherhood. All will not concur in this.

That their childish affections might have full play, their Maker has created them ardent and impressionable, given them quick intuitions, lively perceptions, and a swift sense of recognition for favors received.

They are confiding, kind and tender, and instinctively tenacious of remembrance as to the faces of their friends. But father and mother are to them the first and best of friends. Identity of blood seems to generate a cordial correspondence of the instincts and affections, which distance even, will not dim, and supreme depravity alone can disturb. Even when the corroding touch of time, which sometimes severs friendship's strongest links, has had the chance to tarnish the filial relation with the rust of cold suspicion, or neglect, or distemper, the filial instinct is not dead, but dormant; and so soon as the first fire of reawakened love flames forth, the bonds are welded together again, perhaps never to be strained or parted. No matter if a man has crimsoned his career with crime; no matter how callous and soul-hardened he may have become; no matter if he has been cruel, ungrateful, and unkind to them that brought him into being, still nature will return, and some day when he least looks for it, the glow of gratitude, so long slumbering, will light up the breast that had been sealed against the feelings which filial affection and consanguineous relationship inspire. But with the very young—the children—there is no time, as yet, for “fond love to grow cool.” Their artless innocence, their childish glee, their merry laughter, their frank, cordial, and winning ways, their care-free brow, their lily-like purity, their love, their reverence, and docility—all proclaim, with nature's own sweet voice, that childhood is the season of culture, the time “To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,” and the family roof-tree is the school which God has given unto children.

Yes; if there is a spot of living green in the cheerless desolation of this fallen world, it is in the garden of the family, from whose gushing fountain the clear and crystal waters of the great, running river of society, take their course,—their course for devastation or regeneration in the world. Fathers and mothers, you are the

units of the family, and the family is the unit of society. You are the artificers of the social fabric, and as you build it, it shall stand or fall. It is your high and responsible province to instill into the minds of children the earliest of their sentiments, to form the first of their impressions, and to be the pattern on whose example their eye of observation rests,—rests earliest in the morning, constantly through the day, latest at the night. Let me tell you, more than human acquisitions, more than worldly wisdom, is required to fulfill your heaven-given duty, and discharge your holy trust. Remember, the family is the school of Christ. Has He not made it His? Did He not go down to Nazareth and stay subject to His parents for the best part of His life? In that humble home among the hills, were not His own parents His teachers by His own choice, preferably to the greatest doctors in Israel, and the learned in the law?

Not only has God given to parents an indelible and indestructible affection for their young, but He has, moreover, sanctified the marriage relation, raised it to the lofty plane of the supernatural, that they might adequately perform the duties of their station. Thus marriage has become a holy mystery, “a great sacrament,” an indissoluble and a supernatural contract, ratified by God in heaven, in the presence of the holy angels. Verily, “matches are made in heaven” Its end is likewise supernatural. Its object is not merely, as Mr. Macqueary thinks, to raise up citizens for the State, but for that “home eternal in the heavens; that house not made by hands.” “We have not here a lasting city, but look forward to that which is to come.” We are only a distant colony, spending our probation and preparing for our entrance into a celestial empire where an abundant welcome shall await us through the tender mercy of Him who placed us in the land of exile, so far from our native country, our true and only home.

The family was instituted by God Himself at the creation, for the extension of the race, but the family bond was sanctified, and marriage invested with the transcendent dignity of a sacrament, by the hand of Jesus Christ, for the perpetuation of our divine Redeemer's kingdom. The end must be sought by rightly appointed means. As the end of marriage is supernatural, in that its design is to build up God's everlasting kingdom, and “purify unto Christ a holy and acceptable people,” to its reception are annexed those supernatural

helps and graces which habilitate parents for the close and intimate share that falls within their competence in this heavenly employment. And well may they heed how they acquit themselves of this sublime function. Let them beware of that parental inconsistency displayed by those who are "wiser in their generation than the children of light"; that inconsistency which "busies itself about many things," but neglects "the one thing necessary"; that inconsistency which studies much, and plans often, and labors long to lay up a perishable inheritance for those who are coming into life, but is so self-deluded as to fail to look forward in prospect to a heritage which should be the object of supreme concern and unvarying endeavor, because treasured in a kingdom where "no moth doth consume, no rust devour, and no thief doth ever enter to steal away." Blinded parents, they are cruelly deceived and cheated in the end. They pursue their favorite phantoms, castle-building for their children in the vales of dreamland, "giving to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," frittering their time away in "dropping buckets into empty wells, and growing old in drawing nothing up." But stern will be their awaking, and rude and rough the shock. Is this parental love?

The highest love of which one creature is capable towards another, is that benevolent regard which has respect to the eternal and lasting good of one's fellow-being. The human child is burdened with a body, but within that frail body and clay tenement there dwells a vital spark from heaven called a soul :—a soul fashioned in a godly mould, and destined for an immortal existence in realms of everlasting light. There is the golden goal of its existence ; the true term of its desires ; the object of its sovereign felicity. In the whole range of visible creation it beholds nothing equal to itself in dignity and worth ; nothing that can make it blessed and happy ; nothing that can satisfy its quenchless aspirations for a beauty that never fades, a felicity that never cloy, and a joy that never dies, but like a flower of amaranthine bloom, preserves the perfume of its immortal essence untouched by the effacing fingers of decay. This imperishable soul, the pearl beyond price, this jasper gem of paradise, has been committed to parental care. And natural affection which takes not so high a range ; which strains every nerve to secure corporeal wants, and leaves the spiritual unprovided ; which has much

concern for time, and but little for eternity, is a bane but not a blessing ; a curse but not a comfort to the unhappy victims of its misdirected and calamitous control. Genuine affection is concerned with man, not so much as to his animal as to his rational and immortal part, and since true love is not operose but active—kindling into deeds—it excites to unremitting efforts to discover what will promote, and remove what will retard the welfare of the object of its exercise, as an inhabitant of eternity and a child of God.

Of this exalted love a true Christian alone is capable. Can a woman be a mother, then, and not a Christian? Can she have children, and while pampering their bodies, which must wither, neglect the souls, which will live for ages, and will never die? Can she bring up children and not train them for virtue and for God? If she can, then she “hath not the care of her own,” and is worse than a pagan. If she can, she is not a mother, but a monster ; she is the handmaid of the Evil One, and she calls up sons, but they are the spawn of perdition and the inheritors of hell.

But if she is, as I fondly trust, a Christian mother, she will confer upon her offspring the inestimable boon of a Christian education. She will train them when young, in the way they should go, that when they are old, they may not depart therefrom. By example, no less than precept, she will guide their footsteps in the road of rectitude, and along the paths that lead to peace. She will talk to them of heaven and the glory that awaits them there. She will converse with them of God and of His holiness, His beauty, and His truth. The annals of salvation she will open to their fresh, receptive minds, and will declare unto them the short and simple story of Him who came to heal, to help, and to save. Her tears will save where her teachings fail, and should they stray from the way she walks to lead them, she will call them back to peace and to conscience by her prayers with them and for them.

This is education in its elevated sense. This is instruction unto life, for to be well-informed is not always to be well-educated. A man may be a scholar and yet lose his soul. “Better is the humble rustic that feareth God than the proud philosopher who, neglecting himself, considereth the course of the heavens.”

And where is this education to be imparted? By whom shall it be taught? By the State? Has the State the instincts, the feelings,

the love of the parent? The State never made her lap the pillow of infancy, and soothed the babe to his rosy rest. Will the State pray for them? The State says no prayers, the State sheds no tears, the State has no heart; nay, the State has no soul, for it is a great corporation, and corporations have, as we are told, no souls. Alas! the State hardly knows a God; or at least whether it does or not, is a question of dispute among the *doctors*. How, then, can it talk of God, how can it teach religion? Religion is not its office, anyway; soul-saving is not its function; it regards man's body, but cannot chain his soul, and, after all, it seems far better that it should limit its jurisdiction to the planet we now dwell upon. In State schools, then, shall this education be given? They are what the State makes them, secular, singular, never soul-satisfying. The stream is not purer than its source, and light is not brighter than the sun. A million negatives make no affirmative. God absent is never God present, and irreligion cannot make religion. Granted, however, that the State has constructed a system that approaches perfection; granted that the State can and does teach religion; granted that the State having annihilated the impossible, has contrived a religion so colorless, so innocent of creeds, that all might regard it available without compounding with conscience, or paltering with principle: still the State lacks adequate authority, is incompetent to fill the place of the parent, or supply the unpurchasable influence and inimitable character of the home.

Home is the school of nature and the gymnasium of God. The influence of a gracious home begins with the birth, and ends only with the death of the pupils it prepares for the arena of life. Man may live to the age of Mathusala, but he will never outgrow the lights and shadows of his early home. The influence of the home outreaches, overlies, and undergirds all other influence whatsoever. It is no torture to truth to take man for what his home may be.

Home! it is a hallowed name. May its memory flourish immortally. Expunge that word from the vocabulary, and civilization crumbles into chaos. Uproot that word from the language, and life loses all of its savor; there is no longer any sanctuary for the soul; existence robbed of its sweetness is crowned with calamity and death, or oblivion, a much-desired deliverer. Home! it has an angelic sound like music's witching melody when attuned to heaven's

own harmony. Home! why, heaven were far less sweet if, when this our exile ended, we could not hail it as our home. And if there is aught of heaven on earth, that spot is surely home. Our childhood's home! how happy! Long years have ebbcd and flowcd since we stood upon the threshold of its door.

“ A wiser head we have, we know,
 • Than when we loitered there,
 But in our wisdom there is woe,
 And in our knowledge care.”

Yes; the years have come and gone; some gliding by on joy's fairy footsteps; some plodding past with the snail-like speed of grief; but out of the tempest of our sorrows, and through the rainbow of our joys, luminous as the star of morning, shone the radiant recollection of peace and happiness, untasted since the time we stood beneath the sheltering shadow of that dear old home.

“ There blend the ties that strengthen
 Our hearts in hours of grief,
 The silver links that lengthen
 Joy's visits when most brief;
 There eyes in all their splendor
 Are vocal to the heart,
 And glances, gay and tender,
 Fresh eloquence impart:
 Then, dost thou sigh for pleasure,
 Oh! do not widely roam,
 But seek the hidden treasure
 At home! dear home!”

And thus memory pictures now the past. May God always keep that memory green. May the remembrance of home abide with us until the final sigh shall call us to another and a better. The vision of that old home is spread before us now. Around the latticed porch the morning-glory twines, and amid the woodbine cups the honey-makers hum their sibilant song. The fragrant odor of the flowering trees still scents the vernal air, and the warm breezes bring showering blossoms down perfuming the soil with sweetness. The purling of the garden-bordering brook is heard pouring music on the pebbles, and in the pastures sound the tinkling bells, as the lowing cattle come to share their evening meal. Near the cottage

door stands the cradle where slumbering innocence lies in dreamless repose, and upon that maternal brow bent over it is seen the glow of pure affection, and in those earnest, watchful eyes, the soft and tender light of holy love—love stronger far than death which it would dare to brave for the little life within that crib before the door.

Tell me, ye worldly-wise—sages, philosophers, and statesmen, whose fine-spun theories are formed for the regeneration of humanity and the amelioration of the race, are ye minded to efface the influence of home and blot it out forever? Do you dream, in the infinite bounds of your own silliness, that you can make the State, the father, the family, and the home? Can the leopard change his spots and the blackamoor grow white? Nothing gives what it has not got, and the State is but the State and nothing more. The devil, ages ago, marshalled all his forces in a flank movement against the home, and now you rally to his aid. To this end you invade the sanctuary of the home with meddlesome marriage laws, and corrupting divorce laws, and unjust, unnatural laws which assail the sanctity of the home, stab parental influence, and break the backbone of parental authority, by removing parents from the education and control of those children, concerning whom God will demand, *not from you*, but from them, a rigorous account upon the judgment day.

But, alas! and again alas! the individual daily languishes, and the State grows. The tendency of the times is rather to degrade than elevate mankind, for the State assumes to educate, and the State has no title and no fitness for the task. And what is the result? A stunted intellectual growth at best, but for the most part morally deficient, deformed, and disastrous.

Strange to say, we seem to have boxed the compass of human thought on this subject, and on many others, too, and we are rapidly receding to the deadly centralization which preceded Christianity. The attempt of the State to arrogate to itself the whole scope and direction of education, is both pagan and revolutionary. In free America we profess to hold in abhorrence all doctrines and all movements tainted with centralizing tendencies. We consider our liberties in jeopardy and our social life threatened with destruction where Cæsarism shows its hydra-head, and we resent, as positive

impertinence, all efforts of that ancient paternalism which seeks to swallow up the individual in the omnipotent power of the State. We are not State-socialists, but political individualists. We do not want the State to build our railroads, nor to confiscate the public domain to replenish the coffers of gigantic corporations. We do not ask the State to establish and conduct our banks, develop our agriculture, dig our mines, navigate our steamboats, run our mills, factories, and foundries, or, in fact, concern itself with doing anything which belongs to private enterprise and the industry of individuals. Every man who understands the nature and appreciates the benefits of free democratic institutions, is unalterably opposed to that concentrating spirit which generally characterizes supreme powers, and which, unresisted and unchecked, crushes out that "unbought energy" and native, self-reliant strength which alone can make a nation great, and flourishes only where the State has never stamped her iron heel upon the neck of individual action. That nation is great whose people make it great. And people make it great only when they are free—free to put forth the powers, to exert their genius, and gather the fruit of their own labors, unhelped, or at least untrammelled, by the action of governmental machinery, State monopolies, or State establishments of any kind. This individualism is a consequence of that equality of conditions which is the essence of democracy. This individualism is not egotism, nor is it a proud isolation which scorns aid from others; but it is the natural outcome of the spirit of liberty, for when all are free and equal, none will tolerate any interference which hampers or impairs what may be called the self-acting autonomy of the people, whether it be known as tyranny or paternalism. Nor is this individualism inconsistent with strong government and the due assertion of authority. Contrarily, it favors power in its lawful sphere, for it knows it cannot exist without adequate protection, since none suffices for itself; but it is extremely cautious of yielding any unnecessary power to others, and if that power is conceded, it is careful to define the scope and limit its exercise by written constitutions, which are held to be the paramount law, unchangeable by any power soever but that which called such constitutions into being.

Now, it is an unaccountable inconsistency on the part of any people to resist with all their might all drift towards centralization

in matters of minor importance, and hold themselves apathetic and indifferent when those centralizing influences extend to the affairs of incomparably greater moment. The spiritual transcends the temporal by an immeasurable degree. What signifies land naturalization, or State subsidies to "Alliance" farmers, or governmental control of telegraphs and railroads, or even the regulation of the relations between capital and labor by the Government, when compared with the moulding of minds and hearts, the shaping of destinies that are eternal by a power that has no commission to teach, and no competency if it had? And yet those who with might and main oppose the former influence are silent as the tomb when the latter exert their chilling and benumbing effects upon the rising generations. Of all forms of education, State education is the worst. If there be anything the State is not fitted to do, it is to educate. What is State socialism but the absorption of the individual? And how can the individual be more effectually absorbed than when the State takes complete control of his intellect, the royal faculty of understanding, the chiefest and noblest of man's powers. Is not this centralization, socialism, Cæsarism, tyranny, and despotism? Is it not the reassertion of the old pagan idea which made, not the State for man, but man for the State, which makes the State a God, and man a worm?

But even under pagan rule, the State did not always and everywhere claim control of education. The sagacity of some of the ancient law-givers was sufficient to discern parental rights and honest enough to uphold them. Under the Roman Republic the parent's right was respected. In ancient Athens, where the lamp of learning shone with an immortal flame, the education of children was not wrested from those whom nature charged with the office. It was under the Lyncurgan legislation, especially, that children were considered as born in the arms of the State. The parents were held to belong exclusively and solely to the State, to whose glory he dedicated all the power of his being. Since, therefore, "*partus sequitur ventrem*," the child was subject to public supervision from the hour of his birth. By the process of the wine-bath, and by other tests, his vigor was determined, and, if weak or deformed, he was doomed to perish. If found free from bodily defects he was suffered to live, and at the early age of seven was taken from parental care, thenceforth to undergo the rigid discipline and education

thought necessary to qualify him for citizenship in the Spartan State. His whole life long he remained a child—the child of the State. Thus he lived and died for the State.

By the Lycurgan system, family ties were severed, domestic enjoyments were unknown, and all the sweet comforts of the home were untasted ; for the State dragged the child from the arms of its mother to make it serve a master, who knew no pity and no remorse, through the dreadful hardships of discipline and subordination required to make a lion-hearted warrior.

With less severity, but with equal authority, the Roman Empire intervened and dispossessed the parent in favor of the State. At the time of his death, 44 B.C., Cæsar had concentrated all power in his own person. His successor, Octavianus, inaugurated the empire, and being himself an ambitious patron of letters, he contributed much to bring the whole business of education under the supervision of the State. Public schools were founded and supported by the State ; and by the time of Claudius, when the last remnants of the old republican constitution had disappeared, and tyranny and despotism were at their height, the parent had almost ceased to have any voice in the education of his children. So complete was the action of the State in controlling education that Christians were compelled to entrust their children to pagan masters in pagan schools, however obnoxious to them, if they wished to secure for their offspring any secular education at all.

The case to-day in our boasted Republic is precisely parallel. The old pagan system is revived, and French revolutionary claims are renewed in America. The absolutism and Cæsarism of the past are duplicated in the State supremacy of the present. The children are the children of the State, and hence must be taught by the State. All parental objections are overridden and crushed out by compulsory education laws, not for special cases of neglect, or physical or moral inaptitude, but for all cases, all classes, all conditions. In the State of Ohio, not long ago, Rev. Dr. Quigley was mulcted in a heavy fine for non-compliance with compulsory laws. Spartan severity rules the world again, and Lycurgan legislation is restored. It is the *renaissance* of pagan education. Its fiercest champions flourish in Germany, and this country is fast imitating its Teutonic teacher. This system is anti-parental, anti-Christian, anti-republican. It

strikes at the root of democratic institutions. It is an invasion of natural right, personal liberty, freedom of conscience. It is moral and political injustice. It violates the law of nature, the law of God, and the written constitution of our country. Parents, it takes away your God-given rights in the education of your offspring, and in so far reduces you to the condition of the Helots and serfs of ancient Sparta. Remember, you cannot abdicate those rights, you may not shirk your duty. You are responsible for the souls of your children. You are bound in strictest conscience to give your children an education which shall be such in truth and reality. No State can take your place. You are the natural educators of your children. At whatever cost or sacrifice, you must resist all encroachments upon your inalienable prerogatives. Yours is a sacred trust from Almighty God Himself. Your children are your own because God has given them to you. He will require them at your hands again. Terrible will be the penalty if you forswear your duty. Those children were not made for time, but for eternity. Christ gave to education a supernatural end and destiny. He would build an everlasting kingdom never to pass away. You are the almoners of His bounty, His agents in the glorious design. It is for you to say whether your children shall be for Christ or whether they shall be against their Creator, their Redeemer, and their God. "Train them up in the way they should go, and when they are old they will not depart therefrom." An education without religion will sink them into the deepest depths of perdition. God has fitted you for your work. For your sake, and for the fulfillment of your trust, He thundered forth the fiat: "Honor thy father and thy mother." He has made nature your minister. Helpless little children, they cry with outstretched hands to you their natural guardians and protectors. Can you endure to see those souls, the images of Christ Jesus, placed in jeopardy? Can you steel your hearts against those plaintive cries? Can you suffer a cold-hearted stranger to snatch them from your arms, a soulless and a godless state to be their foster-mother? Who can feel for them like you? Who can care for them as you? Yours are the anxious days and the sleepless nights, the weary round of pain and toil, the penalty which nature imposes upon you for the boon she gave in blessing you with offspring. See that little cherub reclining in the cradle, with the unspent energies

of manhood still wrapt up within its tiny breast. Will it be your joy and your crown through life? In storm and in sunshine, in adversity and prosperity, will it cling to you? Will it smooth the pathway of your declining years, spread for you a table in the wilderness, sweeten the cup of existence, be the staff upon which you shall fondly lean when bowed down by years and toil? Much depends upon the laws of retribution as applied in your own case. When a young Indian chief was engaged in fighting the enemies of his own nation, he was dismayed, on lifting his tomahawk, to find he was about to cleft the brain of his own father, who traitorously deserted to the enemy. "Father," said the youth, "you once gave me life; I now give life to you." If parents give life unto their children by the discharge of their duty in conferring upon them the unpurchasable blessings of a Christian education, that life will return to them sevenfold in the unspeakable consolation of beholding them grow up full of grace and wisdom in the sight of God. And the bread they have cast upon the waters will return after many days. And though they sowed in tears, they will gather their sheaves rejoicing. And their children, and their children's children, will rise up and call them blessed. And all that come after them will hold their memory in honor and benediction. And the nation shall see its sons and daughters everywhere distinguished for all the civic virtues, loyal, brave, and patriotic. Honesty and integrity shall then grace the age, and corruption and venality shall bow their heads in shame. Intelligence and virtue, supported on the indestructible basis of religion, shall stand, a wall of fire, around the broad domain of the Republic, and from the storm-swept shores of Maine to the ice-clad cliffs of Alaska it shall be acknowledged and confessed that national greatness and national glory are conditioned upon the observance of just laws, which respect the liberties of man, give to parents those rights which nature gave them, and "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's."

CHAPTER III.—THE OFFICE OF THE CHURCH IN EDUCATION.

IF the dignity of the subject were considered, it would seem more consonant with proper order to speak first of the relations of the

State to education, and leave the functions of the Church upon this head to be determined afterwards. But preferably to such arrangement, the Church holds our attention before we touch upon the rights and duties of the State in the grave subject we have presumed to talk about. And this for two reasons : First, because it falls within the province of the Church as the spiritual and higher authority, to determine her own functions and faculties in the work of teaching, and thus, indirectly, the scope and power of the State as regards education. Secondly, because those specific and practical questions concerning public schools, the nature of education when imparted by the State, and questions of conscience involved in the subject, are better weighed and studied in the light which flows from a consideration of the nature and constitution of the Church's teaching office in the world.

The Church established by Jesus Christ before His admirable ascension into heaven, is a divine institution, whose nature, constitution, scope, and authority are all designed to carry on and complete the work of the Incarnation of the eternal Son of God. That Church may properly be defined as an everlasting fabric in the form of an external and visible society, complete, independent, and distinct, though not necessarily separate, from every other society on earth, whose end is to provide all men with means adequate and necessary to salvation.

The Church of God is therefore a perfect organization, divinely instituted, and embracing within herself all means commensurate with the attainment of her pre-established end and destiny. In every society, whatsoever its form, there must exist supreme authority, for this is essential to unity of aim and action, to the preservation of order, to the well-being of the individual members and the happiness of all, that all may conspire in harmony for the fulfillment of the purpose for which such society has had its being. Supremacy of some sort is of the essence of moral government, as much as the law of gravitation is essential to the existence of the physical universe. Every army has its leader ; every kingdom has its king ; every sheep-fold has its shepherd ; and every society has its head, who personifies its authority.

The authority inherent in the constitution of any society, derives, in great extent, if not altogether, its character from the end and

object sought to be attained. Here holds good, in a translated sense, the axiom of Aristotle adopted by the school-men, for, what I may call, its paradoxical propriety : "The end is the beginning"; for as in morals, the end is first to be considered, and all things directed thereunto, so in the constitution of societies, the power and authority conferred upon them are conformable to the end of their establishment. This lies in the nature of things. For the power of society is only a means to an end, and the principle is patent that the end determines the means.

Now, the Church is a supernatural society. Her mission is the mission of Christ Himself, to train citizens for heaven, and to lift humanity to God. But how? Not by physical force, or violence, nor by any other agency antagonistic to free will and intelligence. Not like Mahomet, issuing from his mountain fastnesses, and commanding acceptance of his Koran by fire and sword, did the humble Galilean spread the message of salvation through the world. No; but by the unaided majesty of truth, established by His miracles, and embodied in His life, did He seek to conquer a stubborn and perverse world and reduce it to submission to His saving sway. He came as a teacher, and His school was the world. He taught the multitudes from the ship, He taught from the mountain top, He taught by the silvery sands upon the margin of the lake, He taught in the temple, He taught in the harvest fields, and He taught with tireless persistency, whenever and wherever He found a company, nay, even an individual to lend Him a hearing—yes, even when His stiff-necked and deluded hearers, stung by His searching rebuke, or abashed at His denunciation, sought to drown His voice in clamor, or took stones to cast upon Him, He was not deterred from announcing to them the character of their crime, and the punishment of their folly. But He was not a teacher unto death, but unto life eternal. Blessed, indeed, were they who heard His word and kept it. The faithful few both heard and kept all He had taught them. There was one characteristic about His teaching which widely separated it from all the teachings of the great men gone before Him. Because of the force, the simplicity, and the beauty of His precepts some called Him Elias, some Jeremias, or one of the prophets come to life again. But what a shower of benedictions burst from His soul upon them, when on that day, by the coast of Cesarea Philippi, they recognized and greeted Him as the Son of the eternal God.

This, then, was the distinctive truth He had to deliver, that He was the Son of God, come to redeem a fallen and degenerate world. For this, some put Him to shameful death ; but for this, millions will worship till time shall pass away. Christ, then, did not teach as a philosopher, but He taught as one having authority, whom to hear was to be bound to obey. He taught with authority, for He taught that He was the Son of God, and He taught as the Son of God. He was "the way, the truth, and the life." He was the light that enlighteneth all who come into the world.

But mankind He was not to teach always in His own royal person. The time of the leave-taking from His little household came. They would hear His voice no more ; for as teacher, He taught by the living voice. "I go to my God and to your God, to my Father and your Father," He said to them. "I go to prepare a place for you," was meet consolation for the great sorrow of that parting. "It is expedient for you that I go ; for if I go not, the Paraclete will not come. But when He, the Spirit of Truth, shall come, He shall teach you all truth."

This truth, then, He left as an all-sufficing legacy to His disciples. By His invincible power they were to regenerate and renovate the world. To the primal Church at Pentecost He sent the gift of preaching the saving truths they had learned from His own sacred lips. The world-wide commission was conferred some time before. The words wherein He conveyed to them the plenitude of spiritual jurisdiction, whereby He constituted them the governors and rulers of His Church, were authoritative and conclusive to every unbiased understanding. "As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you. Go, therefore, teach ye all nations ; teaching them to observe whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

Henceforth they were as second Christs. They were invested with Christ's authority, for the completion of Christ's work. They were fired with His fervor, His holy enthusiasm, His everlasting love. They were the teachers of the world in the faith of the divine Founder of the Church. That faith comes to mankind, as to them, by hearing. "*Fides ex auditu.*" They had the promise of infallible assistance ; they could not err, they could not fail, they could not change the truth of Christ into a lie. They formed the teaching

Church, divinely sustained, divinely guided to declare the truth unto all, even as it is in Christ Jesus. This was their tremendous function.

And that office they took up with loyal devotion and a sense of consecration which no men ever felt before and never will again. The words that fell from the lips of divine Wisdom they would make known from the housetops, and they would go and preach the Gospel to every creature. With Peter they could cry: "*Non possumus quæ vidimus et audivimus non loqui*"—we cannot but speak what we have heard and seen.

Thus, aflame with a quenchless enthusiasm for the cause of Christ, they bore His sacred banners to the ends of the earth. His divine doctrine they unfolded to the astonished gaze of pagan philosophy in the vales of Thessaly and the groves of ancient Greece; and, in the face of imperial edicts of proscription, they published it in the streets of the Roman capital and in the very courts of the Cæsars. With no panoply but that of truth, no shield but that of faith, no armor but the sword of the Spirit and the helmet of salvation, the intrepid heralds of the Gospel went forth upon their heaven-appointed mission, and this little knot of men, this army of Gideon, in spite of numerical inferiority and the wiles of the enemy, marched on in battle for their King, and though they fell full often by the way, they died in the arms of victory. They preached Christ, and Him crucified, and when they were commanded that they should not teach in His name nor fill Jerusalem with His doctrine, they answered they should obey God rather than men, and only proclaimed the more that they were witnesses of the truth and of the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to all that obey Him. And though they were scourged and threatened with death, they went from the presence of the Sanhedrim rejoicing that they were accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus; and every day they ceased not, in the temple and from house to house, to teach and preach Christ Jesus. The Apostles, therefore, were the first teachers and preachers—teachers who were not afraid to die for their doctrines, because from Christ, their own Master, Instructor, and Preceptor, they derived their teaching authority.

Now, whatever authority Christ conferred upon the Church, that authority she manifestly still retains. For the Church was founded,

not as a corporation in flux and change, but as a stable and permanent society, whose end and the reason of whose being should continue to be the same until the "wreck of matter and the crush of worlds" should close the drama of the ages, and time be swallowed in eternity.

The divine Founder of Christianity established a Church as a means of propagating His religion and procuring man's salvation, and for the attainment of that end He conferred upon that Church a twofold power, the power of orders and the power of jurisdiction. The first was for the perpetuation of His rulers; the second for the perpetuation of His rule. The latter alone concerns us here — the power of jurisdiction.

By jurisdiction, in its ecclesiastical comprehension, is signified that whole empire of authority which Christ created for the rule and government of His Church. "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth." "As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you. The power that I possess and the authority that is mine I bestow on you for the completion and fulfillment of that work for which I came from the depths of celestial glory and dwelt upon this earth."

Upon the Apostolical Church Christ conferred spiritual jurisdiction. *All power for all things, to all nations, during all times.* Behold the fourfold universal! The Church, moreover, is a complete and sovereign society, supreme and independent of all civil powers. Her jurisdiction, therefore, is likewise sovereign and independent. It comprises all those functions, and embraces all that scope, demanded by the constitution of a perfect society for its being and existence; and since action is according to the nature of the being—*actio sequitur esse*—the same character and extent of jurisdiction is required, that the society may efficiently and actively produce its work upon the world.

Such jurisdiction, it is evident, is both integral and comprehensive. It has all the constituents of ample power; it is full and complete; it is the plenitude of power; it is judicial, legislative, and executive. It implies power to punish and to pardon; to make laws and to enforce them; to define dogmas and condemn errors; to teach truth and to proscribe falsehood.

It is with the moral, and not the coercive, aspect of the Church's

jurisdiction that we are now engaged. This obviates all contention with Protestants and those who, denying the sovereign power of the Church, limit her authority to the teaching of the Gospel. This phase of her jurisdiction only shall engage our attention.

The Church, then, draws from the legacy left her by Jesus Christ her authority to teach all nations. She holds in her hands the key which unlocks the gates of truth to all generations of mankind. The perception of all those spiritual realities which fertilize the world, and the opening of those channels of divine benediction which enkindle heavenly fire in the bosom of humanity ; the unfolding of those vivifying truths which burn out carnality, purify man's sordid affections, and transmute his frail and darkened image into the angelic likeness of holiness and love, are all involved in the immortal message she has been commissioned to deliver unto men. She is the very oracle of God. She speaks the truth of God. The power of God is in her hands, and the word of God is upon her lips. She is the light of the world, the sun of the universe — a beacon on the shores of time, whose rays flash light across the eternal deep that rolls into the everlasting ocean of divinity. There is no royal road to bliss but through her borders ; no truth but from her sacred mouth ; no life but from her holy spirit. Those who enter not by her gates are homeless wanderers ; who hear not her voice are as sheep gone astray ; who behold not her light dwell in darkness. Without that light the soul languishes ; the spirit in man is dead ; the immortal is extinguished in the gloom of unfathomable, inexpressible desolation and immeasurable bitterness and woe. Dark indeed is the destiny of him who fails to find her by his own fault. God has, therefore, placed her as a city on a mountain, whence all who hate not light may see her radiant form. He has made her voice to thunder, like the Archangel's everlasting trumpet calling the dead to rise from the four quarters of the globe, that all may hear her tones when she proclaims the thrilling message of salvation. And they who will not hear, or who, hearing, will not heed, had better never been born, for on the reckoning day their names shall be forever blotted from the book of life. "He that heareth you heareth Me, and he that despiseth you despiseth Me and Him that sent me." God cannot be mocked, and they who mock His voice will one day call upon Him, and He will not hear ; and they shall seek Him in

the morning and shall not find Him, because they have hated instruction and have not received the fear of the Lord.

If Jesus Christ commissioned His Church to teach to men their destiny, He has commanded men to hear, that they may secure salvation. The "*magisterium*," or teaching power of the Church, is and must be authoritative, to which obedience and subjection are necessarily due, whenever she prescribes any doctrine to the belief of her children. Her authority once allowed, mankind is bound to listen and obey, even if the reasons are not fully manifest, and, although the nature of the doctrine, at least intrinsically, surpasses the comprehension of the mind, or even seem repugnant to man's finite intelligence. God would cease to be God if He could not make revelations of truths beyond the limits of man's shallow understanding, for who can know the depths of His unsearchable riches?

With the teachings of private authority the case is obviously otherwise. Human reason is only human reason, and man is no more than man. Conviction is the measure of the authority of reason. Neither Plato nor Pliny, Socrates nor Solon, has any authority to compel belief, and much less to prescribe the practice such belief implies, except in so far as their reasons require the assent of prudent and enlightened judgment. Their authority is proportional to their proof — "*tantum valet, quantum probas*," says the philosopher.

But the Church is a divine teacher. Her credentials have been handed her from high heaven itself. She carries conviction, not because all she speaks is under all aspects perview to reason, but for the higher motive that what she utters is of God. There can be no shuffling, doubt, or hesitancy here; God speaks:—it must be so.

Nor is the surrender of the judgment which the Church exacts imprudent or unreasonable. Her service is a reasonable service. She demands not blind obedience; no slavish subserviency of the intellect. Her authority alone can be questioned. But when the motives of credibility have been passed through the crucible of criticism, and her divine commission corroborated, obedience and acceptance of what she demands is a rigid duty. It is manifestly prudent, it is supremely reasonable to believe all that God has revealed, even when the doctrines baffle and confound the proudest efforts of the human understanding. And if it be entirely consistent with

the dignity of reason to believe what God declares to us Himself, it is equally compatible with rational intelligence to submit itself unquestioningly to the dictates of an authority which God Himself established, and which for its complete equipment He endowed with the faculty of inerrancy, or infallibility. It is not only prudent to submit the human judgment to such authority, but it is likewise necessary to the life of reason, which is lost in a labyrinth, without a loadstar or a guide-post, when it rejects the care and companionship of authority. Dr. Briggs, the erudite professor, who at present has hurled a bombshell into the Presbyterian camp, fully appreciates all this when his perspicacity carries him so far as to regard the "Church" with reason and the Bible as the rule of faith for true and orthodox believers; but Dr. Briggs and many more of his peculiar mentality, in the long run, make, like Thomas Paine, their own mind their Church; unlike Catholics, who have no room to doubt that the Church's teaching power is exercised by prescribing and commanding, and is a part of her divine jurisdiction, which must be unhesitatingly obeyed, when once her power is recognized.

The memorable words of the great Vatican Council are here in point:

"We teach and declare that this power of jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff is immediate; therefore pastors of whatever dignity and rite, and the faithful, both individually and collectively, are bound by the duty of true obedience, under hierarchical subjection, not only in matters pertaining to faith and morals, but likewise in those relating to discipline; so that, thus maintaining the principle of unity in the profession of the same faith and communion with the same see, there may be but one flock, and one Supreme Shepherd."

From this paraphrased citation, it follows, by inexorable logic, that the teaching authority of the Church springs spontaneously from the power of jurisdiction, or the world-wide commission which was given to its first founders in the persons of the Apostles; that its scope embraces directly all truths pertaining to faith and morals, all doctrine contained in that divine deposit once delivered to the Saints, and from which they draw the science of salvation; that all profane or secular truths which bear any relation to religion fall indirectly under the range of this spiritual authority; that all men

from the peasant to the philosopher, the serf to the king, who have been baptized, and all unbaptized, inasmuch as they wish to see salvation—all individuals, all families, all governments—are subject to its soul-subduing influence, even though culpably beyond its reach; that, although Church and State should act in concert and correspondence, mutually assisting each other to attain its proper end, and although they are not in the relation of subordination and dependence, as each is sovereign in its own sphere; yet they are not in all respects co-ordinate, for as the things of soul surpass the things of sense, the spiritual, the temporal, the Church may lawfully claim the hegemony over the State, because it is her proper function to define her own jurisdiction and thus establish the exact relationship of the one to the other, and regulate temporal affairs by indirect interposition, inasmuch as they may be connected with spiritual; that the Church is entitled to a voice in the affairs of education, as her Christ-given mission is “to teach all nations”; that, although the education of children, in the natural order, is both the office and the duty of the parent, it appertains to the Church, as a divine right, to instruct in the ways of heaven and the knowledge of God, those children who belong to her, because, elevated by her to the supernatural order, when she conferred upon them the saving sacrament of Baptism; that, in fine, as the Church is the very gate of heaven and the port of salvation, the only means appointed unto men to attain their supernatural destiny, the star whose light, like that which shone upon the shepherd’s path in distant Judea, is to conduct them to the Bethlehem beyond the everlasting skies, she alone is endowed with that wisdom, and empowered by that authority, which enable her to triumph over the minds, and direct the souls of men; which gives to her pronouncements, both when uttered as definitive and infallible judgments, and when declared as disciplinary regulations, a force that must not be resisted, and an imperativeness that must be obeyed; which qualify her to sift the chaff from the wheat, to detect the false and discern the true; which confer upon her a divine competence, as the spouse of Christ, to fulfill her heavenly mission, to furnish mankind through every age and in every clime with that code of morality, that spirit of discipline, that sweet attractiveness of worship, and that unchallengeable quality of instruction, that heaven-approved character of education, which,

grounded upon the precepts and maxims of religion, enlighten men to see the sublime destiny marked out for them beyond the present life, stimulates and animates them, on beholding the emptiness of worldly happiness, to shun the bitterness of actual disappointment which follows false and unfounded expectations ; and, instead of building ideal monuments of renown or bliss in this fallen and degraded world, to press forward with holy emulation towards the sovereign good, and inscribe their names in the annals of heaven and write their deeds in the register of God.

A principal, if not the most important office of the Church in the world, is to educate the sons of men. This is plainly deducible from several heads ; namely, from her commission to teach, which is divine ; from the destiny of man, which is supernatural ; from the nature of education, which is religious.

From the character of her commission, she draws authorization to teach the faith, that all may be baptized, and to enjoin observance of all that Christ commanded that all may practice morals. No human being is excepted, for every man, inasmuch as he is man, has a soul to save, a God to serve, and a heaven to gain. All religious education is, therefore, directly under her control, and since religion is, pre-eminently, the most essential part of education, every kind of education lies indirectly under the supervision of the Church. The Church has to feed the flock of Christ. And she is no hireling shepherd. She would lay down her life to save her sheep. She, therefore, calls them all by name to follow her, and, while she seeks to lead them into rich and verdant pastures, where they may quietly graze beneath the shepherd's eye, she vigilantly watches lest they may wander into foreign fields where the deadly nightshade pollutes the air and the baneful upas grows and distils its poison on the grass. She has to teach truth, but she must also root up error. She must guard the flock from food that yields not life, but death. Now, doctrine is the food of the soul. Dogma is the spring of devotion, the source of rational service due to the Deity. Truth is life ; falsehood is death. Truth has many sides, but it has no false side. Its aspects are many, but in essence it is one. But error has a thousand sides, and every side a face, and every face a thousand forms. The chameleon cannot change its colors as often as falsehood's protean form will change its look. It sometimes takes on the

likeness of truth. But it is only a semblance—a base imitation. As hypocrisy is said to be the homage which vice pays to virtue, so falsehood may be regarded as the reverence paid to truth by a pish error. But the difference is often difficult to detect. Error is shadowy, elusive, successful in deceit. Only an eye gifted with the faculty of divine light, which can perceive the great realities of our earthly abode and the existence of that heavenly kingdom which the world denies and disapproves, can discern the false from the true, the specious from the real, the things of darkness from the things of light. The teacher who is guided by the holy spirit of truth, the Church, which is the pillar and the ground of truth, has capability to confound falsehood, to tear off the mask of hypocrisy, to put brazen error to the blush, and to exhibit to the eyes of men the naked majesty of truth, arrayed in the splendor of her beauty and the glory of her surpassing excellence.

The Church knows that the best punishment for error is detection and refutation. Under whatever phase it is presented, her divine prescience penetrates its many-folded veils, it pulls down its visor and shows its hideous visage to its intended victims. The Church admonishes her children to be vigilant and alert lest they be ensnared by the astuteness of an enemy which has warred against the works of Jesus Christ for nigh two thousand years. Doctrines are developed in these days of feeble, languid faith, by the busy brains of mountebanks and false teachers upon social and educational questions, especially, which, though at first sight manifestly erroneous, because upheld by a great show of argument and all the subtleties of sophistry, are indubitably liable to suspicion, and hence to be regarded as dangerous in the dissemination. She, therefore, prohibits their publication until their truth be clearly established, or their falsehood be shown, by the impossibility of their reconciliation with the revelations and traditions of faith, and her infallible voice has spoken definitively and authoritatively upon the subject. And he that will not hear that voice shall be ranked, says Christ, with the heathen and the publican.

Many profane or secular truths are so intimately related to religion as to fall by consequence under the inspection of the teaching authority of the Church. She is compelled to take cognizance of, and pronounce judgment upon, them for the guidance of the faith-

ful. The erroneous conclusions of natural science, and the unproved theories of social philosophers, are often arrayed against the obvious declarations of Holy Writ and the unbroken traditions of Christianity, and are confidently cited as confirmation of the spurious character of the one and the fabulous origin of the other. To lay bare the hollow pretensions of these enthusiastic visionaries, whose arrogance is often but proof of ignorance, the Church of Christ has found it necessary from the earliest days of the Christian religion. Philosophical systems she has often to reject, because of their impinging upon some truth of faith which was assailed either explicitly or implicitly by their falsity. Thus, doctrines denying the unity of the human race, and systems of evolution which reduce the image of God to the likeness of a brutish beast, by evolving not body alone, but soul of man as well, from a Simian ancestry, have to be sealed by her disapprobation. At one time she points out the pernicious tendency of Cartesian principles in uprooting necessary truths; at another she confutes the cold and sceptical philosophy of Kant in destroying the principle of certitude, and with it the certitude of man's salvation. Certain customs at variance with natural ethics, as the practice of the ordeal in the Middle Ages, that of duelling in later times, and the doctrine, long since maintained and recently revived by Felix Adler in the cultured city of Boston, that suicide is justifiable when the conditions of existence seem almost insupportable, have likewise to be stigmatized by her as opposed to the light of reason and revealed truth. Social theories and biological doctrines most frequently demand denunciation. Platonic conceptions of human society are not so current as formerly, but they are not unknown at this day; and social reformers plan the reconstruction of the race upon a community of goods which embraces, not alone lands and chattels, but men and women as well. The Oneida community and the Mormon settlements are cases in point in our own country. The degrading materialism which now permeates all classes and professions, but, with regret I say it, more conspicuously the medical profession; which glorifies the age as one of pre-eminent achievement and the most illustrious in the history of humanity, simply because it prefers ducats to doctrines, and the clatter of the mill-wheel to the sound of the church-bell; which lifts not its glance beyond the grave, seeks for a soul with lancet and

scalpel, and failing to find the vital principle, meanly fancies that man is doomed to perish like the dog,—this debasing philosophy, the gospel of despair, the meet companion of atheism and rationalism, must always in the future, as it has in the past, call forth the condemnation of God's oracle upon itself and its purblind professors. In like manner those apostles of enlightenment, who substitute knowledge for virtue, arithmetic for theology, the State school for God's temple, and think that national glory is permanently secured beyond the reach of injury, if only district schools be established, and all the children of the land be compelled to enter them and be re-created in the image and likeness of the State, must be told by the same inspired and heaven-sent authority that instruction of itself cannot generate morality; that knowledge is power only when properly directed; that algebraic formulas and mathematical calculations have, as such, no uplifting force, and that any system of education which abolishes religion and casts out God from its curriculum, must ultimately become a national calamity, involve in irreparable ruin the whole fabric of society, and carry down every soul within the empire of its influence to desolation.

If by virtue of her commission to teach the nations, the Church has an undoubted voice in education, she surely has no function more unmistakably her peculiar province than that of founding and conducting schools. For it is in the school that education must principally be imparted. It is true, home ought to be the best, as it is the first, school for children. Lugubrious experience often proclaims the contrary. But wherever, or whatever, the school may be, the Church must always claim the guidance of the religious education of the children. She must see that they are trained for heaven. Nor does this infringe parental rights. By the law of nature, and inasmuch as their children are their own, their training and their education belong of right to their parents. But the law of nature does not clash with the institution and the ordinance of Christ. God's works are always harmonious. By the law of nature, parents are peremptorily constrained to give to their offspring such education as befits the ends of their creation, to become worthy candidates for paradise. Those children can read no title clear to a celestial inheritance, save what is grounded on a supernatural charter. The boon of eternal beatitude is no natural birthright. It is no

heirloom inherited from ancestry. It is derived from the gratuitous goodness of the Creator, and it is sealed by the Saviour's ruby blood. All who would possess it must be grafted on the stock of Christ that they may shine with Him in glory. They must be members of His mystical body, children of His Church by the regeneration wrought in Baptism. Parents are, therefore, obligated, both by natural and divine injunction, to make their children Christians, or members of the Catholic Church, the ark of salvation, to make their election sure, and secure for the children whom God has committed to their custody the high destiny whereunto they have been appointed. According to nature, then, the child is the parents'; according to grace, he belongs to the Church, because he belongs to Christ. The two rights involved are not mutually exclusive, but reciprocally confirmative. The Church does not impede, but confirms the parental right ; does not hinder, but facilitates its due exercise and proper application.

This explanation is deemed not inapposite, for a leading Catholic who, some years now past, advocated in a distinguished Protestant presence the reconstruction of the school system on the basis of the full assertion of parental authority, and the rejection of all State pretensions, was asked if, in the event of the State's retirement, he would not hand the children over to the control of the priests, answered with emphasis, "No ; I would give them to the control of their parents, to whom God has given them."

The Church, then, asserts her right to found Christian schools, and her claims cannot be disallowed, for they are a clear corollary of her right to teach. In her divine constitution and heavenly charter, obtained directly from the hands of Christ, her warrant and sanction for such authority are inscribed in indelible letters of God's purest gold. For nigh two thousand years she has, in the face of opposition and in the teeth of furious persecution, exercised, and claimed the right to exercise, this office. And she can never yield it up. It is inalienable. No power can wrest it from her, though force and violence may obstruct and hamper it. It is inviolable. The sanctuary may be invaded ; the altar may be torn down ; the walls of the material edifice may be razed to the ground ; and, touched by the torch of the incendiary of Hell, the sacred temple, consumed in conflagration, may be converted into a murky mass of

rumble ; but upon that ponderous pile of smoking ruins the Christ-sent teacher will still take his stand to hold the lamp of Christian learning before the eyes of men ; and if the fury of fanaticism or the hatred of Christ's name should drive him thence, he will, as he so often did before in the dark days of tribulation, find for his unwearied foot some other resting-place, and, whether in the gloom of the forest glade or the glare of the mountain-top, or in the sheltering shadow of the cavernous rock, will unceasingly pursue his mission of pouring on the minds of the rising generations those beneficent lessons of Christian knowledge and instruction which, when the world and all its mundane glamour have perished in everlasting oblivion, will cause those whose minds were thus illumined to shine like stars for all eternity.

With what zealous care the Church has always guarded her rights in education, and with what indomitable zeal and untiring industry she has founded, fostered, and supported schools in every land and every age, shall more extensively be shown in later pages, when her connection with the progress of the world comes under consideration. For the present we speak only of the principles involved.

In all the public schools founded by the Church, and in all those designed for her special service, as seminaries, colleges, and academies for the training of her servants in the sanctuary, the Church has direct control in everything, according to the Christian theory of the relations that should subsist between the civil and the ecclesiastical powers. Such institutions are her personal property. The schools which are by her established are in no sense subject to the State, for the State has, and can have, no rights—*super sacris*—over sacred things. All lofty argument about cherishing national sentiment and fostering national unity are the boldest rhodomontade, when urged to make the State supreme, and can never destroy the rights of the Church to educate her children and conduct them upon the way that leads to eternal life. If the Church has the right to teach, she has the right to found schools. If she has the right to found schools, she has the right to supervise and control them ; and if not, she has no right to teach at all, and all her claims are visionary, her mission is a failure, and she herself is the most monstrous imposition that has appeared in the annals of mankind. But more than this : from all that has been said concerning the connection between

secular and religious teachings, it is undoubted that even in secular truths and teachings not regarded as religious, in a narrow sense, the Church has an indirect right of supervision and inspection ; for, were this not the case, how could she guard her flock from noxious, baneful food ? How could she shield them from the shafts of error so often aimed at their destruction ? The countless perils to which the lambs of Christ are exposed in these days, and the panther-like passion and rage of infidelity against a meek and inoffensive Church, so pertinently personified by Dryden's helpless but immortal Hind, recall to mind his well-known description of her sorrows and persecutions :

“ A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns and in the forest ranged.
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds,
And Scythian shafts, and many-winged wounds
Aimed at her heart ; was often forced to fly,
And doomed to death, though fated not to die.”

And the ancient virulence has not lost its sting. Arrows, barbed with gall and bitterness, are pointed at her heart to-day with measureless malignity. The persistency of odium against God and against His Church has thrice the energy and sedulity of a hero's uncalculating devotion to a glorious cause. But, for the most part, the assaults of her enemies are covert and insidious. They employ the ambuscade, the pitfall, and the lurking hole. Satan dons the domino. Guile and imposition, and all the blazonry of humbug, surround his seductive overtures. He sometimes throws down the gauge of battle in defiant, open challenge, as when his emissary, Jules Ferry, spoke his malevolence by proclaiming a fight between the “ glorious revolution ” and the syllabus, and calling to his aid all who were of his dark mind to wrest the youth of France from those who, adhering to the syllabus, were accounted enemies of the “ glorious revolution ” ; but not infrequently, perhaps most generally, the Prince of Darkness advances by flank movement and circuitous approach. He presents doctrines varnished and veneered to look like the truth. He is a specious liar and unctuous hypocrite. Under pretence of teaching secular knowledge he pours the poison of infidelity into fresh,

receptive minds and unsuspecting hearts. He proffers liberal stipends, and sets hire against zeal. He inveigles many to do his work for his magnanimous wage. He employs books, schools, and pedagogues to extend his influence and advance his empire. He is a polished and indefatigable propagandist. He is a schoolmaster who is always abroad. He wants the schools, he wants the books, he wants the teachers, because he wants the children.

He fears no power on earth but one — the holy Catholic Church of Jesus Christ. He stands in sublime dread of her, because the power of Christ is in her hand. She is, he knows, invincible and unconquerable, like Him of whom it is written : “Behold the Lion of the fold of Judah hath conquered. With a strong bite he has broken the iron bars of Hell, and hath trampled death to destruction.” And never will she surrender her schools ; never will she give over those children whom Jesus died to win, whose souls are washed in the libation of the Saviour’s blood, whom He called around His sacred knee and touched upon their innocent heads, and blessed and likened unto His heavenly kingdom — never will the Bride of Christ, the loving mother of those helpless little ones, devote them to measureless misery, and consign them to a fate so foul and destiny so dark as that of those who are cut off from Christ forever, to be oppressed with everlasting night,

“Unseen, untold, unwelcome.”

But how can she hinder this sad calamity if she cannot control the education of her children ?

To her, then, belongs the right, not only to found schools, but also to supervise and inspect them. Whenever any question of faith or morals is presented, her control is direct and immediate, because it is her peculiar province and unique mission to teach all truth connected with the science of salvation. She must always exercise a jealous care that faith and morals be neither corrupted nor discarded. Hers is the tireless task of watch and ward, that her charge be always anchored in the faith, that they be not “tossed about by every wind of doctrine,” or be engulfed in the deep, soundless sea of error.

The supervision of schools involves necessarily the inspection and approbation of books, and authorization of teachers. Otherwise such

superintendence would be futile and illusory. It would be nominal, not actual. Books are the vehicles of doctrine. They are among the chief instruments of education, and the erroneous teachings they impart cannot always be eradicated by the efforts of the teacher. The writer, when a child, saw it stated in a text-book that Catholics thought the Pope impeccable, and it took repeated declarations to persuade him that such was not the fact. The printed word makes a lasting impression on the youthful mind, especially when supplemented by cuts and illustrations; and all will feel the force of this assertion, who, in the maturity of manhood, will make the effort to see how vividly and correctly they can recall the first lessons and pictures of the little primer used in childhood.

But if the book is the prime factor in education, the teacher is that factor indefinitely multiplied. His influence is unbounded. The child thinks in him, acts through him—the child is what he makes it. He moulds the pupil according to his own sweet will. Fear is a powerful motive to the incitement of action, even in the matured and full-grown mind; but it is all but omnipotent in its sway over the green and tender understanding of the very young. And the pupil fears its teacher. Respect for his authority is allied to fear in their minds. He can thus give such bias to their thoughts, such bent to their actions, as may seem suitable to his own turn and purpose. And if he be an evil-minded man; a person of depraved morals and vicious habits; a being without honesty, void of integrity, or still worse, destitute of all religion—perhaps a scoffer and derider of the Christian name; if so, what human arithmetic can calculate the detriment—the multitudinous loss—he will entail upon the unscreened and defenseless victims of his malevolent mastery and diabolical control?

It is no matter for marvel that the Church is scrupulously careful in her selection of tutors for her children; that she prefers, as far as feasible, to secure the services of religious who take the tenderest conscience and most exalted sense of duty to their life-work in the class-room; and that she has always vigorously and insistently asserted her claim to control the teachers who were to shape the destinies of her children, not for time alone, but for eternity.

The Church, therefore, strenuously affirms her jurisdiction over all her schools in all that concerns their establishment, equipment,

management, and practical operation. Without her canonical commission, no teacher is empowered to impart religious education. No books may be used, even on secular subjects, which are dangerous to faith or morals. With her functions in the realm of education, no State can interfere without transcending its authority and exceeding the legitimate limits of the secular sphere. It is masterly impertinence for the State to ordain the methods of instruction, prescribe the character of text-books, or dictate the *personnel* of teachers in schools belonging to the Church. The requisitions of the State carry no title to be observed or respected, because her mandates are unsanctioned and unchartered. Expediency, policy, necessity, or the acceptability of existing conditions, whose alternative would be productive of greater hardship and difficulty, may dispose the Church to yield to the State certain concessions in the domain of education. Such allowance may be eminently prudent, and in certain circumstances such indulgence may beget results extremely favorable, not alone to order, peace, and harmony, but to religion as well. And it is worthy of remembrance that, when the unconditioned authority of the Church on the score of schools is affirmed, we are chiefly concerned with right, rather than fact; with the order of ideal excellence, rather than that of stern reality. Of course, where faith or morals are in jeopardy, or wherever they are directly and immediately involved, there is no question of convenience or adaptation. Evil cannot be good; nor good, evil. Truth has no liberality towards error. Truth is, in so far, an aggressive bigot. There is no alliance between light and darkness. The Church can make no sacrifice of truth, and she will make no compromise with error. The pillar and ground of truth is fixed upon immovable foundations. The work of Jesus Christ and the words of Jesus Christ are the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

It is to be concluded, then, that the Church is charged with the supreme control of her own educational establishments, both in respect of their religious character and in relation to their material management. No secular authority has the right to strip her of her temporal possessions, and much less to rob her of her eternal prerogatives. To deny her the control of schools, is to deprive her of the control of scholars, and all her subjects are but scholars for

eternity. To wrest from her the power of moulding minds is to exclude her from the work of curing souls.

But her jurisdiction, on its negative or prohibitory side, is not conterminable with her own schools. It has no bounds but the whole arena of education, because education is, in the main, religious, and because, even in matters non-religious, or secular, the moral aspect is never absent, and the connection of the two orders of truth, the natural and the supernatural, is so near and so many-sided, that the Church must maintain a constant and searching scrutiny to prevent a conflict; or, to speak more correctly, to hinder any encroachment by the temporal upon the spiritual. Not, indeed, that these two orders are by nature hostile; not that they must stand in contradiction. Both streams flow from the same infinite Fountain. The book of Nature and the book of Revelation are written by the same Almighty hand. The finger-marks of God are found on every page, and the seal of supreme Wisdom stamped upon each mighty volume. Truth cannot belie truth. God makes no mistakes. His memory is not short. What He spoke by the atoms of star-dust, the grains of sand, the drops of water, the buds, the flowers, the groves, the dells, the streams, and the living things that move within the deep, or walk upon the shore, He could not contradict, when He spake through the mouths of messengers, or by His own sacred voice to the intelligent creatures fashioned to His likeness by His own beneficent hand. The central attribute of man's nature is a receptivity for truth. The pivotal purpose of his existence is to know the truth. God has decreed it to be so. He cannot frustrate His own providential plans and make a ludibrium of man, by casting confusion and inexplicable contradiction upon diverse parts of His own divine economy.

The natural and the supernatural are not made for strife, nor even rivalry. They are entirely congruent. But in the secular order much is published and professed under the fair name of truth, and with the baseless boast of science, which, so far from deserving such distinction, is, and must be, characterized as rank error and absolute falsehood. The Church is holden of the duty of guarding her subjects against the dangerous delusions which spring, even from the contemplation of error, like waters from their native fountain. She is, likewise, charged with the employment of preserving the spiritual

and the temporal in their proper relations, and it is her part and faculty to care that religion be not subordinated to things inferior to it by their nature, as the moon is inferior to the sun, to use an old comparison; or, at least, so co-ordinated with such secondary subjects that instruction and education would be, if the term be allowable, bisected and divided into two educational forces, mutually independent and possibly conflicting. Upon the Church, then, it is incumbent to exert every effort that she may be fully informed as to whether secular instruction, when, where, or by whom given, be of such character as to depreciate, or to contradict the higher spiritual realities, to assail faith or morals, or to endanger the salvation of the souls whom God committed to her hands. The whole empire of knowledge is so interpenetrated by religion and so grouted with the amalgam of morality that the attempt to build a social structure, or even an individual character, without these consolidating and mortising materials, would be no more possible than to construct an immovable pyramid upon the shifting sand, or to fasten together the tilings of a mighty temple with cement as volatile as ether or as yielding as air.

Besides, the mission of the Church, as the mother of mankind, is to conduct all men towards their eternal destiny. That destiny lies far beyond the shadowy boundaries of time, in a realm of supernal light. The present life is only the blush of promise; that other life to come is the real fruition and fulfillment. Here is the seed and the planting; there the harvest and fruit. Those things a man shall sow, the same he shall also reap. If he sow in sin, he shall reap in sorrow; but if he sow in grace he shall reap in glory. And this grace is necessary: necessary as rain to the thirsty soil, as dew to the fragile flower. All grace is born of the blood of Christ. The sweet passion-flower planted in the sap of that blood shall bear the perennial bloom of paradise. The hearts washed in that erubescant lymph shall glow like opal in the damask sunlight of eternity. This is eternal life, to know the Father, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent.

But how will Christ be known to them who never hear His holy name, or hear it only to profane? And if they know not Christ, how shall they fulfill their immortal destiny? How will they attain their supernatural end who are not taught to know that end? How

will they attain that end who spurn the needful means, and possess not the pass-key to the treasures of God's redeeming grace and love? And what effect can teaching have which makes God a myth, the supernatural a sham, and religion a revilement? The modern secular schools laugh to scorn the faith our fathers often sealed by the surrender of their blood. Grace is but a gossamer shadow of some unreality which haunts the pious fancy of the credulous, but has, in point of fact, no objective existence. Life to them is an unsolved and insoluble problem; ease and opulence, or the knowledge that puffeth up, are its best benisons, and the grave is indeed its goal. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

"O! if earth be all, and heaven nothing,
What thrice-mocked fools are we!"

To protect her subjects from these disserviceable doctrines, more deadly than hellebore, the Church claims the right to rule the whole realm of human knowledge, and her competence to pronounce judgment upon the character of the mental pabulum offered to her flock. She alone can tell the medicament of truth from the aconite of falsehood; and, pouring the soothing cordial of the Gospel doctrine into the heart of man, she provides an antidote for all the bane which error distills upon the human soul. But for this, examination, inspection, supervision is necessary. Books must not be beyond her gaze, and teachers, too, should carry her credentials. She, the Church of God, is commissioned to teach. She gives commission to others to do the same. It must be understood that abstract rights are here in question, and such rights in operation *might* make a practical wrong, or beget a giant evil.

The nature of knowledge, however, which is nothing if not religious, proves incontestably her claim to regulate the work of education. But is education religious? The unbeliever will freely grant the Church's right to teach religion, if any such thing there be, but he asks the reason for mixing religion with instruction. Are mathematics divine dogmas? Is grace an algebraic formula? Are concepts creeds, and is philosophy a potpourri of theology? Are divine inspiration and heavenly revelation necessary for writing and reading? These are things the secularist does not, or will not, understand. He thinks, or feigns to think, that a clever cipherer is

a good moralist, and an intelligent grammarian an honest man ; and when convinced that such is not the fact, he grudgingly allows the need of some moral instruction, some kind of ethical training, which he reduces to a few formulas to regulate outward demeanor, to prescribe affability of behavior, kindness of disposition, patriotic sentiment, and the observance of the golden rule ; but at the same time he waxes furious at the bare suggestion of religion ; asserts that the State must have schools without creeds and sectarian limitations ; and boastfully proclaims his catholicity of sentiment and liberality of view by scoring bigotry *sans* mercy :

“ For forms of faith let zealous bigots fight,
He can't be wrong whose heart is in the right,”

is the glorious gospel of toleration which he preaches with the zeal of a dervish or a demon.

Let us analyze the nature of education, and we may, perhaps, discover the hollowness of these liberal sentiments ; as, at the same time, we shall learn how futile and fallacious is the attempt to teach morality without religion.

That all children who come into the world have an undeniable right to an education, and that this education must, in the main, be derived from the teachings of others, will be allowed by all who have not unlearned the habit of chopping logic or “ cutting blocks with a razor.” The uninstructed child will grow up like the brute, a creature of animal instincts, animal feelings, and animal passions. If the wild Indian had not had some sort of teaching, he would not be the man whose

“ Untutored mind
Sees God in the cloud and hears Him in the wind.”

For, no matter how long their sojourn in this valley of time, if left in their native ignorance, or if dependent upon those native forces which vaporous philosophers declare will carry men by a sort of innate impulse to the ultimate term, or the very apex, of the perfection of their being, those unhappy members of the species who should be doomed to grow up destitute of all instruction would be always found in the deplorable condition described by the poet :

“ O ! souls in whom no heavenly fire is found ;
Fat minds, and ever grovelling on the ground.”

What is this instruction? What is education? This has been very fully, we think, explained in a former paper, but, for clearness' sake, let it be extended here.

Education means the leading out of something. The leading out of what? Undoubtedly, something within man, because we speak of man. And what is within the man? Under the four fleshy walls of his person, what is hidden, what enclosed? Diogenes went, with lantern in hand, in search, not of an *honest* man, but, as the best Greek readers tell us, in search of *the* man. And justly so; for, if he found *the* man, he would lay hold of a man at once honest, virtuous, just, prudent, wise; in a word, "the elements so mixed in him," that,

"Nature might stand up and say to all the world,
This is a man!"

Now, to educate the man, is to make the man. Man is created by God, but he is made by his educators. To educate him is to draw out his manhood; 'tis to make him live. I am inclined to think we do not live nowadays in any proper sense. We fret and fume, we buzz and bustle, and talk and work, at high, explosive pressure; but do we live truly? Is our life true life? I trust I may not be corrected to exactness, when I say I think we do not truly live, because we do not rightly educate. Ours is a hasty and conceited age—a riotous civilization. We live outside ourselves. In the traffic of the mart; in the broad and garish day; amidst the pressing, jostling crowds; under hard and strenuous strife, we post along, seeking to get the whip-hand of some one else, and wearing out our little souls, but yet we do not live. Life is from within. Introspection alone can find out what it is to live. "With desolation is the land made desolate, because there is no one who thinks in his heart." What is it to live? Sir Thomas Browne says: "Every man lives so long as he acts his nature, or in some way makes good the faculties of himself." I gratefully accept his definition, and I say every man is educated when his nature is led out, and when his teachers in some way make good the faculties within the man. To live is to make good one's faculties; to make good one's faculties is to educate; and thus to educate is to live. And as man lives truly as man, he is educated truly as man.

I take some pleasure in borrowing confirmation of this educational theory from the definition of Webster, who says, "Education is properly to draw forth, and implies not so much the communication of knowledge as the discipline of the intellect, the establishment of principles, and the regulation of the heart." The Rev. O. L. Barstow, a Protestant minister of high repute, in language of great power and pregnancy, draws out the same doctrine in his article "The Religious Factor in Education."

"Education," he says, "is nothing less than the development of all the potencies that have been lodged in man. It concerns itself with the full contents of his being, and with all his possibilities. The claims of education are precisely the claims of manhood. If the idea of manhood be low, the product of training will be meagre and inadequate. The claims of religion upon education are precisely the claims of a complete manhood. If a man is worth educating at all, he is worth educating roundly as a man. If the capacity of religion belongs to his manhood, it is a crime against that manhood to ignore its rights and cripple its possibilities."

In its genuine sense, education is the development of all the faculties of man. It is the growth of the whole man, and the drawing out of his "full contents." The tree grows only when its root and branches, its bark and trunk, are all permeated by the sap beneath and invigorated by the air around it. And man grows when all the parts of his being have their proper play, and every faculty its legitimate action.

Man is a compound of body and soul, of which God is the cause. He has, therefore, a triple life and a threefold education. The body or material part demands its nutriment and exercise and calls for physical education. The unused member dwarfs and decays and the inactive joint soon stiffens. The soul, or intellectual part, calls for training and for culture, or its faculties will be dulled and blunted, as the neglected tool is rusted—the used key is always bright. Nor is this all. Soul and body together depend on God, get their being from God, and lean for their life on God, both in the natural and supernatural order. According to his nature, man is a religious being, because he is born into the world with an intellect to know and a will to worship his Creator. In a word, he was made by God and for God, and even if he were not raised to the supernatural state by the grace of

Baptism, he would still, in force of his very nature, be the child of religion. The bond of religion is rooted in God's creative act. The Maker has the right to the thing made, and God, as absolute Creator, has absolute dominion. God, moreover, is not only the Maker, but He is the model of His creation. He is the prototype of all things, as in the vast profundity of His divine mind are contained the archetypal ideas of His wondrous works. But in a stricter sense, He is the prototype of His intelligent creatures, in that they are fashioned to His own image. Man, in his immortal part, the soul, is the living image of his God. The chief end of man is, consequently, to have formed or developed in him the likeness of his Maker, because "like likes like," and God is the great type of moral perfection. It follows, then, that the faculties of man's soul must be drawn out according to the divine pattern of which they are but the reflection. This is explication by religion. Besides, all things tend toward their final causes. God is the final cause of man. All things have their pre-established end, and that end must be always sought by them. God is the end of men. All things act according to their nature and capacities; but man's nature, capacities, and faculties were made for God, and hence must make for God.

It is as evident as light, then, that well-ordered education always makes account of the end appointed unto human nature, or the whole man. The faculties which man possesses—his will, his memory, his intelligence, his bodily vigor and strength—are but the means with which he has been gifted for the attainment of his end. And as the means must be disposed and ordered to the end, the whole quantity and quality of his training will take form, color, and direction from his destiny. Such being the case, it is inevitable that man's instruction must be chiefly moral, and religion must form the foundation of the whole edifice of character and life, and be the root and crown of manhood. Those alone deserve the name of educators who not only draw out the faculties, but draw up the man to God, and thus prepare their pupils to place their names, when the sunset shadows of this mortal course are falling around them, upon the scroll of immortality; for life is lived in vain to him who does not see that

" Every human path leads on to God ;
He holds myriad finer threads than gold,
And strong as holy wishes, drawing us,
With delicate tension, upward to Himself."

All education, then, is but ill-considered trifling, or still worse, a monstrous and deadly delusion, if it is not built on the basis of morality and religion and lead not up to God. Such irreligious training is not only futile, but deeply detrimental, both to the individual and society. To the individual; for, as this life is but a preparation for the higher life to come, man's highest good upon this earth is to fit himself for that future felicity granted to those alone whose godly deeds and righteous lives have ripened them for a reward whose richness has no measure but the inexhaustible treasures of God. To compass this magnificent meed and recompense, God has given to man this present time, His next best gift after grace, as the period of proof, of trial and initiation. The value of time is eternity. The deeds of time and the flood of influences that flow out of time, run down to the shores of eternity. Every hour of time has a voice that will echo through the long, hoary ages of eternity. Man may well

“Count that day lost, whose setting sun
Beholds no virtuous action done.”

All his powers, all his faculties, all his gifts of soul and sense, must be employed in preparing for eternity. If not so used, they are abused; if not so employed, they are destroyed—destroyed forever. And

“Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and God-like reason
To rust in us unused.”

Since, then, man's high destiny is manifest; since he must procure his end or perish everlastingly; and since he can dispose himself for the ultimate term of his existence, a life of bliss unending only by the performance of virtuous deeds, moral actions, and religious practices in this present transitory abode; it surely is not travelling outside the record to maintain that education, whatever else it may embrace, must chiefly tend to the development of the moral side of man's nature, for if it be otherwise ordained, the supreme good of the individual is disregarded and his destiny defeated.

But if the individual good demands a moral education for the

citizen of the State, the welfare of society makes the education still more imperative for the good of the community. And how could it be otherwise? No individual liveth to himself. He is an integral part of society. The body is in full sympathy with all the members. The diseased part communicates contagion to the whole. The influence of each, for good or ill, circulates through the currents that carry life or death to all.

And on what is founded the security of the State? On what depends the coherence and stability of society? Not, indeed, on the wisdom of its governors, though they may aid to avert invading evils. Not on the force of public authority, for human passions often become but superheated by an attempt at suppression from without. Not in the supremacy of law, when law itself is ignored and despised. Ah! no; law can never make men honest or virtuous; it can only make them uncomfortable when they are criminal. External power can never move or touch the heart. Unless men are thoroughly imbued with sound morals, patriotism will languish, and authority can never uphold its sway when it is not rooted in the respect and the affections of a people. Unless men are trained and formed to virtue, social order will yield to chaos and anarchy, and peace, prosperity, and their attendant blessings will take wings; the very pillars of society will calamitously fall, and the social structure be rent into fragments from centre to circumference. This is the record of the ages—the history of humanity from the foundation of government till this present day. Witness the decline of the vast Oriental kingdoms, whose pomp and splendor once dazzled the wondering world. The Assyrian, the Persian, and the Babylonian empires, where are they? Upon the very spot where stately courtiers glided round the gilded throne, where the minstrel song resounded on the breezes of the night, and the ruby wine was quaffed by the luxurious lips of royal revellers, the plaintive screech-owl hoots and the wild jackal roars unscared. Where is now the great Roman commonwealth, whose victorious eagles spread their gilded wings both under the rising and the setting sun, and whose powerful arms were unchecked in their resistless march, save by the boundaries of the habitable world? The culture and refinement of ancient Hellas; the literature and learning of Augustan Rome; the magnificence and courage of celebrated Carthage, are no more.

Fuit Illium. They lost the land when they lost their virtue. Opulence brought indolence; conquest, corruption; and corruption was but the shadow of the coming death. Among the mediæval and the modern nations, decay cuts its progress by the same insidious course. The Frankish and the French monarchies went down before an irate and furious populace, when the extravagance and vice of kings had goaded their subjects to exasperation. What precipitated the horrors of the French Revolution but the inflammatory appeals of bloody-minded infidels? What wrested the sceptre from the Stuarts, and consigned its fair representative to lay her lovely head on the block, but the brutal betrayal and perfidy of men whose lust for lucre, and women whose spirit of envy and jealousy had not been tempered by the cooling dew of religion. What has brought so many powerful and wealthy nations into impoverishment and misery but the scourge of God upon them for the sin of infidelity? When the measure of their crimes was filled up, He opened His cup of strong mixture, and poured out the vials of His wrath upon them. "For righteousness exalteth a people, but sin maketh a nation miserable."

If, then, history has any lesson to convey to the teachers of these times, it is, that man's passions will break forth with volcanic violence and paroxysmal fury, when not restrained by the strong hand of religion. Without God there can be no commonwealth. Moral power is required to hold in check the turbulent desires of the masses; moral instruction to soothe and calm their hearts; moral support to sustain them under the frosty winds of adversity; moral and religious training to render them fit to rule and be ruled, and thus make possible and practicable the order, the harmony, and the security upon which, not alone the good, but the existence of society, vitally and necessarily depends.

But here we are met with a formidable difficulty. To my thinking it is at the bottom of the question. It is radical and fundamental and it must be fully met. This difficulty originated in that spirit of liberalism which is one of the prominent features of the times; a liberalism, which, logically taken to its lengths, would sacrifice God upon the altar of humanity, and spirit the Creator out of His own universe. This liberalism is, of course, kin with rationalism, materialism, and scepticism of manifold kinds; but it must be allowed

that it is often championed by men of amiable mould and praiseworthy purpose, who hail the tolerance of the times as a certain indication of that generosity of feeling and spirit of fraternity which will open up the arcadian avenues of life and be the shining mark of the new era soon to dawn upon humanity. Greater breadth of view, increased liberality of sentiment, and a wider catholicity of feeling, are to be, they tell us, the characteristics of the coming age. Narrowness and bigotry are to be forever banished, and under the softening and fusing influence of this new-found alchemy, all creeds, all classes, all conditions, can join hands and march together in one benign brotherhood,

. . . . "The parliament of man,
The federation of the World."

But to attain "a consummation so devoutly to be wished," the apostles of the new order, with far-reaching sagacity, perceive the necessity of uniformity of ideas, and uniformity of ideas demands an education which shall, in all respects, be homologous and uniform.

Setting out from this benevolent standpoint, these teachers tell us that religious strife and contention have been the curse of humanity; that in their nature, these differences of creed are wholly irreconcilable; that we must hope in vain to see men of different minds agreed upon the subject of the worship due to their Creator; that for these reasons formal religion can never be incorporated in education that is common and general; and, therefore, it is for the behoof of all to devise a method by which education may be given without trenching upon the religious convictions of any believer whatsoever. This is the grave problem they have put their minds to solve. And behold with what facility! *Simply, to teach morality without religion.* The rights of conscience, say they, must be respected. Catholics and others have a just grievance,—nay, they are subject to intolerable tyranny—when they are compelled to send their children to schools where religious doctrines are inculcated in which they not only do not believe, but which they regard as imperilling their salvation. They have every right to protest against such course by the State, or by anybody else, and to attempt to make them submit is the very essence of tyranny and persecution.

Creed and conscience are entitled to respect.

But, at the same time, morality must be taught. We want not so much wise as virtuous citizens. The passion for knowledge is no proof of the possession of virtue. Integrity of mind, no doubt, conduces to integrity of life, but does not constitute it. Sad experience plainly shows that trained talent is only a more powerful tool in the hands of the forger, the speculator, and the swindler. Knowledge is power for evil no less than good. Mere intellectual education has produced but a state of unrest, discontent, and self-seeking, which everywhere have begotten incurable social disorders, and upset the peace of society. High culture has given birth to lofty aspirations and exaggerated ambitions, which, being foiled of their purpose, consigned those who cherished such extravagant fancies, to direst despondency, and often to desperate deeds. In fine, they say it is folly to entertain the belief that intellectual pursuits can efficiently restrain the passions of men, or that mind-culture alone can yield good citizenship, and give us that kind of men which make a commonwealth great, and afford assurance of its enduring glory.

“God give us men !

Men whom the lust of office cannot buy—

Men whom the spoils of office cannot kill ;—

Tall men, sun-crowned.”

So they cry, these *broad-minded* philanthropists. Amen, we say, out of the fullness of the heart. But how shall it be accomplished ? By teaching morality without religion. Nothing can be simpler. God, they tell us, is not shut up in creeds, nor in any farrago of theology. He is not found in mumbling dogmatism, nor in incensed shrines ; not in sculptured forms nor mythological heavens ; not in saint worship nor the idolatry of images ; not in cold formalism, nor those exclusive, arbitrary doctrines which speak of fire and blood and hell. No, He is everywhere—in the glow-worm and in the star ; in the fruits and in the flowers ; in the groves and the lakes and the valleys of every land, and He is in our flesh and blood and life, because “in Him we live and move and have our being.” All true study, then, leads up to Him, and no system of education can be considered godless, unless, perchance, it makes positive denial of His existence.

Let us, then, fashion a morality independent of all dogmatism—one that will not clash with any creed. The fundamental principles of morals are as easily reducible to code as the principles of mathematics are to systems. These principles are certain, evident, admitted by all. Catholics may have some peculiar views about the sanctions of the law, the intrinsic authority of conscience, future reward and punishment, and some other immaterial points; but, so long as we make our moral teaching purely secular, they can have no cause for complaint, unless they are willing to be set down as implacables. We will be just and fair as far as we go, and if they will not stand upon the common ground of our generous platform, the fault is not ours, but their own. This is specious, but it is inane and nonsensical.

Can morality be taught without religion? What is morality, what is religion? What is the relation that exists between them? The Rev. J. M. Savage holds that "they are separable in fact and in thought, and, therefore, that they may be in teaching." Let us touch the root of this question.

God created man a free, or voluntary agent. Before His new-made creature God placed the power of good and evil, life and death. Man in his unfallen state was the happy master of godly gifts and graces, now hardly appraisable save by the sense of loss, then designed to assist his perseverance in the probity, innocence, and justice of his appearance upon the stage of life, till he should be confirmed forever in glory. His ignoble fall, fast following his creation, "brought death into the world, and all our woe." Stripped of his original justice, darkened in the faculties of his understanding, weakened in the powers of his will, and strangely prone to evil, he walked the world a frail and tarnished image. Thus the creature was accursed by his Creator, but the very terms of his curse contained the promise of a restoration through the sublime sacrifice of a Redeemer-God.

What did this redemption imply? It implied, indeed, a real restoration, since it conferred a new title to a lost inheritance, and released man from the payment of the penalty imposed for disobedience to the Deity. It was a full pardon, but not a plenary reconstitution or replacement upon the original footing. This was a consequence of the infinitude of man's offense. And the dark

shadow, the black and gloomy eclipse of that primal Fall, rests over us unto this day, and leaves us, though with a supernatural destiny intact, still weakened and wounded in our natural powers, in the integrity of our manhood.

Even on the supposition of his having a natural destiny, that destiny would be more than difficult of attainment to man in his state of helpless deprivation. Had God so willed, it is at least thinkable that He might have left man to toil and struggle on for some appointed period, upon whose expiration He might allow His creature to enter upon some condition of natural happiness, which, though far removed from glory, would, at least, suffice for the exigencies of a negative bliss. But would man, could man, ever reach even that penurious beatitude? Under the declension of his natural powers, enfeebled in all his faculties, groaning under the galling tyranny of his passions, would he not droop and languish, and fall by the way? How could he

“Stem a stream with sand,
And fetter flame with flaxen brand?”

When the storm of temptation raged around him, where could he flee for covert? When the fire of concupiscence broke in with scorching fury through all the avenues of sense upon the soul, what waters, divinely flowing, would extinguish the consuming flame? But the speculation is inconsequent, for man has no natural destiny.

Man was made for God. He was in the first moment of creation elevated by his Maker to a supernatural state, a destiny far beyond the urgencies and requirements of his nature. This destiny was not his due, nor was its attainment co-natural with his powers. Man cannot exceed the capacities of his nature; he can do no more than nature qualifies him to do; and if, as it seems probable, he could not reach a state of natural happiness by the exertion of his faculties, destitute of all external assistance, it goes for the saying that his unaided powers, nay, all the strivings and longings of his nature, though unremittent as the flow of time, could never carry him to the serene heights of a supernatural existence in the happy mansions of immortality.

Accordingly, it was so ordered by his divine Benefactor that man should never be entirely excluded, even though he fell, from some

faint glimpse or prospect of his predestined bliss; while, at the same time, his gracious Maker deigned to hold out to His ungrateful servant the precious promise of such helps and graces as, in the divine economy, were required to uplift man's fallen estate, and once more entitle him to the enjoyment of a supernatural state in glory. This promise would one day be realized in the Redemption to be wrought for man through the mighty mercy of the Son of God. In fine, God made a revelation to His creature. He spoke to man by His own sacred voice. He prescribed the plan of pardon, and pointed out the means of man's salvation. For one dispensation it was the observance of the law, and hope in the fulfillment of the promise; for the newer and fuller economy, it was the observance of the law perfected, and the participation of the fruits of the fulfillment, that gave man the pledge of everlasting life, and the power of one realizing the unspeakable blessedness of his supernatural destiny.

To attain that supernatural destiny, is, then, man's chief concern in this present life; for what will it profit him to gain the whole world, to which he must soon bid a final farewell, if he lose that soul which can never perish or decay?

“ The soul of origin divine,
 God's glorious image freed from clay,
 In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
 A star of day.

“ The sun is but a spark of fire,
 A transient meteor in the sky,
 The soul, immortal as its sire,
 Shall never die.”

Besides, man's greatest good in this life is to prepare himself for the possession of eternal good; the chief end of life is to know the life that never ends. This end man must attain or be blotted out forever. But how? Manifestly, by his own free acts; man is still a voluntary agent, and the Fall, though it disfigured, did not deprive him of his freedom. All his acts must, therefore, tend towards his final end, and to direct them to that end is precisely the province of morality.

Some fain would think that there is no necessary or intrinsic con-

nection between morality and religion, and that there exist many common and fundamental moral truths which can properly and effectively be taught without reference to religion. (I will consider the relations of morality to supernatural religion later on.) If they mean natural religion, their contention is utterly absurd, for natural religion implies such knowledge and service as spring from the unaided powers of reason, and establish some relation between man and his Maker, and thus lead up to God. Now, morality is, in essence, identical with such natural religion. For the principal concern of morality, as stated before, is to investigate man's final end, and to point out the course of conduct and tenor of life which are necessary to attain it. But man's final end is God. Whence it follows that morality can never banish God from its domain, unless it change its nature and its functions, and become other than it now is. And, in point of fact, to this pass must ultimately come all those, who, following the guidance of the German philosophers, seek to dis sever morality from religion and the objective realities to which it is essentially related.

It is true, morality lies within the subject. Man's free acts, and his free acts alone, are moral acts. And, as in the individual, no acts are indifferent, every act is a moral act or its contrary, for freedom is the condition of accountability. From the idea of freedom, merely, the notion of morality does not integrally spring. Freedom is the root principle, no doubt; but morality imparts an additional relation; something must be superadded.

If we decompose into its constituents the idea of morality, and brush off all the meshes and cobwebs of sophistry by which it has been overlaid, remembering always that the ultimate tendency of our actions must be kept in view, and that our conduct is registered in heaven, it will be made manifest that truth, justice, benevolence, goodness, and morality are built upon a basis other than those slippery and deciduous foundations upon which superficial, or prejudiced, moral philosophers have attempted to lay down the lines of duty and fix the standard of ethics.

A moral agent is one capable of actions that have a moral quality, but what constitutes that quality? If there is, as certainly there must be, a moral standard and rule of right, what is that standard and that rule?

Upon subjecting to analysis the character of any action regarded as virtuous, just, or moral, we shall not fail to find that, over and above the freedom and intelligence by which the will of the moral agent is enabled to make choice, preference, rejection, resolution, wish, desire, and all the shades and degrees of volition, which fall under the empire of the will, three principal factors are at once recognized, and these three are : The will itself; the law to which it bends, or against which it rebels; and God, the law-giver, to whom the law obviously points, and whose sanctions make the law of obligation unto men.

The will, then, may be termed, for it really is, the moral * faculty in man. Nothing can be morally commendable, or morally reprehensible, which does not proceed from a free and voluntary principle, which principle is the will. The will is the seat of virtue and the throne of vice. "*Omne peccatum est voluntarium*," says the theological maxim. All responsibility must, consequently, come within the sphere of the will, and responsibility is as wide as the will. There is nothing meritorious in intellectual acts, *as such*, and they become imputable only because the intellect lies under the imperative power of the will. For the same reason every wish and thought and desire and concupiscence is criminal, or the contrary, because they all fall under the dominion of the optative faculty. Some acts, at least in the abstract, may be considered as indifferent, as to walk, or sit, or run; to prefer pleasure to pain, a prosperous life to an indigent one, or solitude to society. But it will be seen, upon reflection, that these several actions are informed by some motive, and derive all their merit or their demerit from the intention that impelled their performance. Newton could ascribe no credit to himself for discovering the fluxionary calculus, or the law of gravitation; Stephenson, none, for his useful inventions; Harvey, none, for his theory of the circulation of the blood; Columbus, none, for his discovery of a continent,—beyond the meritorious character of the motives by which their minds were swayed in their operations. In short, the end before their view, it was, that gave moral form and character to their illustrious achievements. What was this end? If it were vainglory, or selfish interest, their deeds, like those of the

*This is a term of convenience. I know there is no special moral sense in man, apart from his will and intellect.

ancient pagans, merited only transient recompense, and the reward received was limited to this life; but, if for some supernatural motive, they put forth their powers and expended their talents, then was their reward in glory. "For whether we eat, or whether we drink, we must do all to the honor and glory of God." But what is it to honor and glorify God? It is to observe His law; "If any man love Me, he will keep My commandments," is true of the natural as well as of the divine positive law.

Law, then, is the rule of action for the will. This law is both independent of, and superior to, the will of the free agent. It is not only superior to the will, but binding upon it, and binding upon all beings who enjoy the faculty of freedom. It does not imply any limitation, but rather the perfection of liberty. What is this law? What is it but the law of right reason? and reason, as a rule of action, is conscience, the practical judgment made by every man upon the morality of his acts. This conscience speaks with such authority, that it can "make cowards of us all" when we ignore its dictates or spurn its commands. And yet it is only a voice, a herald, an interpreter, a rule of a rule. It is, indeed, an ultimate fact in the human mind in reference to morals; but it represents an ultimate fact in the divine mind, the eternal law of God. Reason, tracing up the law to its fountain-head, is led to connect it with a divine law, and this divine law, in turn, with the will of a Supreme Law-giver, who is God. The moral law, therefore, unerringly points to God. God is the fount of all obligation, the source of all authority, the final object of the mind's contemplation in its search for the rule of right. It seems plain, then, what constitutes the moral quality in the human act. It is the conformity of the will with the eternal law in the divine Nature. It is the free will, enlightened by reason, commanded by conscience, conforming its conduct to the last and final law of human action, the eternal law of God. Thus we have: Free will; free will working according to rule; rule related to God—and the product is righteousness, virtue, morality. This, then, is morality. But it is also natural religion, if, in a strict sense,* there be such religion. If so, morality cannot be taught without teaching natural religion.

* I say "strict sense," because, as Card. Newman says, there seems to be no time or place when reason was left without any external aid.

It may be objected that we make morality depend upon the arbitrary will of God. Are we not, by the dictates of morality, to do right? and right is right, not because God wills it, but because it is right.

Natural reason, says Suarez (de Legibus), indicates what is in itself good or bad."

Are not, then, as Mr. Lilly affirms, "the great fundamental truths of ethics *necessary*, like the great fundamental truths of mathematics"? Hence, "they do not proceed from the arbitrary will of God. They are unchangeable even by the fiat of the Omnipotent." If we grant the whole, as we may, there is still no argument for the separability of religion from morality.

We are confronting a deep problem—the question of the foundations of morality. We are penetrating, as it were, the very inbeing of the Infinite, and measuring the intrinsicity of the divine essence, and soaring through those subtle airs that encircle the throne of God.

There is but one God, the supreme, necessary, self-existent, and eternal Being. In Himself He contains the plenitude of all perfection. He is the great First Truth, the Supreme Fact, the Cause uncaused, and the first Beginning and the last End of all that is or can be. All His attributes are identical with Himself, because He is one pure and simple Act. His existence and His essence are one and the same, because His essence is to be. "I am who am." His own life is His law, and He is subject to no other. The will by which He binds His creatures to certain lines of action which are right and proper for them, according to their natures, is a law for those creatures; but strictly speaking, the will which impels God to love truth, justice, goodness, right, is not a law for God, since He does not impose law upon Himself, but acts consonantly to the requirements of His nature. Right, then, is right, not because He wills it, but He wills it because it is right, and He must will it because it is right. It is in the eternal fitness of things that it should be so, and to reverse this order, and make moral distinctions depend, as some do, on the arbitrary will of God, is to unsettle the foundations of morality.

Viewed, then, in its metaphysical foundations, morality is not founded upon the free will of God, for God cannot make justice in-

justice, nor right wrong, any more than He can make two and two five, or the two sides of an isosceles triangle less than the third side; and in this sense it is true that moral distinctions are antecedent to the divine will. But if there is any law for rational creatures, they are constrained to keep the moral order; if there be any such thing as moral government in the world, the divine ordinance and divine will must be a factor in the universe of God. It follows, then, that, prescind from the will of God, we may have an initial, fundamental morality, in which the essential relation of things find place; but if we seek for formal morality, which binds the will and the conscience of man, we must have recourse to the will of God. We do not found right on the simple will of God, but on His will in agreement with His reason, His nature, His holiness; and sanctity is an attribute as essential to God as His own nature and constitution. From what has been said, it is an obvious sequence that God cannot be eliminated from any system of morality. If He wills all that His nature requires, He must will all truth, all justice, all right, all morality. If we set aside the divine will in these things, we shall have a natural morality without any sanction, any binding force but the reason and the intellect of man. This is the assertion of Kant's autonomy of reason. It is making man his own law-giver. It is establishing all distinctions between right and wrong upon the flimsy foundation of man's own speculative ideas, without reference to any external authority or standard, and without regard to the consequences of conduct, beyond the reproach of reason when we do amiss, and the approval of reason when we do aright. And what is this but the deification of the human intellect? It is precisely the position assumed lately by the arch-infidel, Ingersoll, when he rejected God, and, with God, the idea of all reward and punishment, outside of those dispensed by the authority of reason. Man must do right for right's sake; he must do right for reason's sake; but he must also do right for God's sake, because God wills the right, and the obedience man renders must have respect to his Maker. Man is not God. Reason is not the law, but the herald of the law. Reason cannot give law to reason, and without law there can be no obligation and no sin. "If there were no law there would be no sin," says the Apostle. What terror would it bring to the evil-doer to tell him that by his disorderly deeds he has outraged

his reason? What restraint upon the ebullitions of his passion, to say that he has made himself a fool? He will probably reply, that, if he chooses so to do, it is his own business. On the supposition that God had imposed no law upon rational creatures, there would, indeed, be no sin; but God could not withhold His command when once He had created. He had to bind His creatures to act out the natures which He gave them; and this the pagan philosophers recognized implicitly, when they deemed it the part of prudence, *naturae convenienter vivere*, to live conformably to nature. If, therefore, we believe at all in the existence of a moral law, this law must point to God as the Law-giver; and when the law is viewed as thus appointed by the Creator, it takes definite form and wears a majestic aspect. He that contradicts his reason may render himself a fool, but he that violates the law of God strikes at the throne of the universe. Nay, when God is thus connected with the law, it constrains us to acknowledge that we owe to Him supreme love and obedience, and opens to us a new and higher class of duties, which reason, as the ultimate legislator, never could enforce. Upon the acknowledgment of God as the moral Governor of the world, our morality goes down deeper, mounts higher, and teaches us to have respect in all our actions to that Almighty Power who alone can vindicate the majesty of violated law. If, then, we cannot successfully teach morality without reference to the sanctions, obligations, and existence of the law, so neither can we teach it without reference to God, and such reference is to teach religion.

Again, God is the model of His creation. When He created man it was upon the pattern of His own essence, which, in a finite degree, is imitable outside of God. Man is thus a faint transcript of the Deity. Man was fashioned according to the archetype in the divine mind. He must reflect the archetype. Now, although the arbitrary will of God did not establish the essential relations of things, these relations are, nevertheless, the object of divine volition, for God must will whatever His nature requires. And as man's nature is a copy, imperfect though it be, of the divine Nature, God could not create man to act in contradiction of man's nature, any more than Infinite Wisdom could make truth contradict itself. Neither could He create man without giving to his nature certain needs and exigencies. But God must will that man act conformably to his

human nature, or according to the reason which is in him, which must conform to the divine reason which is in God. Hence the very needs of man's nature have respect to the will of God in all man's human or moral acts, and this of necessity implies religion, which denotes man's relation to God. To suppose God quiescent or indifferent to the acts of His creatures would be the acme of folly.

God is the source of all power, all life, all reality. "By Him all things were made, and without Him was made nothing that was made." There is nothing which He has not created; nothing which He does not conserve; nothing which does or can take place without His concurrence. "Nothing," says St. Augustine, "occurs by chance. God overrules all." God, then, must concur in every human act, whether it be good or evil. But it would be a libel upon His essential sanctity to consider Him indifferent as to the character of the act to which He lends His concurrence. "Good and evil," says the wise man, "are from God." But infinite Holiness cannot will the evil, though God concurs in the physical act. God had design and purpose in creating free and rational existences. That design was His external glory. The end of man is the glory of God. All moral acts, then, in that they make the perfection of man, must tend to the glory of his Maker. God must, indeed, will the co-operation He gives to His creatures, but He must also will to bind them to certain lines of action, which are so consistent with their freedom, as they are conducive to the great ends predetermined in the sweet dispositions of His sovereign will, acting out the demands of the divine Nature. How absurd, then, to talk of teaching morality without reference to God, or to teach morality without religion!

Morality is that science which teaches man what befits him as man. And man is a rational creature. Now, what becomes a rational creature so much as to seek the attainment of its ultimate end? In everything it does, the end is first in the order of intention, and all the means must be chosen appropriately to the end. This principle is so deep set in rational intelligence that men act upon it almost without reflection, for the end and the means are correlative terms. Now, God, who is the ultimate end of man, teaches us by the light of reason that He wishes the observance of the moral

order by us as the necessary condition of the obtainment of our end. And He that appoints the end, can also appoint the means or conditions. It is the will of God, then, in the last resort, by which the will of man must be determined to the observance of the natural order, and which obliges him to the practice of that morality which reason discovers in the necessary and fundamental relations of things.

Moreover, if it is the province of morality to teach man what becomes man as man, its chief concern is to teach man his duty. The reality of God and the responsibility of man are truths of mighty meaning to mankind. The doctrine of a real, living, personal God is the world's great tonic. It has power to heal, to help, and to save. Now, if there is a God at all, man has undoubtedly some duties towards Him of prayer and praise. And if the moralist assumes to point out man's duties, he surely may not condemn those grave and consequential duties which relate to Him who holds in His hands the threads of human destiny; duties upon whose proper discharge depends the eternal and supreme happiness or misery of every mortal man. And this is to teach religion.

Again, whence does the moral law derive its sanctions? Not from the ordinance of reason, for reason cannot be both master and subject. Not from the authority of the human teacher; he is but a man. The conception of perfect obligation perforce involves the notion of a superior who obliges, just as it supposes one that is obliged. Nay, more; it imports such strenuous binding force that if the action enjoined be omitted, or if that forbidden be done, man's destiny will, in so far, be frustrated, and he will be guilty of rebellion or insubordination against his superior. And where is the superior to impose such obligation upon the whole human race? Who can be named but Him who is the Ruler and Governor of all?

Our modern moral philosopher prates much about man's perfectibility. Perfection is unquestionably man's goal. Some one has said: "We are made by God, but we are not yet finished." The house is not built because it is begun. But we shall not attain to the perfection of our being until we are in possession of our end. The intellect and the will, our great capacities for knowledge and love, tend towards the end as to the goal of perfection. If, then, man attains his perfection by tending towards his final end, and by

avoiding all that opposes its attainment, or, what is tantamount to that, by keeping the moral law; it is preposterous to suppose that man's chief perfection is independent of the Supreme Being, who is the Primal Fount and Efficient Cause of all perfection. God is our ultimate end; for, as St. Thomas says, "A man's desires can be satisfied by none but God alone; since from the visible things of creation, he is moved to search into their cause; nor is that desire satisfied, till he comes to the First Cause, which is God" (St. Thom. Quodl. de Virtute, Art. 10).

Some German philosophers seem passionately fond of separating morality and religion, being either inspired by the hatred of religion or misled in their investigations to turn aside from the order of objective reality, and to seek and derive all moral laws from within the subject solely. In their systems God disappears as the supreme principle of right, and is relegated outside the realm of morals. Others, like Kant, make practical reason the fount of obligation, and as if by way of compensation for the absence of divine sanction for the moral law, admit God as a necessary postulate in making virtue consentaneous with its reward. But, at the same time, he holds that morality, *per se*, does not depend upon God; and, therefore, in discussing morals in the natural order, it is unnecessary to define man's duties towards the Deity—in fine, he proclaims the independence of morality from religion.

The celebrated Cousin, in his great work, the "History of Philosophy," makes his philosophical morality, or natural religion, a product of the human mind. Philosophy is the last and highest effort of thought, and thought's complete development. It embraces all, rules all,—art, science, the State, industry, and religion. God, then, and religion, is not the base, but the apex of morality. Religion does not make morality, but morality makes religion. "Above my will," he says elsewhere, "there is no cause to be sought. The principle of causality expires before the cause in the will; the will causes, it is not itself caused" (1st Ser., Vol. 1, p. 342). If, then, God, the Governor, is not connected with the human will, the will lies wholly outside the field of moral agency and responsibility.

But if religion is not the foundation of morality, then morality can stand without it, and can be separated from religion. In this

case, religion is only an ornament, a help, the reciprocal, or the product of reason.

These men affect not to deny to morality a real and absolute foundation; but this foundation is no other than impersonal reason; reason peculiar to no man in particular, and the same in all men; reason which shines forth in man, but which excels man in dignity and authority. Reason is thus the revelation, not only of abstract, theoretical truths, but also of moral laws, and true obligation arises from quadrating our actions with the precepts which reason imposes.

Others, again, seek the sanctions of morality in the order of the universe, which reason teaches has to be observed. This order points to God, for every work of order is the effect of an intelligent cause. This order is an expression of the order in the divine mind, but it begets obligation without considering it as conserved by the mind or sanctioned by the will of God. Thus morality does not depend on God.

All these thinkers admit some absolute standard of right, but all err in this, that they seek it outside of God. If there is any such absolute standard, it is not, and cannot be, man, nor anything in man, unless man himself be an absolute being. If it is impersonal reason, it supposes a subject, a reasoner, and this reasoner must be either God or man. If it is God, then morality depends upon Him. If it be man, then man must be absolute. If, in fine, it be the order of the universe, that order, without mind or will, is an airy abstraction.

The rights of God in respect to man's moral agency and accountability are founded on the fact of creation. God has absolute dominion over all. Man did not create himself. His existence, his origin, all suppose the contingent character of his being, and contingency supposes a First and Necessary Cause, who is God. Moral order springs from an end, a purpose. And the moral government which rules the universe can only come from the purpose of an infinite good, namely, God. None of man's relations, duties, obligations, thoughts, or speculations can antecede this infinite Being, "Who is all things unto us and we are unto Him." Morality, then, cannot be separated from God; cannot be independent of God, or of religion. Without God there is for man no final end, no law, no right, no duty, no obligation, and no morality.

Now, we humbly conceive that we have demonstrably proved that it is impossible to teach even natural morality, as Cousin terms it, without reference to religion and to God. Even the necessary and fundamental truths of morality, which are true independently of the will of God, have respect to God, and their sanctions and obligations flow from the divine will. Some pagan philosophers acknowledged the obligation of law, but they stopped short at the point of the principle to which the law should have led them. Morality can never reach its full organic growth unless it have God for its vital power. When men seek to exclude God we have philanthropy without charity, urbanity without piety, morality, so-called, without religion, and pharisaic cant, which is ever straining at gnats and constantly swallowing camels. Ah! if the hearts of men were only filled with the pure flame of the love of God as the aim and end of their actions, the Apostolic injunction,—whether we eat or drink, to do all for God,—would be no arduous duty. If the love of God were the motive of their deeds, every office would become exalted; every duty would be sanctified; the meanest work would be ennobled; the sacrifice of the heart would not be cold upon the altar of devotion; the poor would be like unto the rich, and the servant would kiss the cheek of his master.

Conscience leads every man to see that he is under the law of the God who made him and who made the universe. Because he perceives that he is the child of law, he feels the consciousness of guilt when he becomes a transgressor. To men who are shut out from the light of revelation, the law in the heart is the arbiter; for “those who have no written law are a law unto themselves.” But the history of man evinces that there are times when the interior monitor wanders in the dark; when the mind is so perplexed and bewildered, that it fails to distinguish between the path of rectitude and the road to ruin, between the voice of virtue and duty and the voice of selfish interest, unruly passion, and the impetuous sallies of a corrupt and fallen nature. No wonder that the pagan sages sometimes expressed their longing for a supernatural revelation. At the door of death Socrates said: “Now it is time to depart; for me to die, for you to live; but which for greater good, God only knows.” The heart naturally cries for God. Even Moses meekly pleaded: “O Lord, show me Thy face, and I shall be saved.” And we believe the

deepest conscience in the breast of the heathen cried aloud for some star to guide them, some bright light to illumine their solitary way. Without that light the deepest intellects were wildly groping in the dark. We might well put into the mouth of paganism's proudest sages, the feeling language of the great Cardinal :

“ Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom.

Lead Thou me on !

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on !

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see

The distant scene ; one step enough for me.”

But how vain the efforts of man without the aid of revelation ! Look at the history of those men, those peoples, who, destitute of that supernatural light, remained for thousands of years either ignorant, or doubtful, concerning the principal truths of the moral order. For, as St. Thomas teaches, such conditions are required that men by their natural powers could not attain to the possession of such knowledge with anything like certitude, and even if reason were powerful enough to teach all with certainty these moral truths, still it could not, when left to its unassisted lights, explain just how God was to be worshipped ; whether sin could be forgiven ; what was the character of the future life ; was death only a sempiternal sleep ; what sanctions belonged to the law of nature, and many additional mysteries bound up with the great problem of life. Nor could the ignorant learn these things from the wise. To say no more, their teaching lacked the authority which purity of life alone can confer. Their most shining virtues were tinged by the grossest vices, and their most perfect worship by the most debasing superstitions. The Germans had so corrupted their conceptions of the law of nature, that, as St. Thomas declares in his *Summa*, quoting from Cæsar *De Bello Gal.* (7. 2. q. 94), they regarded robbery as lawful, and had lost the distinction between “ *meum et tuum.*” Among the Greeks and the Romans the most extravagant fancies ruled the minds of the most sagacious. One conceived it to be the end of life to follow his passions. Temples consecrated to prostitution flung open their doors in the shining light of day, and abominable vices were deified and revered as gods. Ignorant of their true destiny, and stran-

gers to every virtue, some considered a future life would consist in a transmigration of souls, or in the voluptuous enjoyments of a carnal paradise. Virtue, indeed, they professed to respect, but how seldom were able to practice! Philosophers, they called themselves, or lovers of wisdom, but even Socrates declared that there was no wisdom among them. Anaxagoras thought that all things were enveloped in darkness, and Democritus imagined that truth was buried so deep in the well that no man could possibly find it. Plato wrote of the immortality of the soul, but shed no light upon the subject. "Some," says Cicero, "thought there were gods; others denied their existence; and still others confessed themselves doubtful." Although they had reached a point of civilization conspicuous in the annals of ages; though distinguished in the pursuits of literature, and versed, with a skill unsurpassed, in all the arts and the sciences; though they have left behind monuments of greatness that mock the fingers of decay, and patterns of excellence in culture that shall serve as masterly models to countless generations: yet, with the star of reason only to guide them, they hopelessly drifted in darkness; they spent their lives in the pursuit of pleasures that shamed their high-flown philosophy; they embraced vice as a bridegroom, and blushed not to own the alliance; and, drinking iniquity like water, holding carnival with crime and corruption, they speedily rushed into ruin, and like the sun, going out from view amidst the tempest's clouds and darkness, ere it has reached its meridian splendor, they disappeared from the horizon of the living world, and, unlike the luminary of day, which sinks to rise again, were blotted out forever. Such is the fruitlessness of the attempt to practice morality without religion. They had the light of reason, but what availed it to them? What far-sighted sagacity, what a high reach of intelligence they exhibited in war, politics, and literature, and all that crowns human achievements with glory in the eyes of the world, but what pitiful weakness in governing their passions, and ruling their lives by the star-eyed philosophy they professed to call from the skies. "Their doctrine," says Cicero, "they made an ostentation of science, and not a law for their lives." But, perhaps, they followed their lights. Would we, who bask in the sunshine of revelation, have done any better if we had been in their place? It is more than doubtful. To some it seems strange that for so many thousands of years God shut up His

truth in one little corner of the world ; that He deigned to show His face at capricious intervals to a few favorite tribes among all the peoples of the earth. It seems strange to them that God, who took such pains in creating man, and creating him especially with an almost infinite capacity to know, and an insatiable longing to possess the truth, should not have given him a wider and fuller grasp of that knowledge which alone could make existence a boon. It is beyond our scope to touch on the penalties of sin, any more than has hitherto been done. But we know the stab of the sword of sin pierced mankind to the core ; that earth herself “felt the wound, and trembling through all her parts, gave signs of woe.” And yet we know, for the Apostle tells us so, they were not inexcusable, because from the invisible things He created they would not recognize the Creator. “Professing themselves to be wise they became fools,” and “they changed the likeness of the incorruptible God into the corruptible likeness of birds and beasts, and nearly every creeping thing upon the earth.” In fine, they professed to practice morality without natural religion, and, says Chrysostom, “they were given over to the devil to that degree, that when their teachers uttered anything false or corrupt, they believed and applauded them ; but when anything true chanced to be spoken, it was met with doubt and denial.”

If, then, as the history of the world shows, men vainly seek for morality and virtue by the dim and uncertain lights of nature ; and if, supposing them acquainted with the theory, they could not reduce it to practice, it is evident they stand in need of assistance far more powerful than any that nature afforded. We may, then, affirm that to know, as well as to practice, the truths of morality, supernatural help was essential. It is true, as the Vatican Council declares, that man’s rational powers can carry him to a knowledge of the existence of God. It is true, as Cardinal Newman pronounces upon historical inference, that all the elements of a religious system, including conscience, the presentiment of a future life and judgment, the relations between moral conduct and happiness, remorse and apprehension of evil following the transgression of conscience, were by no means impossible to Heathen Philosophy (University Sermons, p 23) ; but so unsteady, uncertain, and vague were the inward lights of the mind ; so inefficient the sanctions of laws discov-

ered by observing the phenomena of consciousness; so strong the inclinations of the flesh to weigh down all the higher inspirations of nature; so weak the incentive duty without some word of command from the Law-giver—without, in fine, some clear token of a living, personal God, that life seemed to them a perplexing and wearisome chase after some *ignis fatuus*, some ghostly phantom, which, as if under the spell of a magician's wand, eluded the grasp whenever it seemed close to reach. There is no occasion to marvel, then, that the Pagan Stoic, as he committed suicide, complained that he had worshipped virtue, and had found it but an empty name. Without those peculiar lights and gifts—blessings of which revelation is the bearer to mankind,—men have always plunged into various forms of error; superstition ruled their minds; either the egotism of self, or the emptiness of creatures, formed the object of their worship, and except where some faint traces of primitive revelation lingered among them, they were the prey of every idle fancy, every vague fear, every vice and error, that the human mind can imagine, or the heart of man embrace. And, if here and there some superior intellects among them could divinely talk of the splendor of truth, the beauty of virtue, and the excellence of philosophic composure under trials and disappointments; upon mankind in the gross, their doctrines made no impression, for their lives belied their teachings; nor could the mass of men attain to the knowledge of the moral law in its essential fullness, for we know it to be impossible, apart from divine revelation, for all men to acquire knowledge of all truths of the moral law; and assuredly it is important that all should be known and practiced. It seems clear, then, that supernatural revelation is indispensable to mankind for the proper observance of the moral order, and if so, it is impossible to teach morality without inculcating religion. And cut off from the light thus divinely communicated unto men, we behold men all at variance as to the most simple and obvious obligations. If, however, as Mr. Savage says, “these truths are certain, evident, and admitted by all,” whence came it that the lofty genius and penetrating mind of the heathen sages could not agree upon either their meaning or their application? “In what does virtue consist, what is its essence and attributes?” they cried in vain. “What is duty, what is right, who can show us any good?” they asked despairingly.

Some regarded virtue as a fine, subtle quality, mentally grasped by intuition, but too intangible to be capable of definition. Some deemed it utility, which, in modern phrase, signifies no more than to "look out for number one." It is the essence of egotism and selfishness, and supposes as true the theory of Hobbes, that man, whether savage or civilized, lives in perpetual warfare with the rest of his brethren. Others placed virtue in its highest form, in the exercise of benevolence, which was only another name for ostentation and vanity. Some thought virtue consisted solely in justice, and defined it in similar terms, as the *constans et perpetua voluntas jus suum cuique tribuendi*,—the invariable disposition of the will to render to every man his own. They could not see, that, though benevolence is virtue, virtue is more than benevolence; more than utility; more than compassion or pity; more than sentiment or emotion; and more even than justice, which, however, is an essential and basic element.

Freedom and law are the fundamental franchises of the human mind and will. The first makes our actions those of a voluntary agent, and the relations of those actions to law, make them those of a just, lawful, meritorious, moral agent. Analyze our actions as we may, if they are to take on the quality of virtue, we cannot do away with a rule of action, outside, above, superior to the mind, independent of it, though having absolute authority over it. There is an eternal fitness in virtue. The seemliness and propriety of our conduct arises not from the fact that it is congruent with our will or our thought; but from its relation to the will and thought of Him who alone can wake the conscience, kindle love, vitalize virtue, and present to mankind a pattern, which, to imitate, is to cultivate morality. Apart from Him, the loftiest pretensions of human virtue are a chimera and a sham; apart from Him, all man's efforts droop and pine, like a poor flower that never sees the light, and a sickly herb that never feels the sun. Man must always act, not from an interior motive originating and terminating either in himself or in his fellow-men, but from the high principle of regard to the Beneficent Being who made him; that Being against whom His creatures have no rights, but only duties. Even justice without God cannot be justice. Justice, says Justinian, gives to every man his due. But what we owe to our fellow-beings is of God's ordaining. Morality,

some tell us, concerns this life, and is justice and right towards our fellow-men. But why have men any duties towards their fellow-men? I am as good as my neighbor. Man is the equal of man. And if man has duties towards his fellows, it is because those duties have been imposed by a higher and superior will—the will of God.

Now, although the natural sense of right and justice, which, in greater or less degree, is created by the conscience within us, may enlighten us on many points in reference to our duty, it never can adequately explain, and still less enforce, the fulfillment of these duties which it is incumbent on us to discharge towards society. For this the voice of God or supernatural revelation is necessary. If the deepest thinkers have not been able to agree upon the definition of virtue, or have considered it so elementary as to be incapable of definition; if the great sages of antiquity, who worshipped only an unknown God, felt their hearts fail within them lest they might be following a shadow, how can modern wiseacres construct a system of morality that shall be independent of religion? A code of morality fashioned without religion is a moral impossibility and a metaphysical absurdity. And yet they say it is a matter of as much facility to devise such a code as it is to frame a system of mathematics. But even numbers which do not include essential Unity, and God the prime Factor, have no basis of enumeration. All the efforts of man to establish such a code have invariably ended in failure; or if, perchance, owing to the straggling rays of revelation which came down to them, men have been able to incorporate some truth in their systems, they at best presented us with an imperfect and mutilated exhibition of the moral law. Such is the goodness of God, that even when men had shattered their moral constitution by sin, and had turned away from Him to embrace graven images, He did not wholly desert them, but left them some faint glimmerings of light by which they might find their way back to Him who is the Light of the world. For this reason it may well be doubted, as Card. Newman intimates, whether in strict meaning, or historically, there be any such thing as natural religion. No religion, as he says, was ever yet formed by unaided reason. There has never been a time or country in which reason was entirely bereft of aid, and the revelations made to the first and earliest recipients concerning the nature of God and the duty of man, shot rays of light into

those places which elsewhere had remained buried in profound obscurity upon the most fragmentary truths of the moral governance of the world.

But on the hypothesis of man's elevation to a supernatural state, how could man qualify himself for the attainment of the happiness consequent upon his high destiny without the aid of supernatural revelation? Nothing that he could do, no morality that he could practice, could befit him for such state. It exceeded all the capacities as it did the requirements of his nature. Without the light of revelation he could not even know of its existence, and he could not tend towards an end of which he was wholly ignorant. There can be no desire of the unknown. And as it is the office of morality to show to man the end of his existence, and to so direct his free acts that they may all conduce to the acquisition of the end, it is, in the nature of the case, impossible for man to work out his supernatural destiny without the aid of revelation. By revelation God speaks to man. He unfolds to His creatures the divine economy of salvation. His truth, His goodness, His holiness, His beauty are laid bare to man. The whole programme of man's duties is drawn out in obvious characters, so that he who runs may read. The small, still voice in the heart swells into the loud thunders of Sinai. Light flashes on the Gentiles and glory on God's people. Their ideas of duty, of destiny, and God are brightened and illumined. Finally, through the full manifestation of the Godhead in a being of our species, the pattern of God's own Son, the exemplar of all virtue and morality, is set before us; and the unparalleled life of Him who trod the hills and valleys of Judea nineteen centuries ago casts a spell upon our hearts, and we seem to see, to hear, to feel, and touch Him who alone has authority to lead and skill to guide us, "always sensibly present, as it were, by voice, look, and gesture," to encourage us upon our journey, or to reprove us for our delay. And we can have no other morality than that which He has declared unto us. Men to-day, as they always did, will want to burn incense to Baal. They will want to worship Him in their own way, but He will answer, "My ways are not your ways." They that want to worship Him must not worship Him against His will. They that want to light a sacred fire must not burn the house of God. Man can never build morality by uprooting the foundations of religion.

But if morality cannot be taught without revelation, it cannot be taught without the teaching authority of the Catholic Church. For this she has a divine guidance, not only in matters revealed, but also in those opposed to revelation. Nor could she otherwise discharge her commission as the teacher of the nations. She must have authority and capacity to proscribe doctrines at variance with the Word of God (Card. Manning, *Prv. Petri*, Sev. III., p. 66, *seq.*). She is not only the teacher, but the witness and judge of revelation. There is no superior, nor even co-ordinate witness to amend, revise, or alter in any way the judgment which she pronounces. To any one who seeks to interfere with her she can say: "Who art thou, that thou judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth." Those teachers who aim at the complete secularization of education are inspired by the same spirit that animated the sixteenth century reformers, or they are the unblushing advocates of infidelity. The rejection of the authority of the Church by those who uphold the sovereignty of private judgment, is the lawful fruit of the reformation; and most of those who to-day want to secularize instruction, desire to do so just because the Church would have education religious. And religious it must remain. There can be no compromise, no half-way measures, here. It was to impart a religious education that she always claimed and exercised the right to found Christian schools for the instruction of her children. Her zeal in this holy cause is unexampled in history. Long before the contest between the Empire and Papacy had paralyzed her efforts and narrowed her field of operation, she was the teacher of both nations and individuals. She was the educator of the world. Kings bowed before her, and monarchs received the law from her hands. Neither Canterbury nor Constantinople, neither Mecca nor Moscow, spoke with a voice like that of Rome. Long before the Reformers sought to rend the seamless coat of Christ, she dispensed the blessings of learning throughout the world. Her divine organization gave her the right to teach; and she knew that the right gave her a title to the means, and made it her essential faculty to found schools for the dissemination of knowledge. Of the great universities that sprang up in Italy, Spain, France, Germany, and the British Isles, she was the foundress and promoter. Her fostering care gave rise to those far-famed in-

stitutions of learning whose renown is imperishable. Naples, York, Paris, Cambridge, Bologna, Oxford, Padua, Salamanca, Perugia, Valladolid, Saragossa, Seville, and Rheims, were the product of her divine genius and invincible love of learning. It is true, her hands were sometimes upheld by the civil authority, but that was in days when secular rulers had not grown ashamed of their faith, nor jealous of Peter's supremacy. Dr. Bouquillon, the eminent theologian, thinks Charlemagne would suffer surprise if he were told he had not the right to found schools. But it is worth remembering that the emperors were accustomed to act, not only by the solicitation, but even by the command of the Church. The chief purpose of Charlemagne in founding schools was the formation of a learned and efficient body of the clergy (Alzog. Ch. Hist., Vol. II., p. 173). And thus the sixth Council of Paris requested the Emperor Louis to found three public schools in his empire, "that the labor of his father may not, by their neglect, come to be in vain, that the holy Church of God may gain honor and the Emperor an eternal memory." In council and synod, notably those of Valence, Mayence, Paris, Orleans, Rome (826), Toledo, Lateran III. (1179), and Trent, the Church lifted her voice to invoke Bishops and Princes to provide for the support of schools, "that on all sides public schools may be constituted for both kinds of erudition, both divine and human." The custom of paying Rome-Scot, or Peter's pence, had its origin in the effort to establish foreign schools at Rome. All cast their glances towards the city on the seven hills as the seat of learning and the source of piety. And in virtue of her sanction and encouragement, the State seemed to vie with the Church in the extension of educational facilities, as would seem to be the case in view of the prodigious activity of Eugene II. and Lothaire I. in founding and fostering schools. If any modern educator thinks that free public schools were not founded till the Pilgrim Fathers or Horace Mann engaged in the enterprise, let him look at the history of the Catholic Church from the fifth to the fifteenth centuries. He will behold her great religious orders, Benedictines, Dominicans, Franciscans, and finally, the noblest of them all, the Jesuits, going forth to dispel ignorance, to hold aloft the lamp of learning and enlighten them that sat in darkness. The synod of Arles (800) decreed that parish priests should have schools in towns and villages where

the little children might learn the letters from them, without requiring any remuneration other than might be offered voluntarily by the parents. The Emperor Lothaire ordained that eight public schools should be founded in the chief cities of Italy, "in order that opportunity may be given to all, and that there may be no excuse drawn from poverty or the difficulty of repairing to remote places."* Theodulph, Bishop of Orleans, established primary schools throughout the chief towns of his diocese, as early as the year 821, and his example was followed by many others in the Carlovingian Empire. Upon every hillside and in every valley arose, like bright stars of the morning, temples of profane and sacred knowledge to flash light on the so-called "Dark Ages." Episcopal schools, cathedral schools, parochial catechetical schools, Palatine schools, parochial grammar schools, high schools, and academies, like those of Fulda, St. Gall, Milan, Tours, and others; colleges and universities, where from the simplest rudiments of knowledge to the seven liberal arts, defined by John of Salisbury as the *Trivium*, comprising grammar, logic, and rhetoric, and the *Quadrivium*, comprehending music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy, and yet to the higher branches of theology, medicine, civil and canon law, and the oriental languages, with Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic included, were established, and the scholar conducted through a course which often extended, not reckoning his primary education, over a period of twenty years, subsequently reduced, as Card. Newman says, to ten (*Office and Work of Universities*, p. 328). But it was upon primary education her weightiest cares were bestowed. To train them to piety and virtue from their tenderest years, was the absorbing purpose of her life. She knew how small a part of education is the attainment of knowledge, and that not he who knows much, but he who knows rightly, can be called truly educated. Never did her love for them grow cold, nor her affectionate regard decline. *Sinite parvulos venire ad me*, was spoken in the gracious school of Christ. And the Church called the little children to her side, that, from the earliest intimations of reason, she might pour into their fresh, receptive hearts those lessons of divine wisdom which alone could fit them for the felicity of a life, where all who enter must become even as little children. "Unless ye become as little children, ye cannot

* *Mores Catholici*, Vol. I., B. II., p. 391.

enter the kingdom of heaven." Therefore it was that she withdrew them from the turmoil and noise of the world into her monastery schools, where, retired from the distractions and temptations that surround the lives of those unsheltered from the seductions and vanities of mundane employments, she might prepare them for the joys of eternity. Her discipline was mild, gentle, yet effective; her watchfulness was constant and untiring; her influence was irresistible in training them for the discharge of those duties which qualified them to serve their country and their God. Ah! those were happy days. Happy days in those medieval schools, where the young student went forth for his matutinal exercise, as the dawn streaked the morning sky, to listen to the carol of half-awakened birds in the green groves he wandered through, to behold the reflection of the great Creator in the crimson blush of sunrise, and to learn the beauty and splendor of the Maker from the glorious works of His creation. Thus all their education talked to them of God. Their earliest impressions and germinal ideas were all directed to their God. The teachers of those times were deeply imbued with the importance of the child's earliest training. A celebrated woman once said, "If I were to have the direction of a man's life who would live to the age of sixty, give me the first ten, and I can vouch for the other fifty." The Church knows full well the force of the statement, and at every period of her history, she has considered it her highest, her paramount duty to provide for the teaching of the young. "Train up the child in the way he should go when he is young, and when he is old he will not depart therefrom." Never did the tutors of the ages of Faith think of separating religion from the instruction of the child. Said Alcuin to Charlemagne: "I apply myself to minister to some under the roof of St. Martin the honey of the holy Scriptures. Others I endeavor to inebriate with the old wine of ancient learning; others I begin to nourish with the apples of grammatic subtlety. Some I try to illuminate in the science of the stars, as if of the painted canopy of some great house. I am made many things to many persons, that I may edify as many as possible to the honor of the holy Church of God, and to the advantage of your imperial kingdom" (*Mores Catholici*, Vol. I., B. III., p. 230). There we have it all in a word—the good Christian and the good citizen. Nor can a man be loyal to his king who is not loyal to his God. Religion and patriotism are inseparable.

“The child is father to the man.” The children that now prattle around our knees will soon crowd us from the scene and assume our place. If it is important that peace and prosperity should pervade the land; if it is important that harmony, serenity, and love should bless their homes and firesides; if it is important that they should grow up as men of well-poised character, meek and patient, able under all circumstances to rule well the kingdom of their souls; if it is important that virtue should adorn their lives, and morality shine forth in their actions; that their manners and tempers should be gentle as twilight of summer, sweet as the breath of spring, and grateful as the voice of a melody; if, in fine, it is important that their social life should be a sanctuary of peace, their domestic life a dwelling-place of love, and that their existence here below should be but a preparation for the better life to come; then, indeed, it is important that their early education should be judiciously conducted under the influence of example and precept; it is important that their moral nature should be developed by actual exercise, for the love of right-doing is cultivated by right-doing; it is important that the first and the last lesson in nursery and school-room should be to reduce religion to a living principle of action, a rooted habit in the youthful mind; then it is important that parents and teachers should unremittingly seek to instil the doctrines of faith deep in the fibres of their souls, and, whatever else may be taught, to educate them in the knowledge and service of the God of their salvation.

“ And such is man—a soil which breeds
Or sweetest flowers, or vilest weeds;
Flowers lovely as the morning’s light,
Weeds deadly as an aconite;
Just as his heart is trained to bear
The poisoned weed or floweret fair.”

Ah! who understands this better than that Holy Mother who has educated the children of the nations! For this reason, she has, at great cost and pains, and in some countries, against fearful odds, builded and maintained those elementary, or primary, schools in which Catholic children might, from their very earliest years, be instructed in those doctrines and exercised in those practices of religion, which, whatever betide them in this world, alone can yield any security of salvation in the next. With this end in view, Pius

IX., of immortal memory, emphatically declared that in such schools, "above all, the children of the people ought to be carefully taught from their tender years the mysteries and precepts of our holy religion, and trained with diligence to piety, good morals, religion, and civilization. In such schools religious teaching ought to have so leading a place in all that concerns education and instruction, that whatever else the children may learn should appear subsidiary to it. The young, therefore, are exposed to the greatest perils whenever, in the schools, education is not closely united with religious teaching. Wherefore, since primary schools are established chiefly to give the people a religious education, and to lead them to piety and Christian morality, they have justly attracted to themselves, in a greater degree than other educational institutions, all the care, solicitude, and vigilance of the Church." From these luminous words, uttered by a sovereign Pontiff of the Church, the following propositions are evidently taken to have all the force of axioms : First, that education is primarily and chiefly religious; secondly, that every other phase of education must be subordinate to the religious element; thirdly, that education begins with the child's tenderest years, and that these years are of supreme importance; fourthly, that children from their earliest years must be trained to piety, virtue, and religion; fifthly, that the chief end of primary schools is to give people a religious education; and sixthly, that for these several reasons the primary schools have called forth the care, solicitude, and vigilance of the Church of Christ.

If the above propositions admit neither of doubt nor denial, for surely no Catholic will so far sin against his judgment as to challenge them, it may not be irrelevant to ask what becomes of those accommodating systems which make of religion only the tattered tail of the educational kite? Pius IX. says religion holds the chief place; the accommodating genius of the hour says religion holds the second. Vulgar comparisons are not to our taste, but is not this that peculiar inversion of cause and effect which demands that the tail should wag the dog? It seems we have gone woefully wrong-headed since the day our fathers, in spite of their poverty and fogysm, planted the school under the shadow of the spire, and thought to marry religion with the education of the young. Undoubtedly, we are dwelling in the focal point of all that is great and wise and good. The

broken beams of knowledge which shed such a dim twilight on our forefathers are now poured in full glory upon us. It is midsummer madness to deny it. Have not some of our "doctors in Israel" shaken loose from "the mouldering relics of the past," and improved upon the antiquated methods of those old-school pedagogues, who had the weakness or temerity to handicap secular instruction with all that cumbersome millinery which the Pope calls "the mysteries and precepts of our holy religion"? Perhaps we are straining at metaphor. Let us, then, shun all indirection of language.

It has been said by some of our teachers that religion is, indeed, a part of primary school education, but certain contingencies constrain Catholics to seek an adjustment in secular States, on a basis which we firmly believe to be ruinous to the religion of the children. They affect to think this a financial question. The almighty dollar is harassing them, and their circle of vision appears to be circumscribed by a golden rim. "We are hard pressed in some countries," they say, "and poverty is the portion of Catholics." To pay taxes for Government schools, and, concurrently with that, support those educational establishments which our private enterprise and zeal for religion have founded, is a burden that crushes us to the earth. We cannot carry the load; it will break our holy Roman Catholic backs. Besides, look at the magnanimity of the State! The State constructs commodious buildings for educational purposes (with our money, of course), and, throwing open the doors thereof, she invites us all with wide-extended arms to come to her embrace, saying: "Come to me, all ye that labor under the load of Catholic ignorance, and I will enlighten you 'at bottom prices.'" Let us close with this generous proposal, and make a convention with the civil authority. To stand aloof in the face of such a cordial invitation to the governmental "agape," is to place ourselves under the ban of suspicion. We shall be deemed a fractious and unpatriotic element. We shall be considered as morbid misanthropists, warring against the progress of humanity; as contumacious and refractory citizens, blindly wedded to exploded traditions and hide-bound customs, out of time and out of touch with that breadth and unity of view which makes the new era, or, perhaps, irreconcilably hostile to the spirit and institutions of the glorious age in which we live. We are all members of humanity; we are all friends, and as "Ta philon

koina," as Euripides says, we will all use the common schools which the Government gives, or, what is the same thing, we will make our schools common by giving them to the Government. We have nothing to lose and everything to gain. "Ah! there's the rub." Have we nothing to lose? What have we to gain? Let us examine in all candor, for, as the poet says,

"'Tis not enough taste, judgment, learning join,
In all you speak let truth and candor shine."

In all candor let us examine this position and see where its logic halts and its glaring inconsistency appears.

Now, there can be no variance of opinion as to the moral and political injustice of legislation which taxes one class of citizens twice as much as it does another, or which taxes a large class for institutions whose benefits they may not share. Every man who pays taxes ought to reap the benefit of those taxes. Nor can there be any question of the impecuniosity of Catholics in general, nor of the grievousness of the burden which they have to bear in building and supporting their own schools, while they are forced to pay into the common treasury for the education of others. Neither is it a great crime to glorify the age in which our own lot is cast, nor the institutions under which we live. We should not be obstructionists nor malcontents. We ought to fall in with the common current of events as we find them; harmonize with the aims and hopes of our country; reverence her laws and institutions, and accept them with unselfish devotion and patriotic loyalty, provided we have not to antagonize our conviction of religion, to make sacrifice of principle, to yield anything that invades the holy sanctuary of conscience and allegiance to our God. It follows, then, that however loyal and patriotic we might wish to be held by our fellow-citizens, we cannot, either to suit them or to relieve ourselves, give up the religious education of our children. And we are to train them, not to State morality, but to the morality of Christ. We must train them, not in the precepts and mysteries of statecraft, but in "the precepts and mysteries of our holy religion." "May the goddess of common sense light upon your dull perception," says the ultra-loyal and ultra-progressive "accommodationist"; "we are not yielding anything. We are only cutting loose from the moorings of the Middle Ages.

We were not living then, but we are living now. We are confronting a condition and not a theory." Is that a fact?

We raise no questions here at all relative to the rights of the State in the matter of controlling, supervising, or imparting education. Such discussion will come in its place. But we are disputing the right of any "doctor in Israel" to make accommodations with the State, which, to use an expressive but pertinent phrase, "side-track" religion for a few paltry dollars, or for the high prerogative of being considered a doughty defender of public school education, or a patriot deep-dyed in the wool.

In the first place, are we confronting a condition and not a theory? Catholicity is not a theory, for a theory is but a supposition, and may be true or false. Even if it signify, as it sometimes does, a body of doctrines already demonstrated, Catholicity is more than a theory. Catholicity is a fact, and that fact is the Church of Christ, her teachings, her grace, her sacraments, her means of salvation, her members. Theory, in its true sense, says Sir William Hamilton, is opposed to practice; and Catholicity is eminently practical. "Hold on," says the accommodation advocate, "you fail to apprehend the case; Catholicity is not involved. We are merely seeking to adapt ourselves to external circumstances, and since we cannot make the circumstances as we wish, we are honestly endeavoring to conform to the conditions they impose. But we are, in all this, yielding not one jot or tittle of principle." How is this? Let us look into the subject closely, for it is the point that is up for discussion. Here is the condition we are confronting:

We are groaning under the burden we have so long borne, of supporting our own schools. We must seek State subvention in some way. States nowadays are purely secular, and will not aid or recognize religion in any manner. Such, at least, is the character of our State in force of her written constitution. Now, we want to pass over our own schools to the control and management of the State (very generous of poor Catholics), and the State will take them and carry all the expense of conducting them, on condition that we pass our religion out of sight during the hours of secular instruction. What difference does it make when religion be taught, if only it be taught? Yes—if it be taught?

Now, apart from the difficulties that will doubtless arise in special

localities from bigotry and prejudice, this "plan" is open to the gravest objections and is full of fatal defects. It makes religion subsidiary to secular knowledge, and the Church and conscience proclaim just the converse. It tacitly implies that religion and morality are separable, at least for five or six hours of the day, when they may be glued together again. It supposes that religion is like a suit of clothes, to be put on or off at the pleasure of the user. It implies that religion has so little to do with education that all the great branches of school learning, history, geography, composition, and others, can be imparted without the slightest reference to the subject of religion, and is, therefore, a virtual denial of the principle that education is, as Pius IX. said, primarily and chiefly religious. It counteracts one of the most essential elements of religion, its symbolic aspect, because, in most places, under the working of the "bobtail" system, all religious emblems, such as pictures, statues, crucifixes, shall be veiled and thrust out of sight. It shuts out all those pious exercises, such as prayers, blessings, oral aspirations, which Catholic children are wont to make at the opening and close of class recitation, or when the solemn stroke of the clock announces the flight of time, and thus falsifies the maxim that practice makes perfect. It tends to weaken the hold which religion has upon the children's minds, because they will soon learn to regard as of minor importance that which is communicated to them "out of hours." It makes the work of religious education all but impossible, because it brings the children to school so much earlier that laggards will not be on time to get the benefit of the catechetical instruction; and it holds them "after hours," when they are worn out with the tasks of the day, and it vainly calls their attention when their thoughts are longingly turned towards home. It exposes the teacher to possible insult and degradation, who, though in some respects sacred by reason of his or her religious profession, may be cast out by some arbitrary school board, at the instance, perhaps, of some drunken, pig-headed parent, or some child who has been taught to despise the garb he appears in. It weakens the influence of the Catholic clergy, in that it withdraws them more from their children, through whom, for the most part, they have to reach the hearts of the parents. It makes no account of the power of association which, in children, is all but omnipotent. There is no influence, not even that of the

parent, which produces a more lasting effect upon the feelings and habits of the young than the mutual workings of their own minds and actions upon one another.

It tends to swell and exaggerate the importance of the State, and to facilitate its centralizing propensities by multiplying its functions, and placing in its hands an engine of power, which may become all but absolute.

It helps to create the impression, already gaining ground in some quarters, that education is, as Cousin taught, a positive and not a natural right, which, like the right of suffrage, may be conferred only by the State, and exercised only by the permission of the secular authority

It admits, in effect, that the State has, or can have, no religion, a proposition expressly condemned by Leo XIII. in his encyclical on the constitution of States; for it compacts with the State to banish religion during secular hours.

It implicitly adopts the principle that it is beyond the power of the State to make any appropriations for "sectarian purposes," which means that the State cannot foster religion by grant or endowment, and implies that Catholicity is sectarian.

It makes the School Board supreme in prescribing programmes of study, and thus lays Catholics open to the risk of having obnoxious text-books put into the hands of their children.*

It implies that a good Catholic cannot be a good citizen unless he be educated under State supervision, for it argues that a prime advantage accruing to the State from the operation of the plan, is that the State draws under its direction multitudes of Catholics, who otherwise must keep aloof from it.

It is impractical as a general plan, for the majority of school boards will never be brought to consent, that all the teachers must be Catholic in the schools run under the system, if system it may be called.

If such be the case, it does not obviate the danger of Protestant bias or Agnostic tendencies on the part of the teachers, for all classes of teachers are, "and ought to be," eligible candidates for place in the schools of a State which has no religion.

* There may be exceptions here and there, but, in general, the supremacy of school boards would have to be allowed.

It lacks the assurance of permanence and stability, for it is liable to be overthrown at the option or caprice of the first meeting of local magnates, who may take it upon them to do so.

Again, the "bobtail" plan tacitly admits it to be the express function of the State to educate. Thus, to say the least, it confounds education with mere instruction, and it likewise trenches upon parental authority. It makes Catholics, in the eyes of the rest of the people, pensioners upon the bounties of the State; leads their non-religionists to think that they are merely scrambling for the loaves and the fishes, and not for the bread of life. All latent bigotry it stirs up against them; for, as the teachers are garbed as religious, it will be suspected they find too much favor with the civil authorities. Nor will it be bigotry only, but jealousy and hostility, as that feeling grows among the narrow-minded, sedulously fomented and fostered by the sects and their ministers, that the Catholic Church is aiming at nothing short of the absolute control of the whole educational system. It takes the work of education from the serene and unclouded atmosphere of religion, where it now peacefully rests, and transfers it, root and branch, to the murky region of pot-house politics, and wresting it from those faithful hands which have hitherto guided it, it carries it into all fluctuations, corruptions, and contentions of hostile political parties. Of course, it may be answered, that even if any adjustment were had upon a denominational plan, which left us free to teach religion as much and as often as we had the desire, we would still have to submit to the contingencies of political mutation. I answer, that all may be. But for the doubtful and tenuous advantage to be derived from the "bobtail" plan, "the game is, by no means, worth the candle."

But the one all-sufficing objection to the system is, it wipes out the true idea of Catholic education, for it makes it well-nigh impossible to give that education, where Pius IX. said it should be given, in the primary schools. There is not an hour of the day, not a quarter of an hour of the day, in which the Catholic teacher finds, not only occasion, but necessity, to illustrate some truth of faith, some principle of religion, some rule of conduct, which has its bearing in eternity. But the religious atmosphere of the school cannot enter even by the chinks in the walls. To let it in would be hypocrisy and deceit. How dare the teacher talk of God, when the

State, which pays his wages, has no God? If the child should say to the teacher, "Who made the stars, Mr. Principal?" the preceptor might reply, "Never mind now; I'll tell you that at 3 o'clock this afternoon, if I don't forget it." There used to be an idea (I suppose it is exploded long ago) that the mind cannot put itself right about at any instant another gives command. There used to be an idea that the heart could not be driven, but had to be drawn to virtue,

"As if a breeze were there
Sweeping her lowest depths."

The old-fashioned habit of contemplating the great truths of revelation and the destiny of the soul in all our studies and labors, is now obsolete. People used to think that not merely "some time," but "all time" belonged to God, and that constant vigilance was necessary to bring their hearts into the right state towards their Maker; and, perhaps, even now it will be found upon experience that, after six hours of secular study, a little too much of the world will be clinging to their minds to be shaken off at a moment's notice. Correct "habitual" feelings are the result of a life of faith. No faint efforts, made at intervals, will accomplish the great work God has given educators to do.

"There is a life above
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love."

It is no light or flippant task to mould an immortal mind to the principles of rectitude and morality, established by the great Legislator of the world. "It is not all of life to live." Within the child is a "still, small voice," that incessantly cries for God. If it is not listened to in time, it will echo loud and shrill through eternity. Woe to that man who shall deprive that voice of its melody. Nothing that he can do can rectify the evil. Therefore, "in the morning sow the seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand." Learning is an empty shade. Knowledge is of small account. "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom." And where shall she be found, cries holy Job? "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and, therefore, hath it been said: "Train up the child in

the way he should go when he is young, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

For this reason, the Mother of Wisdom, the Catholic Church of Christ, has made primary education the object of her care, solicitude, and vigilance. We believe that the agencies selected by the Creating Mind to move the human, are better for their purpose than any of human invention; and there is no reason to doubt that when Jesus established His Church, the little, unsuspecting, laughter-loving children were all held in remembrance by their sympathetic Saviour, and by Him were committed as an inviolable trust to His holy Spouse. She will never lay down her charge. No man shall wrest it from her. The powers of this world may seek to arrogate it to themselves, but it is a heritage of which no man can deprive her.

" Strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore,"

she will stand against all assaults, whether they come from the rock-ribbed fastnesses of error without, or from the weakness of her followers within, and will proclaim to the world that education has a supernatural end; that education without religion does not form, but deform the world; that the apotheosis of naturalism is the destruction of society; that those States which banish God and religion from the minds of the rising generations are but preparing their own downfall; that the works of Jesus Christ, and the words of Jesus Christ, which constituted her the teacher of the nations, can never pass away, and that she will continue, as she has continued for 1,900 years, to instil into the minds of all her children, but with more solicitude the young, those lessons of wisdom which not all the thunders of a Tully or Demosthenes can teach—that wisdom which alone can teach mankind to breast the storms and resist the temptations of the world, and can lift the soul from the vanities and allurements of a perishable and fallen life to the contemplation of a nobler one beyond the skies. Even so shall parents reap the delightful fruits of her labors, in the affection, obedience, and piety of their children; so shall the State reap them in the virtue, enlightenment, and patriotism of its citizens; so shall the Church militant reap them herself in faithful, zealous, and God-fearing sons and daughters; and finally, so shall the Church triumphant reap them in the multiplica-

tion of those blessed spirits who, in the kingdom of God, shine as stars for eternity, and day and night

“ Circle His throne rejoicing.”

And

“ How sweet to woo and win her favors here !
Beneath the shadow of heaven-gifted souls
To dwell, and drink the life-bestowing stream
Bubbling from Truth’s eternal fountains ! ”

NOTE.—We think it a waste of time and language to discuss here what is called the “ Sunday-School Experiment.” To attempt to teach children the requisites of a religious education in a brief hour once a week would be comical if it were not criminal. We might as well consider a man religious who takes off his hat on Sunday and makes a distant bow to the Almighty as to suppose that a half-hour or an hour’s instruction on Sunday is sufficient to make those children Catholics.

CHAPTER IV.—RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF THE STATE REGARDING EDUCATION.*

In discussing the rights of different powers over education, it is justly assumed that all essential terms take their commonly accepted meaning. No need, perhaps, to state this. But, considering that in the controversy raging, as we write, between skilful combatants, variance of opinion arises from the use of similar terms in disparate senses, it is the part of prudence to define explicitly the terminology here employed, essaying, as we are, to touch the most vexed part of the discussion.

As to the word right, it is taken to signify a morally inviolable faculty of doing, demanding, receiving, or requiring something.† Right is a quality of persons; they only can be the subject of rights. This does not mean that right and duty always co-exist in the same subject. Infants have rights. They have not duties, for, being in-

*Two things are to be borne in mind in reading this article: First, the writer believes in the necessity of public school education, and is not waging war upon the public schools; Second, that our contention is solely for the union of religion and education.

† Zigliara, *Mor. Phil.*, P.I., L.I., C.I., A.I. Tongeorgi, *De juris et officiis*.

capable of reasoning, they can have no knowledge of duty. Right is a relative term, whose correlative is duty. If there is no duty, there is no right. This does not mean that right springs from duty, for both come from law; but it means that if right anywhere exists, there exists a duty to respect that right. We speak of course, of human rights, for man has no rights against God, but only duties towards Him.

The question has been raised whether right comes before duty, or duty before right. Inviolability is the essential characteristic of right. And my right is inviolable, because others are bound to respect it. Logically, then, duty may be taken as prior to right, but not ontologically, nor causally. There was no obligation to respect the right before the right existed, and there was no right without the obligations which make it inviolable. "If by the dictate of reason I owe you reverence, obedience, love, and other such duties, you can, according to reason, exact all these from me. But my duty does not spring from your right, nor your right from my duty; for, correctly speaking, both arise simultaneously from the law of eternal order made known to us by the light of reason."* And, as St. Thomas says, "the law is not, properly speaking, the right itself; it is the measure of right";† and it is the measure of duty. Again, as Zigliara observes, "Right and duty are correlative terms, and correlatives do not cause each other, but flow from a common fountain."‡

As to the various kinds of right, the distinctions to be noted here are: 1st, direct and indirect; 2d, absolute and hypothetical; 3d, perfect and imperfect; 4th, alienable and inalienable. It may be observed that a natural right may also be an acquired right, but not every acquired right is natural. Thus, by nature, parents have the right of educating their children, but the right is acquired by the fact of paternity; and a man may acquire the rights of citizenship by the enactments of positive law. The fact on which right is founded is termed the title to the right.

In reference to the word education, the preceding pages of this discussion fully expose the sense in which it is used here. To educate is to unfold the full contents of the man. Education is the

* Taparelli, *Saggio di diretto naturale*, N. 347.

† Q. Q. Quæst. LVII., Art. I.

‡ Lib. III., P. 2, C. 2, Art. 2.

orderly and harmonious development of all the faculties of man, as these faculties refer to a fourfold object, man himself, the external world, society, and God. Man's education is thus four-sided.

Since, however, this quadruple development must not only be commenced, but must chiefly be attended to in the season of childhood, education most properly refers to the training and teaching of children.

That such is the legitimate use of the word education, we might show from a host of citations. But it is unnecessary. Let it be taken for granted that we are all agreed upon the definition, for, as Cardinal Newman says, if we rightly define, we shall soon cease to dispute.

It follows, then, that education is not the mere communication of truth. Education goes far beyond mere instruction, or any mere communication of knowledge. Education implies the imparting of knowledge, but not all communication of knowledge is education. "Knowledge puffeth up," says the Apostle, but humility is the characteristic of the scholar and the educated man. Knowledge forms the mind; education, the heart and the character. Knowledge trains a part; education trains the whole, and as the whole is greater than the part, so is education greater than instruction. Instruction may help to make an intellectual man; education makes him a moral and religious being. Instruction, as such, prescind from man's final end; education always makes account of man's end and destiny. Instruction, as such, lies in the secular order; education appertains to the spiritual. The first may fit a man for the life of the world; the second prepares him for heaven and for God.

Every man may have naturally the right to communicate truth; not every man has the right to educate. Education implies not merely the power of precept, but also the power of efficacious command. The right to make rules is one thing; the power to enforce them is another. The right to educate and the authority to educate are distinct in conception, but they are inseparable in practice. No man has the right to educate, unless he have also the authority directly or indirectly. Every man has the right to spread the light, but no man has a right to turn it upon eyes unwilling to receive it. Every man may have the right of instructing the ignorant, but not every man has authority to make them receive his instruction.

Nor is this any confusion of right and the exercise of right. The physician has the right to practice medicine, but he has no authority to make people swallow his physic. To suppose that he had, would be to confound his right with its exercise. But the educator has the right not only to teach his doctrines, but also to enforce their acceptance, or he is not in the true sense an educator. To educate is to unfold the full contents of the man. Among man's faculties, his will is pre-eminent. To educate the will is to mould, to train, to direct, to govern it. Education, then, is government, and government supposes authority.

It follows, then, education is not the same as the exercise of works of mercy, nor of fraternal correction. I have not only the right, but also the duty to correct my brother if he "offend against me," but if he will not hear me, and those I appeal to aid in the correction, I must invoke the authority of the Church to compel his obedience, and if he reject this authority, he is become "as the heathen and the publican." * But my own unsupported authority is unequal to *commanding* my neighbor's correction, and this is precisely the difference between fraternal and paternal correction.

Individuals, as such, or every physical person, suitably competent, has doubtless the right to communicate knowledge. But this right is founded on fact, viz., the consent of others to receive such communication. Before the existence of such fact, the right is vague, indeterminate, abstract, hypothetical; after the fact exists, the right becomes defined, concrete, actual. To have no actual right is to have no right; just as to have no clothes is to go naked. Properly speaking, the right hardly existed at all antecedently to the will of him who seeks the knowledge imparted, but was conferred upon the instructor by the one seeking instruction; or, if it existed, it was only inchoate, incomplete, and imperfect. This is not confounding right with the exercise of right; but the contrary doctrine, that every man has the right to educate, is confounding the capacity or ability to do a thing with the right of doing the same. If I have the right to do a thing, I have the right *to do it*, and there's an end of it. If I have the right to educate, I have the right to educate, irrespective of consent, for I have the authority to compel consent. And for this reason we may as well put out of consideration the right of individ-

* Matt. xviii. 17.

uals to educate, for their rights are secondary, derived, delegated. They have as much right as they have authority, and they have as much authority as they have received—from those who have both right and authority, the parents of children.

If no individual, as such, has this authority, neither has any collection of individuals, as such, the authority. For no one gives what he has not to give. It is quite true, that there is no more right or authority in an association of individuals, than in the persons separately who compose the association. Each brings into the association just what he had and no more. It may not be validly objected, that no individual has the right to inflict capital punishment, yet such right exists in society. It need hardly be remarked, that society is not a voluntary association, or aggregation of individuals. If Hobbes, Locke, and Rousseau are right in their theory as to the origin of civil society, then the State is a mere aggregation, and society would have no more authority than that of the individuals who composed it, and no man, and no number of men, would have the right to take life, save in self-defense. If, on the other hand, in society, properly constituted, there exists an element of power, not in the individuals composing it, it arises from the fact that society is more than an association of persons.

That argument is, therefore, illogical which affirms that as the individual, the collection of individuals, or an association, so also the State has competency over education. This we declare, not to deny to the State all jurisdiction over the education of its citizens, but to show that, if it possesses any such rights at all, they flow, not from the principle of association, but from the organic constitution of society, and from something vital to its very existence. If, as seems to us, every association, as such, has not the right to educate, Dr. Bouquillon's contention that the State, like every society, has such right, is urged to no purpose. What rights, in this respect, pertain to the State, belong to it not because it is an association, but because it is more than an association can ever be.

What, then, is the State?

To answer adequately this question, it is needful to recall the Mosaic account of creation. Agreeably to the Biblical narrative, man was created, not as an individual merely, but as the head of the race, the father of the family, the first factor of the civil order. Natural

society, from which civil government derives its origin, had its root in the primal parent of the race. The crown of creation and the noblest work of the Creator, man did not suffice for himself; "it was not good for him to be alone." God, therefore, drew forth from Adam's side, while he slept, her who was to be his consort and helper in the propagation and extension of the race.

The family, then, was an essential part of the divine plan, and upon the institution of marriage the security and permanency of the family was founded. The family was the incipient or embryonic State, and civil government was established by God, no less than marriage, religion, and society itself, for government is essential to society.

If the human race were a mere collection of individuals, without any organic solidarity, unconnected in origin, and independent as to life and development, the order of civil government would have been unnecessary; but as man was born a social animal, as Aristotle observes,* was to live in intercourse with his kind, depend on God through society and attain his final perfection by means of such communication, the authority of government formed a necessary part of the providential plan in the economy of the world. This jurisdiction was originally vested in Adam as the father of the family and the head of the race.

Aristotle traces the origin of the State to the family, as the unit of society. The State, he affirms, is founded in nature, and man is by nature a social animal; for he who, not by the fault of fortune, but by the impulse of nature, lives outside of society; he who cannot contract association with others, or does not stand in need of communion with his fellows, forms no part of society, and is either a beast or a god, of whom Homer says,

"Cui neque curia, nec lex est, neque Vesta, Laresque." †

Accordingly, with the progress of time, and as the exigencies of the race demanded, and the family grew into the patriarchal tribe, the divine authority of government was more clearly drawn out by the Author of human society when He conferred upon it the "right of the sword." The power of capital punishment was conferred by

* De re Politica, Lib. I., cap. 1.

† De re Politica, Lib. I., cap. 1.

God on the State for its own preservation, for, as Vattel remarks, self-preservation is the first law with nations, as with individuals. Thus life is protected by taking away life which invades it.

Under the earliest ordinances of society, when all were closely united by common belief, common hopes, and recency of common origin, civil government and religion, or Church and State, were conjoined in perfect and harmonious alliance. This was a divine or theocratic constitution of society, exemplified under the Mosaic dispensation and imitated throughout heathendom, for the pagan ruler was both emperor and pontiff.

When, however, the patriarchal system, once exercised by Adam, Noah, and Abraham, disappeared, or was disused by all but barbarians, the political nation sprang into being and the civil order put on its perfection. Marriage, divine worship, the exercise of supreme authority by the civil power, and the union of Church and State in the same governing authority, were the essential features of the theocratic stage of society. The new civil order was the harbinger of a change. While the religious and civil orders were to run on parallel lines, never conflicting, never hindering, but helping each the other, both acting in concert and correspondence, but with due subordination, for the well-being of society; it seemed, nevertheless, more consonant with the development of the race that the two powers should be no longer vested in the same subject. The religious and the civil powers are distinct as to laws, ends, and authority, and should be so as to their different spheres of action, neither impeding nor excluding the other. To this view Christ Himself gave concurrence, when in answer to the demand of tribute to Cæsar, He replied: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's."

But alas! many pagan States rejected the new religion, and the political philosopher who traces the history of the race cannot fail to note how the lines of divergence between the two orders, which, though distinguishable, are not disparate, have grown wider and wider apart. The civil power has for centuries sought to aggrandize itself at the expense of the ecclesiastical, not only by sequestrating the Church's property, but by sacrilegiously invading her sanctuary. Witness the long contest of the Papacy and the Empire; the great revolt of the sixteenth century; the arrogance of Napoleon the Great;

the occupation of Victor Emmanuel; and behold it still more in the atheism and infidelity of the modern European Governments, the secularization of education, and the persistent attempt to expunge from the whole civil order the last vestige of the supernatural, combined with the rejection of the authority of the Catholic Church. It is a sad reflection, that at this day there is hardly a civilized nation which professes to be guided by the teaching authority of that Church to which was given the commission to teach the nations.

But whether the State be pagan or Christian, its rights, in the natural order, are the same. The heathen prince acquires no new authority in the civil order when he enters the door of the church, nor does he forfeit his right to rule, if like Julian, the Emperor, he abjures the Christian religion. The rights of the State depend on the end and constitution of the State and extend to the domain of temporals only, though such restriction does not imply the State has no concern with the morality of the Gospel and the action of supernatural grace.

Justice is the foundation of the State; for, as Aristotle has it, the judgment (*i. e.*, justice) of society constitutes the civil order.* And Vattel says: Justice is of strict obligation with nations.

The State, consequently, exists for the maintenance of justice, the preservation of natural rights, the conservation of order, the protection of property and those external goods which are necessary for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Its jurisdiction lies wholly in the temporal order, and it cannot fetter the minds nor control the consciences of men.

But the State is, nevertheless, a power—a sovereignty, if you will, and it holds from God, but not in the sense in which we speak of the divine rights of kings. It speaks to all; it commands and can enforce obedience in its own sphere. As a sovereignty, it is by its nature a free and independent society, or political organization. It may determine the form of its internal constitution; may establish, alter, or even abolish its municipal government; may pass from a pure democracy to a monarchy, a despotism, or a mixed government. As a body politic, it has affairs and interests peculiar to itself and for which it is responsible; it is a moral person, capable of

* *Justicia civilis res est. Nam judicium societatis civiles ordo est.* Arist., *De re Politica*, Lib. I., cap. I.

deliberation and resolution, susceptible of right and obligations. From its nature it has efficacious public authority to order and control what is done by its individual members, as far as their actions affect the end and object for which the State has its being. This political authority, whether vested in one or many, is the sovereignty of the State. A sovereign State may be defined: A people organized into a body politic, fixed to definite soil, and exercising the rights of self-government.

Now occurs the question whether it is the right and office of the State to educate? If the State exist at all, it must have some functions. Is education one of them? If we adhere to our definition, and take education to mean the unfolding of the full contents of the man, then we unreservedly answer, that it is not the business of the State to educate. It is not the office of the State to teach religion, and religion is the chief part of education. The logic of this is inexorable. Modern republics now vaunt themselves on their emancipation of all religious control, and could not consistently teach to the rising generations what has been repudiated as useless, if not injurious, to society.

It may be answered that the State has the right to procure what is necessary for the temporal welfare, and education is above all things necessary.* To this it may reasonably be replied, in the words of Aristotle, that not everything that is necessary to the State is *directly* procurable by the State. This principle the great Stagiritic admitted, though he held the State to be prior to the family, prior to the individual, as the whole is prior to its parts.

Even were that peculiar theory adopted which makes the State the sole end of the State, men would strenuously object to have the State interfere in their domestic concerns; to make sumptuary laws; to paralyze individual industry by assuming control of arts, trades, manufactures, and all the means of transportation and communication; to tell us what we shall eat, how we shall dress, or to re-enforce the old curfew law fixing the hour of retirement at night; to usurp, in a word, all those functions which private individuals now perform for themselves far more efficiently than the State; to destroy what Card. Manning calls the "unbought energy" of the people, and arrogate to itself all the enlightenment and intelligence of the

* Dr. Bouquillon, "The Right to Educate: To whom does it belong?"

community. We have had a sample of State supremacy in Illinois, where the obnoxious Edwards law was enforced, till nobly fought down by the distinguished Bishop of Peoria. We have seen it in the Bennett law of Wisconsin, strenuously opposed by Catholics and Lutherans alike.

In this land of America exists a large class to-day who want to exalt State authority into the absolute. Is this country Europeanizing? Are we to introduce here the old-world despotisms? Shall we have an American Cæsar? General Grant gave great impetus to the movement in favor of strong government, and it may well be believed that his defeat in securing a nomination for a third term was a barrier against the introduction of imperialism in government on the shores of the new world. General Grant took advanced ground on the school question, when he spoke of the sanctity of the school funds at Des Moines, Iowa, and it is a notable fact, that those Catholic ecclesiastics who are seeking to extend the rights and powers of the State, are members of the Republican party. We seem to forget that the government is the servant, and not the master of the people; that the State exists for the people and by the people; that the people were not made for the State, but the State for the people; that our government is no more than a corporate agency to execute the will of the people, to administer justice, secure property and personal rights, and play in general the role of police officer. In the people, under God, resides the sovereignty of the nation, and the right of the State and the duty of the State is to discharge the functions assigned to it within the sphere of its delegated authority. But the State nowadays, after the example of all despotisms, takes upon itself to control the education of its subjects in all respects, and claims the children as belonging to herself. She is like a great feudal lord, and by assuming parental rights, as if parents were unqualified for the duties which God placed upon them, the State verges daily towards that paternalism which the fathers of the country washed away in the blood of the Revolution.

But if the State has not the right to educate, in the sense in which we use the word, has not the State the right to impart secular instruction to its subjects? We distinguish: That she has a special and *direct* right to do so, we have not been able to establish, though we have diligently searched the pages of many great writers on the

subject, and perhaps the strongest argument in favor of the affirmative are the words of Mgr. Sauvé, quoted by Dr. Bouquillon: "Ma thèse est donc celle-ci: Le pouvoir civil a été investi par Dieu du droit de procurer le bien commun temporel, et par là même de favoriser et d'ouvrir au besion des écoles qui contribuent à ce bien." * Mgr. Sauvé observes: "the opposite thesis which refuses to the State all right to teach does not appear to us probable." †

But after a careful examination of the whole chapter on the Liberty of Education, we fail to find that he anywhere makes a claim for a direct, special, and proper right to teach on the part of the State. In the passage above quoted, he affirms that the State has been endowed by God with the right to favor and to open schools, but does not assign to it the function of schoolmaster. And all the authorities cited by Mgr. Sauvé, and quoted by Dr. Bouquillon, can be quoted only to the same effect, as may be seen by a reference to the originals. Thus, for example, Hammerstein: "The State and the Church have, both, the right to found schools, and to each belongs the direction of the schools founded by itself." † Thus, too, Cavignis; thus Costa-Rosetti, and thus Cardinal Zigliara, are cited to prove the right of the State to establish schools. Card. Zigliara speaks of the State's right and duty to found schools, for the providing better opportunities (*media aptiora*, he calls them), for the intellectual and moral education of the young. But not one of these authors appears to claim for the State the direct, special, and proper right to teach or educate.

If the State has such right, whence does it emanate? Not from the natural law; for in force of it, education is the province of parents. Not from the divine law, for by its disposition the Church is the teacher of nations. Whence then? From the end and nature of society, or the State, which is established to procure the temporal common good. But for this the State need not herself be the educator. It is a grave question whether the temporal common good is not better procured when the State leaves education to others. Card. Manning thinks so, when he shows how State monopoly destroys individual effort, and how people appreciate far more highly what costs them sacrifice and self-denial.

* "Questions Religieuses et Sociales," par Mgr. H. Sauvé, p. 271.

† Ibid., p. 271; Hammerstein, *De Ecclesia et Statu*, p. 146.

But has the State no rights in respect of education? Yes; and those rights are manifold.

Granted that the end of the State is to procure the temporal common good; in attaining that good the State has to respect natural law and the natural rights of man. And parental control of education is a natural, inalienable, and inviolable right. Moral or mental incompetency is only apparent exertion, for their control ceases to exist. The State, therefore, cannot compel the parent to send his child to a school which, as a parent, he disapproves in conscience. The father can say: "Who art thou, that thou judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth."

But the State has the right, and the duty as well, to supplement the family. Hence she can and she ought to provide agencies or means that parents may the better secure the education of their children. This she can accomplish by founding and endowing schools, as the wants and necessities of parents demand such educational establishments; but she can do so only when her subventions and endowments conduce to the public weal, which is not the case if education be sufficiently provided for by private enterprise. For on this hypothesis, the founding of State schools could only effect an unnecessary burden of taxation, or eventuate in crushing out the private schools which were first planted. Such a result is not unlooked for in England, where the "Board Schools," supposed to supplement the voluntary schools, are, by partial and discriminating distribution of educational funds, pushing the voluntary institutions to the wall.

The State can also supplement the family by undertaking the education of fatherless and friendless children, and children of those parents who are so poor or so incompetent as to be unable to satisfy their duty towards their offspring, especially if those who have next right after the parents are wanting in the emergency.

The State has likewise the right to protect itself against ignorance and the vices that commonly are adjuncts of illiteracy; she has the right to see that her citizens do not grow up as barbarians, but as intelligent and competent voters with sufficient information to enable them to discharge the duties of citizenship; she has the right to guard against the degeneracy and decay which are sure to ensue where society is long subject to the blighting effects of an unschooled population.

The State has the right, under just or pressing necessity, to employ constraint even, to carry into her schools those whose ignorance would menace society; but the State has not the right of so educating children as to compel parents to send them to those schools precisely which it establishes; nor to reserve to itself the sole right of teaching and founding schools; nor to exact a minimum of education and prescribe the quantity and quality of the subject matter, which, if omitted, would savor of negligence, in schools not of its own founding. Cousin thought the obligation of imposing elementary instruction upon all was as much the province of the legislative power as the enforcing military service; and if for reasons of public good, she can enjoin the latter, *a fortiori*, she can command the other as a utility of a higher order. Though it be conceded that the State can compel parents to give their children such instruction as they absolutely need lest they become a burden to society; still we can reject the contention which claims for the State power to exact from every child such instruction, and such only, as the *State deems* elementary, which often extends to things superfluous, frivolous, and even detrimental. In some places a study of Greek mythology was enumerated among the necessities of a school training. The fact is, the education fetich has hoodooed the people. In Scotland, a few years ago, dancing formed a regular part of the curriculum, and whist, chess, and backgammon ought to follow to round out the course. At a meeting of the Schoolmasters' Club, held in Boston, February 15, 1890, it was declared that the manual school was not high enough; it should be a college. Schools to-day are organized, not as children's improvement, but as teachers' mutual admiration societies; they exist not for the benefit of scholars, but for that of teachers. The academic course at the Chicago Manual Training School is the same as that at an English high-school. With Latin, Greek, and French as elective studies. Drawing is followed five hours per week; shop work ten hours per week;—not for the purpose of making artisans and tradesmen, but for producing cultured men who are to do the hard thinking of life. It must be assumed they are to think with blocks, saws, and chisels. Those who take any interest in sanitary reform do well to protest against overburdened courses of study, and demand time for healthful exercises to take the place of mere memory work, which Dr. Rice de-

clares to be the capital defect of every public school he visited in the last six months.

We know, of course, that the man who could devise a system to suit everybody went to heaven long ago ; but it is patent to all observers that the friends of the public school system are in a fair way to crush it by weighting it down with extra burdens. They were about to pension teachers at Albany. Already text-books are free; ham sandwiches should follow for the lunch hour, and toboggan slides and merry-go-rounds for the recess. It is high time to call a halt here. It is time to determine the limits of public benefaction in the domain of education. Free education just now enjoys great cry. For the poor, and for the thousands and thousands of children of the land, who, without State aid, would grow up in brutal ignorance, the public schools are a boon above price. But there is no popular demand for unlimited extension of the common school system; extension which is vigorously pushed by men like Chancellor McCracken, of New York, and the vast army of educators and politicians, who are the beneficiaries of the system. Let it be remembered that common schools were first founded in this country for the benefit of the poor, and not for the periwigged professors, who draw from the common treasury a square yard of salary for each pound of mental pabulum bestowed upon their pupils. These are the men who are incessantly urging the legislators to found a national university, not so much to form the national character, as they term it, as to favor the forces of centralization which are daily operating in the body politic, and to provide unstinted emolument and high honors for themselves, as the high-priests of literature and learning in the nation. This innovation upon our pre-established policy and usage is the boldest yet promulgated by our pedagogues, and it is the more dangerous to constitutional liberty, in that it takes shelter under the pretext of forming the national character by uniformity of ideas wrought by educational processes.

If man was made for the State, and not the State for man, then man should be educated in the image and likeness of the State. Aristotle seems to incline to this view, for he says : " Since the end of all society is one and the same, it is necessary that education and discipline be the same; and the procuration of this education must

be public and not private."* For this reason, he lauds the Lacedæmonians, who sought to establish the unnatural system of absolute uniformity in education. Frindelenberg affirms that the State has the right to exert her powers in education, so that the minds and wills of all be imbued with common sentiments and common moral ideas, and it is in the nature of the case that the State should be the educator.

We believe in the solidarity of nations, through their governments, and we hold to a certain solidarity of the whole human race. International law has advanced to the dignity of a science, and the assimilation of nations with one another on account of their interdependence and community of interests grows apace with the advance of the centuries. But the dream of Gregory the Great will, doubtless, never be realized, for it is improbable that absolute unity of faith will ever prevail, despite the well-meant efforts of evangelical alliances; and without such principle of unification, social and commercial intercourse, treaties, concordats, even unity of language and education, cannot break down geographical barriers and efface those distinctions which clime and distance always must beget, or effect anything more than that friendly relationship and familiarity of intercourse which is founded upon considerations of commercial policy and the preservation of peace among the nations of the earth.

It is, no doubt, true that the Author of human society has ordained that a certain conformity of ideas should exist, not only among the members of one nation, but among all the members of the race. But national unity is sufficiently conserved by having parents teach their children ideas of patriotism, incorruptible citizenship, and the faithful performance of all civic duties. In point of fact, parents are wont to do this. An Englishman will educate his child as an Englishman; a Frenchman, his as a Frenchman; an American, his as an American. But if a Bohemian in Chicago, or a German in Milwaukee, elects to have his child taught in the language which his parents before him learned, and which alone, perhaps, they speak, what right has the State to interfere? As a matter of fact, the German language is now taught in the public schools, or in many of

* Arist., *De re Politica*, Lib. VIII., Cap. I., *De educatione puerorum*.

them, but there is no outcry against this "un-American" and "anti-Republican" proceeding.

It is regrettable that this cry of Americanism comes, for the most part, from Catholics—and Catholic ecclesiastics at that. They tell us that parochial schools are nurseries of sedition, and every little Catholic child educated by the mild-mannered and peace-loving religious is a Benedict Arnold in embryo. Has not a great voice out of the Northwest proclaimed the alarming truth—defenders, get your guns—that Catholic schools are unpatriotic and un-American? It must be so; it is treason to deny it.

It is worthy of record for the honor and good sense of Protestants, that as a body they have never been guilty of the wanton brutality of trumpeting forth such malevolent and extravagant rhodomontade. This degrading employment was a task coveted by none, it seems, but those of our own household. "He that hath not the care of his own, is worse than an infidel."

It is both profitable and interesting to compare the utterances of Protestant clergymen and laymen on the subject with those of men who live by the sanctuary and have been ordained, to spread, not discord, but the gospel of peace among men.

Says President Elliot of Harvard: "The public schools are defective, barren in moral results, and from a secular standpoint, are far below the schools of Germany."

In the *North American Review* for December, 1880, Richard Grant White declares, in discussing the "Public School Failure": "If the public school were what it was set up to be, its fruits would by this time be manifest. After fifty years of common schooling, our large towns swarm with idle and vicious lads and young men who have no visible means of support. Crime and vice have increased, *pari passu*, almost with the development of the public school system. Filial respect and parental love have both diminished."

Rev. Dr. Hodge, professor in Princeton Seminary a few years ago: "Shall not all of us, who really believe in God, thank Him that He has preserved the Roman Catholic Church in this country true to that theory of education on which our fathers first founded the public schools of the land, and which has been so madly perverted?"

Rev. J. Minot Savage, of Boston: "If I were a Catholic, as I am

a Protestant, I would regard it as intolerable tyranny to be compelled to support or send my children to schools which I could not use in conscience."

"The public school is a fetich to the public mind," says a New York lawyer of high standing in the Episcopal Church, whom I am not at liberty to quote.

I might multiply these references unendingly, but it will amuse and astonish us to note some singular utterances of the Catholic clergy.

"The public schools are the most cherished institutions in our land."—P. Rock.

"Blessed be the hillsides and valleys they adorn. Withered be the hand raised in sign of their destruction. They are the schools of the rich and the respectable. Parochial schools are not equal to them," etc.—The great Voice of St. Paul, not to Philippians, but to the Mississippians, and the trans-Missourians.

"The public schools are the best in the land."—Small voice which chronicles sayings in the Northwest. But of this enough. The education fetich will cease to unbalance the mind so soon as it is discovered that it is only a lump of metal, a brazen image, or a piece of clay.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne
And worship only Thee.

At present education, or rather instruction, is the one predominant and all-controlling influence of society. Our social policy, from top to bottom, inclines to instruction. "The gates of Castle Garden open inward," said President Harrison, and those who tremble when contemplating the immigration problem, are lulled to security by the siren voice of the educational enchantress. If any sociologist or statesman is asked how we are to assimilate the swarms of foreigners yearly dumped upon our shores, he answers with confident complacency: "Educate them; public school them," and presto! they are full-fledged American citizens, each man with a ballot in his hand and a copy of the Constitution in his pocket. But there is no magical virtue in the process to re-create men. If men and women could be made better by instruction, then our people ought

to be the most moral and law-abiding in the world, for as a great American statesman once said, "they are the most 'common schooled' people on earth." American reformers expect "by pouring fresh instruction on the mind" to lift up the fallen creature of the slums, the savage Sioux of the West, and his dark-skinned brother at the South, as well as the ignorant emigrant from Europe, just as the angel lifted Habacuc, by the hair of the head, to a condition of ideal manhood and to a full conception of all the duties and dignities of American citizenship. The moral part of man is seldom attended to, or such attention is deemed superfluous, if he be crammed with blocks of knowledge.

The statistics of crime with us show that morality and instruction are wholly different principles. The offences most frequent are those committed by men of average education. The percentage of prisoners who do not read and write is very small. There is absolutely nothing in the power of arithmetic, or physiology, or even in a course of pedagogics to restrain man's animal passions, or to prevent his forging a check when the occasion tempts him to the crime. *There is no salvation in the spelling-book.* But it is almost blasphemy to utter a word in criticism of the innumerable devices for gorging the people with knowledge. Knowledge is power, it is true; but it is often power to go to the devil. In some way, however, common schooling is regarded as a panacea for all the ills that man is heir to, and to purify the purlieus of our cities and rescue the forlorn emigrant, it is only necessary to cram the subject with knowledge. Cram him till you suffocate him, if you like, and you will either kill or cure him.

The end of all education is the formation of character and the shaping of destiny, not for time, but for eternity. Training in morals must come first. Physical science, intellectual training, and even æsthetic culture, can effect nothing more than the production of a class of men who, while remarkable for acuteness of intellect, are far more distinguished, like those of ancient Sparta, for moral disorder, immanity of manners, and cruelty of heart.

But we do not deny the necessity of public education if understood with its proper limitations. The State should in every way foster and promote, as well as facilitate, the training of her future citizens. The State should supplement the family by compelling

negligent parents to satisfy their obligations in regard to the education or instruction of their children. But the State must not trench upon the rights of others ; compel children to go to certain schools and no others, even against the manifest wish of parents ; reserve to herself exclusively the right of establishing schools, and take upon herself the functions of teaching and educating altogether. We deny the right of direct or equal concurrence of the State with the parent in the training of the child, unless we admit Danton's theory that the children belong to the State ; or Stahl's, that education flows from parental and State rights conjointly ; and we deny whatever illation comes from such supposed right. It is, perhaps, opportune to remark here that Mgr. Satolli, in his address to the Archbishops, did not, as some incline to think, proclaim the direct right of the State over education. "Absolutely and universally speaking," he says, "there is no repugnance in their (the pupils) learning the first elements and the higher branches of the arts and natural sciences in public schools controlled by the State, whose office it is to *provide and protect* everything by which its citizens are formed to moral goodness. The State should protect religion, but who will thence infer that she must teach religion?" Those who care to pursue the subject farther, should read Mgr. De Concilio's pamphlet on State Supremacy in Education, or that of Fr. Conway, S.J., on the same subject.

How stands the question now? It has been agitated by learned men, sometimes with acrimony, but always with ardor, for the last two years, and we seem far off from a settlement, as yet. Even the Pope's decision will not finally adjudicate it. It will settle dissension on the policy which Catholics are to pursue towards the State and public education, but it will scarcely alter the attitude of Protestants and others, effect any change in the present methods and theories of State education, or pull down the great god secularism which all Americans are now worshipping with undeviating devotion.

When public schools were first formed, several courses were open for adoption : First, to omit religious teaching in its denominational forms ; secondly, to exclude religion altogether, and proscribe it absolutely ; and finally, to adopt a temporizing course by imparting to the schools a non-sectarian character, which, though deceiving many, has satisfied but few. Under the last system, Prot-

estantism was smuggled into the school-room, till the vast numbers who rejected its tenets, rose in rebellion, and the educators fell back on the principle of excluding religion altogether, and as a natural result, we are growing up a nation of infidels. Distinctive religious lines are being rapidly effaced. Dogma, even such as Protestants have, is on the decline. Membership in Protestant Churches is constantly decreasing, and from a Protestant pulpit in the city of New York, a minister dolefully inquires whether Protestantism is a failure. And no wonder. When a child is not impressed at school with the idea of the importance of religion, but is taught the rather that it makes no difference what religion a man professes, or that Buddha, Mahomet, and Christ are equally objects of reverence, how long is he to be expected to hold fast the faith of his forefathers?

"But all are agreed that the State cannot recognize religion." "The State has nothing to do with religion except to protect every citizen in the exercise of his religious liberty." Granted; that is recognizing religion. The State now not only recognizes religion, but protects and favors religious institutions. She exempts them from taxation; she admits recognition of religion in denominational institutions which obtain State aid, such as asylums, hospitals, protectories, refuges, and other establishments where a distinctive form of religion is taught by teachers paid by the Government, and the same principle is countenanced by the Federal authority in the Indian schools, where the Protestant or Catholic religion is taught.

"The State cannot recognize religion." What folly! How are Catholics caught with such chaff? The State recognizes religion in a thousand ways. The common law is inseparably connected with the ethics of Christianity. The oaths of public servants, from the President to the pound-keeper; the prayers of our Senatorial and Congressional chaplains; Thanksgiving proclamations; our treaties, our laws, our customs, our traditions, all presuppose religion in that they affirm a God.

The State cannot discriminate against any religion, nor can it proscribe any. The State invades individual or parental rights when it allows or orders the teacher to impose his religion, or the religion of a school board upon the pupils in opposition to the will of the parents of the child. The State invades the rights of in-

dividuals when it makes secularism the religion of the school. But the State protects a most holy and sacred right when it ordains that no teacher's religion, no school committee's religion, no *quantum sufficit* religion, and no secularistic non-religion be made compulsory on children who do not want, and will not have, such religion.

It is, however, the silliest twaddle to maintain that in virtue of our conditions we cannot admit religion in the public schools. There is absolutely nothing in the Federal Constitution against such admission, but much in favor of it. At all events, education is not a matter of national, but of State supervision, and each State has it within its province to make such readjustment of the school system as will admit religion within the doors of our educational establishments. Let Lutherans, Episcopalians, Catholics, Hebrews, and those of the Presbyterian family, who, like the late Dr. Hodge, believe in the necessity of religion in education, join hands, and they can move together like an irresistible phalanx. The secularist and the indifferentist have not all rights; they have held the field long enough.

But whether a union so desirable shall ever be effected or not, the Catholic will always peacefully and manfully assert his rights. Even where he admits compromise, he believes that the issue is only postponed. Religion is the only salvation of society, and it must sooner or later be taught in the schools, or else our social fabric will calamitously fall. The Catholic position will ultimately be found to be correct.

"But Catholics are unpatriotic." "Catholics want to control the whole school system." Fudge! Such talk is the delirium of insanity, or the envenomed froth of bigotry. "But any concession of funds to Catholics is State recognition of denominational religion." Granted; what of it? I have shown that such recognition of religion is not unconstitutional. "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, nor prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Exactly. Catholics want no religious establishment by the State—no established Church like the Anglican—and ask only the free exercise of their own religion. They solicit not a penny from the State for the support of their religion. They have a right to one of two things: either to State aid for the work they now perform for the State, or exemption from taxation for the education of children in schools they cannot enjoy. Like true Americans they

believe in the time-honored principle—no taxation without representation. The future war-cry of Catholics should be: Exempt us from school taxation.

We believe that the time is fast coming when religion will and must be taught in the schools. What religion? whose religion? If all religions, how? These are practical difficulties, but they are not insoluble. They have found answers elsewhere, and they will be answered here. We say, as Cardinal Manning said of England:

“If this is to remain a Christian land, then our schools must be Christian, and when they cease to be Christian schools, there may be Christians in America, but the traditions of the American people will exist no longer. . . . We are debtors above all men and to all men, to preserve inviolate, at all costs and at all privations, the unbroken and unimpaired tradition of Christian education in the whole circle of our colleges and schools, from the majestic and venerable colleges of Princeton, Harvard, Yale, Georgetown, and Fordham, to the primary schools of our humble missions in the green villages and in the busy towns of America.”

But are Catholics themselves agreed in their demands? Alas! it would seem not. A celebrated governor, whose name is as wide as the nation, once said in my presence: “I really have not been able to find out exactly what the demands of Catholics imply.”

Well, our differences are more apparent than real. All allow the necessity of a combined religious and secular education, but differ as to the mode of attaining the combination.

Two questions are to be distinguished in the discussion; one speculative, the other practical. The first is a question of abstract right; the other a question of administrative policy. The first asks whether the State has a right to educate, and was doubtless carried into the field of public controversy by those who sought to pave the way for an accommodation with the State. For the particular end in view the discussion was unnecessary, for in our conditions all allowed that public education was as necessary as it was beneficent. We have already touched it sufficiently.

As to the practical question, many held that such accommodation as that introduced at Faribault was a surrender of the Catholic position, and its supporters could in no wise render it defensible, save by providing for the religious education of the children affected by

the arrangement. Archbishop Ireland, the founder of the "plan," held that it involved no new departure, and left all Catholic principles intact. The Pope tolerated the arrangement in the two cases specified, and most people imagined that would end the matter. The decision of Rome, as its very terms indicate, was rendered agreeably to the representation that the people of Faribault and Stillwater were not equal to the burden of maintaining parochial schools. On this principle, that is, financial inability, the permission would have been granted to any community. But the end was not yet.

With the advent of the Papal Delegate upon our shores, it became manifest that what was at first inaugurated as a special or exceptional arrangement for particular cases, had the unqualified and energetic support of a powerful propaganda for its extension and generalization. It was soon discovered that there was a complete change of front on the part of many who were once ardent and uncompromising champions of a positively Catholic school, without one jot or tittle of concession in anything that the term Catholic education implies. The leading Church dignitary of the land, it was suspected, was in hearty sympathy with the new departure; yet, when ruling the Vicariate of North Carolina, he declared repeatedly for parochial schools, and in an article in *Public Opinion* he gave utterance to such uncompromising speech as this:

"The catechetical instructions given once a week in our Sunday-schools, though productive of beneficial results, are insufficient to supply the religious wants of our children. It is important that they should breathe every day a healthy religious atmosphere in schools in which not only is their mind enlightened, but the seeds of faith, piety, and sound morality are nourished and invigorated." These words have a ring about them like an emanation from Pius IX.

The Rector of the Catholic University, in the *North American Review*, in 1885, uttered the following ultramontane sentiments :

"Doubtless, most of the Bishops of the country believe that the present system which taxes for the support of schools, which they cannot conscientiously use, is unjust—is taxation without representation—and probably may hold that a denominational system like that in Canada or England, would be more advisable and practicable in this country also. But there are some, *and the present writer is among*

them, who, seeing that government aid is apt to lead to dictation and interference, would rather continue forever to bear the unfairness and the hardships of the present system than to purchase State aid at the cost of any danger to the thoroughly Christian character and perfect religious freedom of our schools."

The same illustrious prelate beat his retreat to the music of the following:

"I had no thought of denying the legitimate rights of the State when I said, that in order to avoid government dictation and interference, it seemed better to do without State aid. . . . Government interference and dictation are dangerous only when likely to be used in hostility to the Church. . . . The anti-religious State does not in any way represent the American commonwealth." Yet, in the above quotation, he is speaking of the *American commonwealth*.

Such, too, has been the changed attitude of others.

Whether Mgr. Satolli had in mind when he came to this country the purpose of advancing the "liberal movement," as it has been denominated, has been doubted, but few were prepared for the radical and sweeping revelations made at the conference of the Archbishops in New York.

The outcome of the meeting has not yet been made fully manifest. Of the fourteen propositions submitted by Mgr. Satolli, some, it would appear, were rejected, while others were accepted. One thing, however, seemed evident, the disagreement of the majority of the Archbishops with the plan of Mgr. Ireland. For that system, or plan—though Willis West denies that it is a "plan," and affirms emphatically that if it were a plan, he, as a Protestant, would oppose it tooth and nail—for that system, such as it is, Archbishop Ireland, its sponsor, was the only voter. It is likewise asserted on reliable authority, that of all present but one voted for Mgr. Satolli's propositions, Archbishop Ireland; the rest, Card. Gibbons as presiding officer excepted, with singular unanimity rejected them, or what is the same thing in effect, voted not to receive them.

Of the address of Archbishop Satolli, it is not within our province to speak, beyond adverting to the consolatory fact—consolatory to those who believe in an unadulterated and unmutilated religious education for their children—that both the Papal Delegate in his address and the Archbishops in their resolutions have enunciated and

reaffirmed the teachings of the Councils of Baltimore. "For the rest," says the Delegate, "the provisions of the Council of Baltimore are yet in force, and in a general way, will remain so, to-wit:

"Not only out of our pastoral love do we exhort Catholic parents, but we command them by all the authority we possess, to procure a truly Christian and Catholic education for the beloved offspring given them of God, born again in Baptism unto Christ and destined for Heaven, to shield and secure them throughout childhood and youth from the dangers of a merely worldly education, and, therefore, to send them to the parochial or other truly Catholic schools."

That the resolutions of the Archbishops are in perfect touch and accordant harmony with the decrees of Baltimore, is obvious from a cursory comparison. The Archbishops say:

"Resolved, To promote the erection of Catholic schools, so that there may be accommodation in them, if possible, for all our Catholic children, according to the decrees of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore and the decisions of the Holy See."

And the Council of Baltimore in decree 199, page 104, ordains as follows:

"We enact and decree:

"(a) That attached to each and every church, where such does not exist, within two years from the promulgation of this Council, a parochial school shall be erected and perpetually maintained, unless the Bishop on account of grave difficulties should judge it necessary to defer the erection.

"(b) That the priest, who by his grave neglect, prevents within that time the erection or the support of such school, or who, after repeated admonitions from the Bishop, does not provide for the erection and support of such school attached to his church, deserves to be removed from that church."

From these utterances, reaffirmed by both Delegate and Archbishops, it seems clear that any accommodation contemplated with the State cannot be regarded as a subversion of the decrees of Baltimore, nor as a system running *pari passu* with the system enjoined by the Plenary Council; nor a system whose adoption depends merely on the option of Catholic parents, so that with equal freedom they may choose between a parochial or a public school. On such supposition the decrees of Baltimore would be inane and absurd.

We take it, then, that the spirit and tenor of Mgr. Satolli's address are not militant against the spirit and purpose of our legislation for the last forty years, but express, as the primary aim of the Holy Father, the urgency of providing religious instruction for the great number of Catholic children now attending the public schools in the United States. But it by no means follows that the Apostolic Delegate considers it a matter of indifference whether Catholic parents use parochial or public schools for their children. True, he says, that, abstractly speaking, there is no repugnance in learning arts and sciences in the schools of the State. The most unflinching opponent of State interference in education would not claim such abstract repugnance. I may not have the right to express certain opinions, but it does not follow that others do wrong when they read what I have expressed. True, he says, confessors should not, *with little prudence*, repel those children who, in force of circumstances, attend public schools, but should, on the contrary, show more love for them. This is only an expression of the spirit of Christ, who left the ninety and nine in the desert and sought out the one that was lost.

But it is to be remarked, that he declares the one thing necessary, beyond all doubt, is moral and religious instruction according to Catholic principles; that the Catholic Church shrinks from those features of the public schools which are opposed to the truth of Christianity and to morality; that the public schools bear within themselves approximate danger to faith and morals; that these schools often work the ruin of youth, because a purely secular education, which excludes all religion, is given to the pupils; because teachers are indiscriminately chosen from every sect and no law prohibits them from instilling error or the germs of vice in tender minds, and because of the promiscuous mingling of pupils of different sexes in the same classes and the same rooms.

In order, therefore, that any accommodation with the municipal authorities may be considered as available, these objectionable features must be removed, else neither priest, bishop, nor parent can entertain the thought of selecting for children the educational advantages offered by the State. The distinguished Delegate thinks they are removable, at least in given localities. *Per se*, they are everywhere removable, but as a matter of practice the excision is

difficult in many places, and impossible in others. In many schools of which the writer has personal knowledge, the teachers are avowed infidels, and scruple not, even in the presence of their pupils, to scoff at God and Christianity. The public school, as managed in many other places, while professedly Christian, or non-sectarian, is either a propaganda for Protestantism, or the open enemy of the Catholic Church. Wm. P. Thompson, of Cleveland, Ohio, characterized the efforts of those who sought to introduce religion into the schools, as an attempt to prostitute the free institutions of the land to the uses of the convent and the monastery.

But even if most of the objectionable features are removed, and the proximate danger to faith and morals be rendered securely remote, the one great distinguishing feature of our common school education, its purely secular character, will remain so long as public sentiment and opinion and mistaken theories of the religious liberty guaranteed by the Constitution remain what they now are. To legitimize, therefore, any arrangement by which the public school may, *tuta conscientia*, be resorted to by Catholics, the moral and religious education insisted by the Church must be provided for elsewhere. Hence both parents and pastors are urgently admonished of the duty of devising means, appointing times, and employing agencies for the imparting of instruction in faith and morals to those children who are in daily attendance at the public schools. The Mgr. points several plans by whose operation such religious instruction would be facilitated through the intervention and favorable disposition of the secular authorities. It is not for us to criticise these plans, but it is lawful and decorous to remark that such benignant disposition on the part of school boards will be extremely difficult of attainment in places where Protestantism or infidelity are in the ascendancy. A forcible and pertinent illustration of this fact, is the repudiation of Archbishop Ireland in the house of his friends.

But given such a case as this : In the community of N. exists a parochial school, in nowise inferior in similar grades to the public school of the same place. This parish school is wholly adequate to the wants of the people, of whatever rank or station, is free and accessible to all. Two queries follow : First, is the mere desire of the people to rid themselves of the task of maintaining the school, though able to do so, sufficient reason for making an accommodation

with the local government looking to the use of the public school, and adopting the doubtful expedient of religious instruction at home, or throwing the burden of such instruction on an overworked parish priest? We hope not; but some opine that Mgr. Satolli's document would justify such course.

Secondly, where no such accommodation exists, or is not considered because of the existence of the parish school, are individuals at liberty to send their children, according to their option, or caprice, to the parochial school or to the public school, the conditions of the schools being the same? Again, we hope not, and we believe not. Some, like Dr. McGlynn, think the force of Mgr. Satolli's address is to sweep all parochial schools out of existence, and such, indeed, its effect would unquestionably be, if there existed no obligation on the part of parents to send their children to the parish school, in the circumstances above described. But the document of the Papal Representative has no such force, and no such meaning. Why should we build schools at all, if parents are not bound to support and maintain them? It is not so much money as children that make a school, though both are necessary. But according to Mgr. Satolli's scheme, it still lies, and will continue to lie, within the competence of each Bishop, to decide whether parochial schools are to be maintained, and how they are to be conducted in his particular diocese, and this, so far as the majority of the Bishops are concerned, gives the quietus to the Faribault Plan in their respective dioceses, for they have decided that Catholic schools can and shall be built, and can and shall be operated according to those views which have been approved and tried with distinguished success for half a century in this country.

We are of those who think it to be the mind of the Holy Father, while holding intact the great principle of Catholic education, to provide for the religious teaching of the great number of children who now attend the public schools. Nothing but a perverted and distorted interpretation of Mgr. Satolli's declarations can make them destructive of the principle, or the policy for which Catholics have contended for so many years in this land; which Councils, Synods, and Conferences have proclaimed; which Popes have ratified and commended, and which the great body of the hierarchy, including Archbishops, Bishops, and simple priests, have inculcated with

singular unanimity of opinion for more than half a century—the absolute necessity of parochial schools to save the young generation to country, Church, and God. At present we seem to be at the parting of the ways. We are groping in the dark, and we need more light from the Vatican. When that voice which speaks as neither Canterbury nor Constantinople speaks, decisively and definitely, all will listen and all will obey; and we confidently hope, as we earnestly pray, that the inspired utterance of the Archbishops and the united hopes of ten-twelfths of the Bishops of the country will be thundered back to us in the VERDICT OF THE VATICAN.

X.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC ON THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

(From the *Boonton Bulletin*.)

THE writer has been asked to set forth the Roman Catholic view of the educational question and he yields cheerful compliance, for the reason that his experience all over the United States has taught him what monumental misconception prevails upon the subject amongst many not of the Catholic communion. To explain this view in a single newspaper article is about as easy as to jump over a hole in two jumps, or "to make bricks without straw." But a very condensed statement may be given, or we may recur to the subject again.

The question has two aspects,—the one religious, the other political. We shall briefly touch on both. The writer is profoundly sensible of the difficulties that environ the elucidation of the educational problem. As to the religious side of the subject, he prefers to state the case in the words of a brilliant essayist and Protestant divine of high distinction, the Rev. J. Minot Savage, of Boston. This may serve to disarm prejudice and exclude carping criticism. As we quote from memory, we cannot give Dr. Savage's *ipsissima verba*, but we can give his gist and substance. Dr. Savage is fair-minded enough to say: "We must give Catholics the credit of sincerity. When they tell us they cannot, for conscientious reasons, accept the education imparted in the public schools, we are bound to believe them. We have no proof that they are lying. All the facts are in favor of their honesty and sincerity. If I were a Catholic, as I am a Protestant, I would regard it as the most intolerable tyranny to be compelled to pay taxes in support of a system which I believed not only hostile to, but subversive of, the religion I deemed indispensable to the eternal salvation of my children."

These are strong words, and they are true. Now, Dr. Savage is not the enemy, but the fast friend of the public school system. He

would not destroy, but perfect it. He would, as he thinks, make it of universal acceptability by the excision of all objectionable features, for he considers that the system is in danger so long as a single objection can be urged against it on the score of conscience. And hence, he proceeds: "Let us be just, let us be fair. Let us carefully remove everything from the system that intrenches upon the Roman Catholic conscience, or upon any other conscience. Then we shall make the public school impregnable to all assault."

"It matters not whether public school education be made such as to satisfy either Presbyterians, or Episcopalians, or Methodists, or Jews, or Catholics. The question is, is it fair, is it just, does it respect the conscience of every one? If so, it is unassailable from any quarter." Thus far it is well. Amen! we say with all our heart. But how shall it be done? Ay! there's the rub. Dr. Savage thinks it very easy—nothing simpler. We have merely to teach morality without teaching religion.

At this point we fear we stand where Telemachus stood with Minerva—at the parting of the roads—and we have to dissolve partnership with our large-minded Minerva, Dr. Savage.

Dr. Savage proposes a theoretical and practical impossibility, from the Catholic standpoint. We are not arguing that Catholics are right. That is not the point up for discussion. The question is, are their views entitled to respect? Dr. Savage, like every honest man, thinks they are. So are the views of Protestants of all denominations, the views of Jews, and even of infidels, in a purely secular State. But what right has the Doctor to impose secularism upon the Catholic, any more than the Catholic has to impose Catholicity upon the secularist or the Protestant? He begs the question, for, while he admits the public school system, as it is, violates the sanctuary of the conscience, he assumes that his amended system does not do so, despite the assertion of the Catholic to the contrary. The amendment itself is on trial, and the Catholic will have none of it. The Doctor respects conscience.

Besides, the Catholic has "a reason for the faith that is in him." He knows that the attempt to teach morality without religion is a palpable absurdity. If we are to build a temple of education, we are not to burn down the house of God. Without God there can be no commonwealth, no state, no education, and no morality. The thun-

ders of Sinai and the Sermon on the Mount were quite superfluous, if morality could be taught efficiently without the light of revelation. As a matter of fact, no people ever yet established anything but a truncated and mutilated code of morality without the aid of revelation. Dr. McCosh and Cardinal Newman, the one a Protestant, the other a Catholic, are agreed upon this point. But revelation is religion, and if morality cannot be taught without revelation, so neither can it be taught without religion.

Now, the Catholic believes (I don't ask if he be right, but only if his belief is entitled to respect?), that, as there is but "one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all," so there can be but one true religion. And he believes that he is in possession of that true religion, the "deposit of faith once delivered to the saints." He believes, moreover, that he has to profess and practice it; to inculcate it into the minds of his children, as he hopes himself for salvation. For this reason, he regards the primary instruction of his children, as he hopes himself for salvation. For this reason, he regards the primary instruction of his children as essentially religious. All other teaching is subsidiary to the religious element. With the Catholic it is axiomatic, that knowledge, as such merely, is an empty shade; that learning, as such, is of small account; the principal thing is wisdom, and the "fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Not, indeed, the wisdom of the world, but "the wisdom which maketh wise unto salvation." To know nature in all her ways and laws; to sift the bowels of the earth, and dive into the recesses of the sea; to measure the path of the sun in the firmament; to trace the comet in his fiery track, and count the courses of the stars; to know how to construct shining monuments of material prosperity which shall defy the tooth of time and mock the fingers of decay; to know, in fine, all knowledge, save the knowledge of God, seems, in Catholic eyes, to be the principal trend and aim of modern education.

For this reason, he builds his own schools, and though for the most part poor, he makes the sacrifices necessary to support them, even though he is compelled to pay into the public treasury for the maintenance of a system, whose fruits he cannot enjoy. This is hard, this is burdensome, and if conviction did not bear him along, he could never endure it. Sacrifice is the test of sincerity. Is the

Catholic sincere? Ask what it costs to educate 40,000 Catholic children in the parochial schools of New Jersey.

Is the Catholic right? Well, if to educate is to unfold the full contents of the man, and if man is a religious being, how eliminate religion from any curriculum of education? If morality is that science which teaches man his duty towards his fellow-man, surely it cannot exclude in its teachings the solemn sanctions of the religion of Christ, which lend force and vitality to all the social virtues,—charity, chastity, justice, truth, integrity. If there is a God, man surely has some duties towards Him. And why has any man duties towards his fellow-men, except because he has duties towards his God? What is duty, anyhow? What is it, but what God commanded; and it is duty precisely *because* He has commanded it. If, then, education is to teach man morality, it must teach man his duty towards God, and that is to teach religion.

Is the Catholic right? Well, a good many non-Catholics think so. I am glad to see such men as the Protestant Bishop of Derry, and Rabbi Silverman, in New York, urging cogently the necessity of religion in the State. I am glad they stand up against secularism. Nothing was farther from the staunch old Puritan mind than the attempt to impart education without religion. The Puritan, as well as the Catholic, stood up against a creedless and a Christless Christianity.

Is the Catholic right? The late Dr. Hodge, of Princeton, was a Presbyterian of unsuspected orthodoxy, and just before he died ('twas like the note of the dying swan), he said: "Shall not all of us, who really believe in God, thank Him that He has preserved the Roman Catholic Church in this country, true to that theory of education upon which our fathers first founded the public schools, and which has been so strangely perverted?"

The Catholic is not opposed to public education. He has no quarrel with the public school system as a system. As a citizen and tax-payer, he is like every other citizen, free to criticise its shortcomings, if he pleases. But he believes in education. He believes it should be universal, and embrace every child in the land. He holds, for certain classes and cases, education should be compulsory. He believes it should be warmly and generously supported by all who are free to enjoy its benefits and fruits. But he does not believe

that any educational system should invade the claims of conscience ; he does not believe a man should be taxed for what can yield him absolutely no return ; he does not believe that education can, might, could, would, or should be taught without religion ; and finally, he does not believe that it was ever held in contemplation by the Fathers of the Republic, when founding our common rights and liberties, that *freedom of religion* should be synonymous with freedom from religion.

Democracy or Republicanism taken, not in a party, but a broad sense, means the minimum of government. The only principle, therefore, on which free, public education by the State can be justified in a Democracy, is the necessity for producing intelligent citizens and competent voters. A vote is, in its nature, a recognition of man's liberty, intelligence, and responsibility. It implies that man is not an isolated being, but a social unit, and a factor in political society. The ballot is the outward embodiment of the principle so tersely set forth in the Declaration of Independence, of man's equality with man. It gives to man an efficacious voice in assertion of the maxim that "government derives its just power from the consent of the governed." It supposes man to be a free, rational, self-governing creature, endowed with the same natural rights as his fellow-creatures, and uncontrolled by them, except in so far as he consents to subjection. Popular suffrage is, consequently, not only an acknowledgment of man's natural rights, but also a means of exciting his intelligence, awakening his individual activity, arousing his interest in all that concerns the common weal, by affording him exercise of those faculties which constitute the nobility of his manhood and make him the peer of his fellows. Every voter is a ruler, because every vote is a voice. Here applies the aphoristic declaration, so dear to every American heart, that ours is "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

The Constitution of the United States, one of the finest works of human intelligence, is the outcome of the political wisdom of ages. But, after all, it adds nothing either to the nature of man, or to his natural rights; it only affirms them more forcibly than they were asserted before; or to use the poet's idea, it declares with emphasis,

"What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed."

It is, perhaps, worthy of note in passing, that Pope Zachary, centuries ago, affirmed the political maxim of Thomas Jefferson concerning the equal rights of men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It may seem curious to the modern sciolist to find that St. Thomas Aquinas, the great doctor of the thirteenth century, laid down such maxims as the following: "The constitution (of the State) ought to combine a limited and elective monarchy, and such admixture of democracy as shall admit all classes to office by popular election. The whole nation ought to have a share in governing itself. No government has a right to levy taxes beyond the limit determined by the people. All political authority is derived from popular suffrage, and all laws must be made by the people or their representatives. There is no security for us, so long as we depend on the will of another man." But to return.

If it be undeniable that under a Republic self-preservation is the *raison d'être* of free education by the State, that she may thus keep alive the principle of continuous existence, and exercise her right and correlative duty of safe-guarding society against anarchy and despotism, twin daughters of ignorance, it follows, "as the night the day," that State interference in the direct domain of education must be a matter of manifest necessity. I say necessity, as distinguished from utility; for as Aristotle and others have observed, not everything that is useful to the well-being of the State, may be directly procurable by the State. It is not the function of the State to meddle in domestic concerns of families, nor to trench in any way upon natural rights, however useful it might be to do so. It is the business of the State to conserve public order, and promote the peace and happiness of society by all lawful means within its sphere. But the State cannot dictate to the individual what he shall eat or read; when he shall sleep or rise; how he shall marry or whom he shall wed. It is the proud boast of the American that no minion of the law shall cross his threshold except by his permission, so long as he commits no breach of public peace. Nor is education an *essential* function of State, but one based upon necessity, and that necessity is founded upon fact. The fact furnishes the title to the right. But what is that fact? Undoubtedly it is the neglect of those who are primarily charged with the duty of educating children—namely, their parents. I need not cite from Black-

stone, Kent, Wayland, or legists and publicists, to show that education is a parental right. In default of the parent, the State steps in, *in loco parentis*, as the lawyers say.

From these premises it follows that although the State may supplement, it cannot supplant the parent, nor strip him of his rights in the education of his children. It logically follows, both from the principle of parental precedence, and from the accepted axiom of democracy, that a democratic State should not assume to do what may more properly and effectually be done by individual enterprise, because that would be increasing the functions of government and imposing taxes without necessity; and I have shown that the fact of necessity is the justification of the State's activity in the province of education. Whenever private zeal has undertaken the work of education, the functions of the State should be limited to inspection, supervision, or the encouragement of individual effort. This may be done by grant of funds, or by some system of taxation; such subvention to be given in a secular State, not for religious teaching, but for *secular results only*. In that case, the State, like any other employer, would pay wages for work properly done.

But as to the fact of necessity, does it ever exist? In other words, do parents perform their duty to their children in all cases, as they are bound by natural and divine law? I am sorry to say they do not, and so long as a single child in the community would grow up without an elementary education, I, for my part, would justify a public school for his instruction, and would gladly pay taxes to support it. Voluntary effort, as experience shows, in every country, and especially in England before the founding of the "Board Schools," is insufficient to educate the children of the whole nation, to say nothing of the children of poor and indigent parents, for whom public provision must be made. The State has, besides, the right and duty to protect itself from the vice, corruption, and ignorance of its future citizens, and to see that they are trained as competent and intelligent voters.

But if free education by the State has for its end and aim the qualification of the voter for his task of continuing the work of government by the generation of intelligent citizens, it is evident that this end should mark the limitations of the education to be given by the State. It is clear that it is not the business of the State to pro-

duce skilled mechanics, nor finished artists, nor professional experts, nor cultured gentlemen, nor ready-made statesmen. This would beget unequal taxation, and unequal taxation is un-American in principle. Witness the College of the City of New York, which costs nearly \$300,000 annually to educate the children of wealthy Hebrews. Neither should public schools be devised for the purpose of providing lucrative places for learned professors at the common expense. Schools are not for the benefit of teachers, but primarily and essentially for the benefit of scholars. In a word, common schools should be what they were originally designed to be, elementary and not academical. If the child is to become an intelligent citizen and voter, he should undeniably be furnished the ordinary means of communication with his fellow-men. The child should be taught reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, free-hand drawing, the history of his country, and some knowledge of the laws and constitution under which he lives. There may be room for discussion as to details, but the above should mark the general limit of *free* public education.

Moreover, in a secular State the government should neither favor nor proscribe any religion, but should hold itself with equal poise towards all. This does not mean that religion should be *excluded*, for the State does not maintain its neutrality towards religion when it wipes out religion. But when I say the State should favor no religion, it is not to be inferred that I look on the Government of the United States as pagan, or that the above principle holds for a Christian State or a Christian people.

Let us go back to first principles. We are not State socialists, but political individualists. We don't want the State to establish our banks, build our railroads, dig our mines, develop our agriculture, or do anything that private enterprise and the "unbought energy" of the people can do without let or hindrance from the State. There is a large party in this country, who, alas! care nothing for religion, but they do care for a simplification of the function of government; they do care for the principles of pure democracy, and they do incessantly battle against everything that has a tendency to the centralization of power, or wears an aspect of the absolutism and Cæsarism of past ages.

In the United States the district school, it is needless to say, had

its birth in Massachusetts, with the foundation of the first settlements, and that the school system has advanced far in excess of our growth in other respects, cannot be gainsaid by any one who has given attentive consideration to the subject. The reason is not far to seek. Two factors are chiefly concerned in this abnormal development, and they are the politicians and the pedagogues. For the latter class I have profound respect. They are the most enlightened body in the land to-day. They are doing an admirable work, but they aspire too high. I do not question their sincerity, but I would respectfully remind them that we live under a democracy, whose cardinal principle is that the least government is the best government. I am exceedingly prone to doubt whether there be any popular demand back of all this amplification and extension of free education by the public, which taxes the many for the benefit of the few. The plan has been perfected by the teachers and sedulously fostered by the politicians, who fail not to perceive the immense patronage afforded by the system. The method of the teachers is that of Horace Mann, the real founder of the system—organized agitation—and the scheme is pushed with tireless assiduity by the pedagogues in their local associations, with a National Bureau, of centralizing tendencies, at Washington, whose aim it is to force the educational work all along the lines, supported by pecuniary assistance from the National Government. Now, against public education, within specified limits and for certain classes, I have not the most distant objection to offer. But it is worthy of remembrance by every American voter, that, according to the spirit of our Constitution, taxes can be levied only for those things which are vital to the well-being of the State. Why should Smith be taxed that Jones' boy may learn "how concepts are formed," or "what is the difference between illusion and hallucination," or "how to classify the emotions," or "what was Shelley's personal appearance," any more than he should be taxed that Jones, Jr., might learn to ride a bicycle or play baccarat? I'm sure I don't know. Not so long ago it was proposed by a sagacious member of a Chicago school board to have a lady appointed to take charge of the children's wraps and clothing, lest the scholars might catch the influenza; and somebody down in Gotham opined that pupils should be furnished with tickets on the elevated railroad, and of course, free lunches and Thanksgiving turkeys would follow, as a necessary consequence. But of this enough.

I am painfully conscious that it is a delicate thing for a Catholic to offer any criticism on the public schools. Some sinister design is suspected. Any one else is free to handle the subject as he chooses, but when the Catholic ventures to explain his views, one word of censure is construed as of a piece with the attempt to pull down the American flag. Let me state, then, what Catholics don't want.

They do not want to control the public school system of the country, but rather to be relieved from it, in so far as it works injustice upon them.

They do not want to urge any war upon the public schools, nor in establishing their own are they influenced by any spirit of hostility to them.

The Catholic don't seek any union of Church and State.

The Catholic don't want his religion made the religion of the State.

The Catholic does not want any privileges or exemptions above his fellow-citizens, and he claims nothing for himself which he will not freely and fully accord to all who differ from him in opinion or religion; and he believes that as soon as the American people see this he will get his rights, for he has an abiding faith in the fairness and justice of the sons of this Republic.

The Catholic has no objection that the public school system be maintained without any infringement of the rights of others not enjoying it. He claims *nothing for the support of his religion*; he solicits no pecuniary aid for the benefit of his Church. While he seeks those rights which, before God and civil law, he believes he is entitled to, he recognizes the rights of others. He stands not before the public with the debasing purpose of demanding rights for himself on condition that wrong be done to others. He simply thinks he ought to be partaker with all in the common rights of all, and he prefers that wrong be done himself than that he do wrong to others.

I believe that the monopoly enjoyed by the public schools is in contravention of law. I respectfully submit that it falls within the purview of our legislation, that all *free* schools, where all children, without distinction of creed, color, or condition, are admitted and instructed in the primary branches of knowledge, which are willing to submit to governmental supervision and control, are *public schools* in the right meaning of the phrase.

Be this as it may, one thing the Catholic believes with an unalter-

able conviction : that the schools of any country, whose institutions are worth preserving, should be nurseries of sound morality, as well as of literary knowledge; that they should in some way inculcate those lessons of Christian virtue, which are conservative of social order and public happiness, because they derive their sanction from the divine authority and teachings of the Founder of Christianity. Horace Mann, the father of the school system as it is, regarded the man as insane who would build education upon infidelity. It is not from the broken cisterns of human wisdom, but from the living fountains of true knowledge, we are to expect to draw those blessed truths which improve the heart while they enlighten the understanding, and which, like so many celestial stars, cluster around the great truth of immortality.

Now, although the State, by enlightened and liberal legislation, has provided an ample treasury—a treasury to which we contribute—for the support of public schools under the jurisdiction of her laws, and though every child in the community is rightfully entitled to a full, proportional participation, we find ourselves obliged, from motives of conscience, to decline the enjoyment of those educational facilities extended to us by the laws, or the construction of the laws under which we live, and are thus compelled to make those frequent appeals to the benevolence of our people for the support of our own schools. And while we patiently submit to this double burden, we hope some day to see a more eligible and equitable school system established. A solution has been found in Canada, in England, and in Germany. Are statesmen of America wanting in sagacity? I hope not, I believe not. This is a Christian land, and our system of common school education should recognize the principle that religion, which is the only basis of happiness and civilization, should not be excluded from the schools established in a Christian country. Though I thank God that I was born in the country of Washington, Hancock, and Jefferson, I look with dismay upon the decline of religion in education; and when I behold a school erected for education *and* religion, I gaze upon it with gratitude and reverence as a genuine triumph of intellect, a monument of public spirit and intelligence, and an evidence of devotion on the part of its promoters to those pursuits which give to mind its ascendancy over matter, and to the institutions of free men their stability and perpetuity.

XI.

EDUCATION IN NEW JERSEY.

42 BARCLAY ST., NEW YORK.

EDITOR *Freeman's Journal*:

THERE has been a newspaper discussion in a neighboring town, which, as an old reader of the *Journal*, I feel ought to be transferred to your columns. Father Tighe's statement of the school question was attacked by a Methodist clergyman, and the attack was rebuked by both the editor and Father Tighe.

Yours truly,

T. D. EGAN.

The anti-Catholic attack is as follows :

"Some one essayed to give us last week a favorable showing of Roman Catholic educational purposes through your columns. Allow me to ask how it comes about that in a land where it held undisputed possession for nineteen and three-quarter centuries—the land of cardinals, priests, and cathedrals, and where the Pope himself sits in state—that seventeen millions, of a population of twenty-five millions, are found to be absolutely unable to read or write? And I wonder why it is that Mexico and the western parts of South America, that have for so many centuries been under the domination of Romish propaganda, are in such a deplorable condition at this very hour?

"How comes it about that where Rome's sway is most complete, there we have as abject a civilization as can be met with on the globe?

"If she advocates anything superior here, in this grand commonwealth, to what she does in Italy, is it not because she is compelled to do so by virtue of the pressure that our grand common school system brings to bear upon her?

"How is it that in some of our New England States, where our

Roman Catholic friends are in sufficient numbers as to control the policy of the school boards, that their own ecclesiastics have had text-books printed, in which history is outraged by the lies which they seek to foist upon the rising generation?

"When Romanists have convinced us that they are the friends of truth, of liberty, and of education, it will be time enough to trust them. Till then, every lover of all that is sacred to humanity, will do well to distrust whatever proceeds from Rome."

The editor's comment on the above is as follows :

"If the questions in the above had been asked of us, we would have answered that we didn't know.

"The things that we don't know, far exceed in number the things we do know. Now, there is the matter of school meeting. At almost any other kind of meeting or show, the citizen will go in, take a seat, and take in whatever is going on. But when it is school meeting, he stays near the door. The only other school district in which we have had any experience is the Powerville district. There we used to sit on two or three of the children's desks nearest the door, and by the light of four or five pipes, and one or two lanterns, keep the taxes down.

"But we never understood why the citizen objected to going in and taking a seat. Has any one ever explained that matter?

"These questions which the reverend gentleman asks, we have often heard asked before, in church. The answers to them, as we before remarked, are among the many things unknown to us. But we have an idea that poverty and ignorance in this and other countries is largely due to the fact that the laborer's wages are 'kept from him over night,' and sometimes over six nights, sometimes over fourteen, sometimes over thirty. But in the 'Word of God,' which Protestants and Catholics both pretend to teach, we are told not to keep them over one night. Yet have we never been in a church, Protestant or Catholic, where the credit system or the laws of interest were considered.

"As to why Italy, Ireland, Spain, and Spanish America are poor and in ignorance, we cannot positively state. But we have a notion that when the Protestant Britisher traded their insides out of them freely, they had something to do with it. That country from which

we hear the fewest complaints as to poverty and ignorance, where wealth is most evenly divided, and where contentment most prevails, whose influence, and the influence and teachings of whose citizens did, and has done most to make us what we are, that country, we believe, is not accused by Protestants of being very Roman Catholic. Neither, we believe, is she accused by Romanists of being very Protestant."

FATHER TIGHE'S ANSWER.

Father Tighe handled his opponent in this fashion :

"Preferably to concluding my article on education this week, I claim the indulgence of some comments on the fallacies of a writer who commenced his criticism without waiting to take my statement in its entirety. That seems very ungracious. It is not more consonant with the exigencies of politeness than with the demands of dialectics, to hear a man out before making a demurrer to his affirmations. My friend is deficient in this knowledge. Nor is this all. His composition is wanting in repose and dignity. His arguments are inept and irrelevant. His grammar stumbles, and his logic sadly limps. In fine, he lacks the tone, the temper, and the talent to conduct a controversy.

"I did not 'essay' to do anything. I did it. More properly, I let distinguished Protestants make the showing for me. Dr. McCosh, Dr. Hodge, and Dr. Savage are, to say the least, a middling counterpoise to an obscure, rural minister. Let him level his strictures, not at me, but them. Had I thrown down the gauge of controversy, some champion of intolerance might have a pretext to call me to account; but as I did not, my critic's ill-judged interference was not less impertinent than gratuitous and offensive. And offensive he meant to be. The horn of the bigot and the fang of the fanatic, stick between and through his lines. My purpose was not polemical, but irenic; not aggressive, but explanatory; not controversial, but conciliatory. He fumes like a furnace; bellows like a bull; roars like a lion. The name Roman Catholic makes him bristle like a boar at the sound of a gun. But the day of intolerance is dead, and the man who undertakes to wield that weapon in free America, makes a sinner of his judgment, and a cipher of his character for common sense.

"My critic's arguments I blow aside like eider-down, and so puerile are they, that I notice them only to caution the unwary.

"Let me say at the outset, my critic did not even touch the point of my discussion. I raised two questions: Was the Catholic right in his contention that religion and education were inseparable? Was the conscience of the Catholic entitled to respect? Behold the answer: Certain countries abound in affluence, and they are Protestant; certain others groan under the burden of poverty, and they are Catholic. Therefore—what? 'He that slays fat oxen should himself be fat,' as Dr. Johnson says. If the premises were true, the legitimate conclusion would be that in some countries Protestants are fairly 'fixed' as to life's creature comforts, and in others Catholics go supperless to bed. A golden opportunity for their more wealthy neighbors to lay up crowns 'where no rust doth consume,' by the exercise of the divine virtue of charity. But I believe that He, 'who had not on earth whereon to lay His head,' has said, 'The poor ye shall always have with you.' I think He said by the mouth of the Evangelist, 'Go, ye rich, and howl in your miseries which are coming upon you.' I do not condemn riches, rightly used. But I am making it plain that money is no test of orthodoxy. Ducats are not doctrines. The road to heaven is steep, and it is starry too, but it is not paved with dollars. Dives went to Sheol and Lazarus was lifted into Abraham's bosom. Christ was the founder of the true religion, and He plied a plane to win His bread. He was a king. Was His throne of sapphires? Were His ministers minions of wealth? He was naked and hungry, bleeding and pierced, contemned in life and adored in death. He died as a felon. Do we come the nearer to Christ, the more we live like Lucullus?

"'But Catholic countries are illiterate,' says the critic. You say so; but granted for the sake of argument, what inference do you draw? No student of history is ignorant of the fact that the most highly civilized nations have often been the most corrupt. The passion for knowledge is no proof of the possession of virtue. Integrity of mind may conduce to integrity of life, but does not constitute it. Knowledge is only an edged tool in the hands of the swindler, the speculator, and the forger. Education prevents crime when it is true education. A people may be very ignorant, and yet be very religious. The science of faith is a science of simplicity, and it is as much the

property of the peasant, as it is the possession of the philosopher. Learning is not a proof of the true religion, nor is ignorance an argument for the false.

“‘But Catholic countries are not civilized.’ You say so. What is civilization? It is not merely bonds of steel and rails of iron, and telephones, and telegraphs, and ‘*id omne genus*.’ It is the harmonious and orderly development of all the faculties of man. It is material, it is moral, it is intellectual, it is religious. Material prosperity is not, therefore, civilization, any more than a part is the whole, and the least part at that. There is a lamentable confusion of ideas in your mind, Mr. Critic. It is one of the most pitiful phenomena in the world of letters, to see an idle declaimer playing at logic.

“Now for your alleged facts. ‘Facts are stubborn debaters,’ when they are facts; but when not, they are clumsy defamers.

“1st. Rome held sway ‘nineteen and three-quarter centuries.’ Indeed? you travel outside the record just a moiety of a century. But that’s a peppercorn to a man who wants to torture truth. You reject, I suppose, the Gregorian Calendar, because it was devised by a Catholic Pope. The present year, then, is 1992. That leaves me 139 years old, and if you contrast the Gregorian reckoning with your own, I make no doubt at all you will find you were born before your grandfather. Cut off, I pray you, another bagatelle of three centuries before the Church emerged from the gloom of the Catacombs to gaze on the splendor of the Cross of Constantine.

“2d. But ‘seventeen of the twenty-five millions in Italy cannot read or write.’ Italy’s population was 30,947,306 on January 1, 1890, and 49 per cent. of males, and 63 per cent. of females, can both read and write. You are muddled in your mathematics.

“3d. ‘Where the Pope sits in state.’ Nay; since the occupation of Victor Emmanuel, in 1870, the Pope held no temporal sway. The Popes were always lovers of learning, patrons of art, promoters of literature. Did you ever hear of the golden age of Leo X.? Did you ever read Roscoe, or Hallam, or Macaulay, or Maitland, or Butt, all Protestant historians and critics?

“Johnson says the true criterion of civilization is found in the provision made for the poor. Were not the first hospitals, asylums, hospices, and free schools established in Italy under Papal supervision? Ruskin deems art the salient characteristic of civilization.

Well, whither do American painters, sculptors, architects, bend their steps when they want to study those masterly models of artistic skill, which are among the finest creations of the human mind? I have heard they went to Italy and Spain, countries so much the object of your ill-concealed contempt. Strange that Catholics should be reproached when they possess culture and refinement, and condemned when they happen to be without them.

"I wonder if you heard of the land where 'a Raphael painted and a Veda sung'? The land of Correggio, Angelo, da Vinci, Ariosto, Tasso, Dante, and a host of poets, painters, statesmen, and orators.

"4th. You wonder 'why Mexico and some parts of South America are in such a deplorable condition.' I don't. It certainly is not chargeable to Catholicity, but rather to the defect of it. When a man forsakes the Catholic religion, and gives his adhesion to atheistical conventicles, I am never amazed at any degree of depravity he may exhibit in his life and conduct. There are good Protestants, but there are no good recreant Catholics. I am not aware, though, that their condition is so very deplorable. Some very wealthy individuals are found in all these countries. Patricio Milmo, an Irishman 'Mexicanized,' is worth thirty millions. Eugene Kelly and ex-Mayor Grace, of New York, draw millions annually from these countries. But what has material prosperity got to do with the truth of religion, anyway? That is your supreme sophism.

"'The Romish Propaganda.'—You employ an insulting term, and you do it designedly. No educated Protestant speaks of the 'Romish,' but the Roman Propaganda.

"5th. 'How comes it that where Rome's sway is most complete, we have the most abject civilization on the face of the globe?' You state what is calumniously false. France is the 'eldest daughter of the Church,' and she gives fashions to the world and language to the courts of Europe. Belgium is Catholic to the core, and her people are the most industrious and prosperous in Europe. Austria is absolutely Catholic, and will you dare compare her with Tartary, or Thibet, or those countries on the Congo, or the Nile, which Speke, Burton, Livingstone, and Stanley have found?

"Let me be a questioner a little. How comes it that Bavaria, a Catholic country, has a larger percentage of those able to read and write, than any country in the world, not excepting Uncle Sam's

dominions? How comes it that Saxony, Prussia, Denmark, and the Netherlands, which are Protestant, are the most corrupt in Europe? How comes it that the condition of the industrial classes in the mercantile centres of England, is about as low as low can be, in a civilized country? Why did the miner in Cornwall, when asked if he did not know God, reply that he did not work in his mine? Why are there 100,000 children in New Jersey not attending school, though of school age? Why——, but I will stop, because that is my critic's style of argument, and it is as baseless as the 'fabric of a vision.' It is the capsheaf of folly to say these things are so, because Protestantism reigns in one place, or Catholicity rules in another. Did you ever hear of a 'non causa pro causa,' or 'post hoc ergo propter hoc' argument? That is your fallacy. Here it is:

"England is prosperous, but England is Protestant. Therefore, Protestantism is divine. Or, Spain is poor; but Spain is Catholic. Therefore, the Pope is Antichrist. Shades of Aristotle, save us! Let me give you an 'argumentum ad absurdum.'

"The blind bard of Smyrna chanted in undying song the glories of the Greeks, and until the annals of the ages shall have become a shrivelled scroll, the recollection of Roman grandeur will live in the memory of man. Greece and Rome attained a standard of excellence in civilization to this day unsurpassed, and these countries were Pagan. Is Paganism divine? Your logic says yes.

"6th. 'If she advocates anything superior here.' Stay, friend, the Catholic Church advocates the same thing all over the world,—the indefeasible right of every child that comes into the world, to an education, and for a Christian child a Christian education. 'Pressure' has nothing to do with it. By the inherent force of her own divine constitution she must act thus, and not otherwise.

"7th. 'Text-books have been printed by Catholics in New England, outraging history, and were foisted upon the rising generation.' For shame, friend! You must know it was the Catholics of New England who complained of the text-books 'foisted' upon them. This is a strange inversion, or perversion, of facts.

"8th. 'When Romanists'—another offensive epithet—'have convinced us,' etc. Did I say a harsh word about Protestants? Did I attack the public school system? Did I assail the honor and integrity of our common manhood? Heaven forbid! The vilest crimi-

nal that stands in the prisoner's dock is entitled to the presumption of innocence until he is proven guilty. But in your baleful eye a Catholic is lower than such criminal. The Catholic is guilty till he proves to you his innocence. He is not the friend of truth ; hence he is a liar. He is not the friend of liberty ; hence he is a tyrant, or disturber of social order. He is not the friend of education ; hence he is the advocate of ignorance.

"Who are you, that the Catholic need apologize to you for his existence in this Republic? The Catholic lives under the protection of the starry flag, and will you exclude him from the rights of citizenship? Are you the keeper of his conscience? Dare you brand him as a traitor, by calling him the enemy of liberty? We are here ; we need no apology for our presence. We came here ; we came first, and by the blessing of God, we came to stay. Catholics discovered the country. Catholics have helped to people and develop it; Catholics have thrice shed their blood in defence of it. The rain-swept bivouacs, the blood-stained quarter-decks, the gory battle-fields, all the way from Lexington and Yorktown, to Shiloh, Gettysburg, and Malvern Hill, the clash and clangor of the Old Continentals, and the wild war-cry of the boys in blue, aye, and the tender touch of the delicate, white hand of the Catholic Sister of Charity, stanching the life-blood as it gushed from many a hero's heart, —are all there, to tell the American people, to the latest posterity, of the undying devotion of the sons and daughters of the Catholic Church to the work of the perpetuity of the Union and the cause of constitutional liberty in this land.

"I have heard that the man who has so grievously aspersed the Catholic name, has taken his departure from this city. With unaffected cordiality, I congratulate my neighbors. Bigotry is a blight on any place, and a curse to any community. Hence! thou who comest 'with the testament of bleeding war' within thy hand!"

XII.

FRIENDSHIP.

A CORRESPONDENT puts to us the question, whether we do not think the story of Jonathan and David of equal beauty and pathos with that of Joseph and his brethren.

We do think that the former story is of equal and even of greater beauty, in its kind, than that of Joseph. And yet it is hard to compare, with much success, objects of an entirely different species. One rose we compare to another rose, or even with any other flower, as, for example, with the French marigold, or the mignonette, for where there is no resemblance as to shape, form, or color, there may be as to odor, and, at all events, all the objects fall within the same species. But we could not, with anything like propriety, compare a rose to a tree, a mountain, or to a goldbug.

What obtains in the physical world, is true also of the moral order. The beauty of the two subjects in question is of a moral character, but at the same time of a totally different genus; for, whereas there can be traced certain points of resemblance, there still remains an essential difference which does not allow of that proximity, so to speak, which is necessary for a complete comparison, since all must allow that friendship and filial piety are virtues manifestly distinct in kind.

Taking them as merely human virtues, they rest, in the first place, upon different foundations; the one on connection by kin; the other on connection by esteem, interest, and the various other titles of friendship. Filial duty is of obligation; friendship is of free choice. Filial love is natural to man; friendship is not, in any strict sense, or there would not be so many misanthropes in the world. We can conceive a man to be without friends; we can hardly think of one who is a parent-hater, or, if such a one exists, he is a monstrosity.

Still, the two virtues, friendship and filial piety, have a certain agreement, inasmuch as they denote the affections of the heart for objects outside itself. In the one case, these objects are related to the heart by a sort of natural affinity begotten by blood; in the other there is no special predilection of the affections until reason has selected and approved the object upon which those affections are to be centred. And, therefore, it would appear that friendship is the more rational; filial affection, the more instinctive. Thence, it seems, that if we regard the virtues intellectually, friendship is more noble than filial affection, just as reason reigns superior to instinct. And yet, we behold, with less horror, the violation and betrayal of friendship than recreancy to filial duty. The one may be a sin against gratitude, trust, benevolence, and the like; but the other is a sin against nature.

But it may be said, if friendship be the nobler virtue, how is its violation less grievous than that of filial piety? I answer, that one of the defects of comparison in the case of dissimilar things, is that they cannot be compared so as to predicate attributes of them, sufficiently common and comprehensive to require no modification. If we affirm a quality as appertaining, in a superior degree, to an object under a certain consideration, it may be wholly wanting under another aspect; or it may be over-balanced by other qualities not the subject of immediate inquiry. And thus, if we take these two virtues of which we are speaking, in a full and adequate view, or in their totality, we should hesitate to say that friendship, although indeed a noble virtue, is nobler than one directly implanted by God in the human breast; for though instinctive, it is also rational, especially so soon as the child has attained the expedite use of reason.

To conclude this portion of the subject, I may say that I think the two stories, that of Joseph and his brethren, and that of Jonathan and David, equally beautiful in many respects; and if we take them in their different classes or species, I would not hesitate to say that the latter is the more beautiful, for it is undoubtedly one of the most perfect instances of human friendship that has been given to record.

Let us recall the story in the chaste language of Sacred Writ:

“And it came to pass when he had made an end of speaking to

Saul, the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul.

“And David and Jonathan made a covenant, for he loved him as his own soul.

“And Jonathan stripped off the coat with which he was clothed, and gave it to David, and the rest of his garments, even to his sword, and to his bow, and to his girdle.”

And then what tender solicitude, and what self-denying devotion on the part of Jonathan to shield his friend from the shafts of Saul's fury. How touching the meeting of the two, when David issued from his covert in the field, in response to the signal of the arrows which Jonathan had hurled from his bow.

“And when the boy was gone, David rose out of his place, which was now towards the south, and falling on his face on the ground, he adored thrice; and kissing one another, they wept together, but David more.

“And Jonathan swore again to David because he loved him; for he loved him as his own soul.”

On the subject of friendship, so many beautiful things have been said by so many clever writers, that I can hardly hope to shun the hackneyed road of commonplace suggestion and remark. Despite this, however, I shall attempt to be creative, but I shall strive also to pluck a few flowers that bloom on unfrequented fields.

A friend, then, is one after one's own heart; nay, is of one heart and mind with myself; not that he must think and feel as I do; or, that his views of life and manners, men, and things must chime accordantly with mine, as if they proceeded from one common source and principle. Nor yet that he may not be at variance with me in our interchange of ideas, and may not at times positively disagree with my own most cherished thoughts and honored ideals; for true friendship not infrequently demands this very opposition. But admitting the most extensive latitude for intellectual dissent, and for divergence of natural endowments and moral qualities, so much so, that my friend and I are, in these respects, the very antipodes of our mutual selves; yet there still remains that magnetic and almost indefinable talismanic touch of sympathy, of unison, of harmony, of sentiment and feeling, blending, uniting, even fusing together what was before disjoined and separated. I do not say that this loadstone

of attraction is altogether indefinable, for that would make friendship unreasoning and unreasonable; friendship is founded on reason. That would make friendship nothing more than milk-and-water sentiment; and friendship, though it must be seasoned and sweetened with the salt of sentiment, is yet more than the finest feeling, for it dwells in the mind, no less than in the heart. What I have labored, perhaps somewhat clumsily, to make manifest, is, that reason is the prime factor in the formation of friendship, but not to the exclusion of other elements.

This reflection gives us the clue to the next point of discussion, that is to say, to the titles of friendship, or the qualities upon which it is founded.

On this subject, master minds having almost exhausted themselves, little remains for a common scribe to dilate upon. But as "fools rush in where mortals fear to tread," I may be pardoned for venturing my sorry wherry upon a sea, profound, vast, and abysmal.

The first quality, then, which we discover as characteristic of friendship, is mutuality, or reciprocity. There are many instances, I know, of actions denominated friendly, from which this attribute seems to be excluded. But in this case, friendship's language is misapplied, and the term is a misnomer. I may make a man my beneficiary without making him my friend; so far from attaining such result, the benefactions I bestow upon him may convert him into an enemy. Hence some cynical philosopher and bilious sage has observed that, if you want to make a man hostile to your interests, do him a favor. Of the extent of truth in this assertion, I need not speak to a person of sagacity. And thank heaven for the integrity of human nature, that still abides with us, this is not the normal condition of the heart; we may benefit some people without counting them as enemies. All I contend for is, that personal favors, benefits, and the like, are not a necessary part of friendship, at least in the formative stage of its existence.

These may, and generally do, exhibit themselves at some point, as tokens or symbols of affection, but they are not the virtue itself, any more than the sign is the thing signified.

One more remark, before I point out the qualities which reason requires in true friendship. I must eliminate, root and branch, the

element of selfishness from friendship. And this in opposition to the dogmatic dicta of many moralists and critics.

Who does not remember Moore's lines ?

“ What is friendship, but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep ;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep.”

And Bacon's pessimistic assertion ? “ That there is very little friendship in the world, and least of all among equals.” Some other blue-devil misanthrope averred, that all friendship was founded on selfishness, and that every man who sought to ingratiate himself into your favor had, in the language of Ben. Franklin, “ some axe to grind.”

I think it is Montaigne who said, that hypocrisy was the homage which vice paid to virtue. And as there is such a thing as true friendship, so there will always be found a spurious article to claim recognition as the genuine; for, “ as to the value of other things,” says Cicero, “ most men differ; concerning friendship, all have the same opinion.”

Thus much affirmed to clear the way, we may now examine, with the light of reason, those fair features which constitute the charm of the beautiful virtue of friendship. It is the office of reason to do this, for it requires the power of intellectual penetration to detect the qualities in question; a nice discriminating judgment and exact analysis and comparison of ideas to determine their value; and lastly, the selection of the character in whom the qualities reside as the term and object of our friendship.

The one indispensable quality of friendship is esteem, regard, and mutual appreciation. Without it, no lasting friendship can subsist. Now, I esteem a man for what he is worth; for his qualities of head and heart, manner and bearing being only secondary considerations in the commonality of cases. As no two minds, like no two faces, are fac-similes, man will differ as to the objects of their appreciation.

One man admires talent, genius, lively disposition, sallies of wit, exuberant fancy; another seeks only for a kind, sympathetic nature, to pour balm into his soul. . But these are only partial judgments, and he who, by some contracted notion, seeks to gauge the merits

of his friend from so selfish and narrow a standpoint, is ordinarily doomed to disappointment.

It is on the whole man our critical eye should rest; preserving the right proportion between his different classes of qualities, due prominence being given to the moral ones, which must outshine the rest.

When I have learned to justly esteem a person, then I am in a position to become his friend, and not before. If he has many good qualities, these will not all show themselves at once, or upon a superficial acquaintance, but will require some time and observation to elicit them; so that knowledge will serve to increase and strengthen the links of unison between the friends.

This, of course, is not always the case, for friends, like lovers, are artful enough to turn out their angel side at the outset; to make, so to speak, their best bow, and thus pass for what they are not, and, perhaps, never can be. Disgust and contempt are born of discovery, for, as has been said, pretensions deceive but only the pretenders. Addison deftly touches this trait of concealment in his essay on Friendship: "A man often contracts a friendship with one whom, perhaps, he does not find out till after a year's conversation; when on a sudden some latent ill-humour breaks out upon him, he never discovered or suspected upon his first entering into an intimacy with him." There are some persons, who, in certain periods of their lives, are inexpressibly agreeable, and in others, as odious and detestable. Martial has given a very pretty picture of one of this species in the following epigram:

" In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee or without thee."

With true friends there is no such dissembling. Frankness, openness, and artless and unaffected simplicity and confidence and trust are not only salient, but striking and essential characteristics of that condition of relationship between individuals which must precede the formation and continue through the duration of true friendship. How can I be the friend of a man who seems to hide himself from me; who is on his guard all the time lest he should betray himself to me by act or speech; who appears to think me ever on the alert

to hold up the lantern to his defects, and set his faults upon the candlestick?

So soon, however, as we find one, in whom, by reason of his own artless non-concealment and ingenuous demeanor, we are able to discover those traits of character which merit our esteem; and when circumstances are such as to favor and facilitate acquaintance; and when, besides, there is that nameless attraction which draws us towards each other, then we naturally desire to cultivate the friendship of such a one. It is obvious, though, that among Christian people there can be but little esteem which is not founded upon moral qualities. What boots it that a man be wise or witty; that he be affable and accomplished; that he be brimful of good-nature, and overflowing with the "milk of human kindness," if, at the same time, he be wanting in that very thing, which, being absent, mars his manhood and unmakes his majesty as the noblest work of God?

So much for the titles upon which friendship rests; and now for those attributes which adorn and beautify, as they consecrate and ennoble, the magnificent virtue of true friendship.

Confidence is the first quality to which I direct my attention.

It has been said there are no secrets between friends. With this view I cannot fully concur; for, as George Macdonald has said, "in every man there is a loneliness, an inner chamber of peculiar life, into which God alone can enter." But if it be taken in the proper sense, it is not only a truth, but a truism, to say that there should be no secrets as between genuine friends. For this refers, of course, not to those affairs of conscience which men do not wish to communicate to any but God, or their confessor, but to such matters as may be disclosed with discretion to an undoubted and approved friend, to the end that he assist, enlighten, counsel, or lend sympathy and comfort when these are needful. And few, indeed, are the affairs of life, the concerns of individuals, which may not be thus divulged to one sufficiently tried to merit the appellation of friend. If I cannot so far confide in my putative friends as to trust them with important secrets when necessary, why should I select them for an office which I deem them disqualified to perform? And this confidence exactly accords with that definition of a friend, which, of all I know, is the best:—that he is my second self. For if he is of one heart and mind with me, how can he be so regarded upon whom, in

my mistrust, I shut the door of intimacy with reference to what passes within my own soul?

This confidence, moreover, is the necessary outgrowth of that judgment of reason by which I select one man of a thousand perhaps, to be my friend; and if I do not extend it, the omission simply proves that I have a very puny faith in the correctness of my own judgment. If I judge a man to have the necessary learning, ability, goodness, affection, and all the other qualities which I seek in a friend; and if I have chosen him to be such just because of these things, do I not make a sinner of my judgment and a cipher of my character for common sense, when I hesitate to make available those endowments, on account of whose possession I first selected my friend, not more for admiration and esteem of the things themselves, than for the belief that they might advantage me in certain emergencies? I must, therefore, confide in my friend, and if I do not, he may be an acquaintance, a companion, a fellow; but he is not in any true sense a friend. A friend is a counsellor; how can he counsel me who has not my confidence? A friend is a sympathizer; how can he sympathize with my affliction, or soften my sorrow by "pouring on it the balm of kindred sorrow," who knows not what griefs may vex my soul? I confide, then, in my friend; I trust in his fidelity; I have faith in his integrity; I confidently count on his sympathy, and I believe that he possesses all that ability, that benevolence, and that personal interest, that desire to help me, and that promptitude to do so, which I pronounced him possessed of when I called him by the sacred name of friend.

Albeit, I say: be slow to give any man thy complete confidence till time has tried him. If it be no irreverence to apply here the words of Sacred Writ, "Let a man prove himself." To know any man, you must eat the traditional peck of salt with him; you must have a considerable personal experience with him. But it is not always necessary that it be personal, for his reputation is to be regarded, and the authority on which it rests. Nor is long acquaintance always necessary; for some may betray more of their character and show more genuine friendship in a year than others in the course of a lifetime. Yet the rule obtains: Give your confidence cautiously; or better, prudently, and prudence does not signify nar-

row-minded caution. To quote the well-known advice of Polonius to his son:

“The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy heart with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of every new-hatched, unfledged comrade.”

Another quality I shall briefly consider, and that is constancy.

I allude not now to those summer friends, as they are called, who flit about a man, like gnats in a sunbeam, so long as the sunshine of success smiles upon him, and basely desert a friend when a crisis comes upon him, even though they would feelingly resent any imputation of the kind; and yet, sooth to say, are made of such fickle and vacillating stuff that they can form no fixed, unvarying friendships. They are with you to-day; to-morrow they are vanished like smoke. Then they repent themselves, and court your company and your friendship, only to make a fresh rupture, and thus it is to the end of the chapter. This is often the result of the innate weakness of their will and the vagaries of their intellect. They lack that solid poise which betokens a well-balanced and orderly mind. Or it is due to irascibility and impulsiveness of nature and disposition. They are ruffled and huffed and slighted at the most trivial and often imaginary things; and without an iota of compunction they will, for a mere bagatelle, ruthlessly snap asunder the bonds of friendship, which, having endured for years, gave promise of long life and permanence. These are often the best-natured people in the world, but far from desirable friends. They are often haughty, imperious, overbearing, and exacting; they will not meet you on terms of equality; and when they do bestow the outward marks of friendship, it is with a condescending and patronizing air, which plainly says, “You ought to feel honored, sir.” And then they like to play the coquette, to show you that, like the Siren, they, too, “can break all hearts like chinaware.” And thus they “run their fickle round,” till at length, wearied by satiety, they find that they have the fate of the coquette, having become every man’s acquaintance, but the friend of none.

Fidelity is another mark of true friendship.

It might appear that this is little different from constancy, and,

perhaps, I could embrace it under that head; but in the meaning I here attach to it, it is something widely apart from the other. By fidelity I understand, not so much constancy in friendship, as faithfulness in fulfilling its trusts and obligations. In its primary meaning it, of course, excludes all treachery, all betrayal, all falseness; and this ought to go without saying. The faithful friend is one who, in all circumstances, come calm, come storm, will never flinch in discharging the duty of a friend. The time-honored adage, "a friend in need is a friend indeed," finds in him its literal exemplification. He prefers to be a kindly thorn in my side, than to be my echo; and he is not "a mute dog afraid to bark" when there is danger. He sees my faults, and he fain would correct them, unconscious of giving offence. He thinks not with Cassius, "a friendly eye would never see such faults," but with Brutus, "a flatterer's would not, though they were as high as huge Olympus." The world may play me false; but he is true as steel. Ever jealous of my honor, he is a shield against the biting breath of slander, and no tongue may defame me with impunity when he stands by to bear a blow in my defense.

Though all things should seem against me; though the chill wind of misfortune should drive me forth a wanderer and an outcast; though shame, disgrace, and infamy come upon me, while he deplores and weeps my fall, he is my friend still. When the proud man's contumely and the scorn of the world pursue me, he compassionates my misery, and he follows me to the tomb when I am cast into it as an unclean and loathsome thing.

And the faithful friend is the soul of sincerity. No suspicions ever haunt his mind; no jealousies corrode his heart, for if they did he would not be found faithful. There is no bond which jealousy will not break, "for if love be strong as death, jealousy is hard as hell." The worm of envy never enters his breast, for if it did he would betray his trust. And yet he wants no monopoly of my affections, nor does the green-eyed monster seize him if I seek to make other friends, knowing that this is no infringement of his right, no detracting of his own esteem. And how many useful and honorable friendships have been strangled at birth, and blasted, as the bud by the frost, by the killing ice of envy, jealousy, suspicion, and all that base-born brood.

I might say more about the vices incident to friendship, but, perhaps, I have mounted "the airy stilts of abstraction" long enough, and this analysis is now sufficiently minute. A word more in another direction.

It is a great advantage to any man to possess a few good and tried friends. None of us can live solely in himself. Thank God, no man can so far gratify his egotism. Man was made for society; and, for my part, whenever I have met a character who seemed utterly without bent or inclination for companionship, I have been irresistibly persuaded that he was a fellow with a very vicious head, a selfish heart, and gross, distempered feelings. He is a good man to be watched, nay, shunned—*habet foenum in cornu*, as the poet says: "He has hay on his horns."

The first thing that God found fault with (if I may be licensed this expression) after He pronounced His creation good, was the loneliness of man. We have within us a craving for sympathy and association. As Cicero says, "They seem to take away the sun from the world, who withdraw friendship from life; for we have received nothing better from the immortal gods, and nothing more delightful." Whoever has not read Cicero's admirable treatise on friendship, should supply the neglect at his first convenience.

Sir John Lubbock, who has lately had a deal of fame anent his list of one hundred books, affirms that those who have written in praise of books, can find nothing better to say of them than to compare them to friends. And Bacon tells us that it is a mere solitude to want true friends, without which the world is a wilderness. "In conversation with a friend, a man tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; and, finally, he waxeth wiser than himself, and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation."

"The most open discourse and unreserved instruction," says Addison, "is that which passes between two persons who are familiar and intimate friends." The same elegant essayist, quoting from Tully, says, "This pagan was the first who observed that friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy and the dividing of our grief."

These advantages, or fruits of friendship, as they are called by Sir

Francis Bacon, are, according to Addison, easily multiplied by calling into play all those characteristics which we have described as proper to real friendship.

A man should be chary in his choice of friends. "Have many well-wishers," says the son of Sirach, "but very few friends." "Discover not thy heart to every one," says À Kempis, citing Eccl. viii., "but treat thy affairs with a man that is wise and feareth God." And again: "We must have charity for all, but familiarity is not expedient." Besides, if we have too many friends, we cannot treat all with that consideration which we should, and our affections likewise are too much divided.

Unsuspecting and confiding natures are prone to give their friendship to any chance acquaintance, and often are they left to repent their indiscretion and deplore their folly. As for myself, though owning to a wide-extended circle of acquaintance, I count my friends upon the fingers of my hand. And I am not sorry that the case is thus, for I feel, with Seneca, that the more I go into society, the less I return a man. I think, with Bacon, that "little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth, for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love."

Upon the wisdom of our choice of friends, depends much of our moral character and temporal felicity. If they are not better than we, they will, of a surety, drag us down to their own level. A thing is made better only by that which is better than the thing itself. Gold grows not in value when loaded with lead or sheeted with silver. Cicero says in his essay on friendship: "It is congruous that a man be good himself first, and then he can choose for a friend one like unto himself."

But to my mind it were more advisable that he seek a man better than himself; for if our friends are better than ourselves, they will help to lift us up to their lofty nobility. Like Sir John Lubbock, I disagree with the rhapsodical Emerson, who says that men must always descend in order to meet. No; they may meet, and yet preserve each his individuality, and all its peculiar properties, provided the ice of indifference, and the frost of selfishness, which stand like the frozen pillars of the North, between the souls of men in this cold, calculating age, are melted by the glowing fire of true friendship.

The older we grow, the more finical and fastidious we become in forming friendships. Some writer, whom I do not recall, thus descants on this idea : "As we advance in years, we shrink from new acquaintance. Old friends, or if new, nice ones; intelligent society with a human bent in it; more perfect freedom of speech and action;—these alone make social life, to mature persons, worth living. All the rest is strained pretension and uncomfortable politeness." A young man once sought an introduction to a noted woman of letters in the city of London. She is not now of much importance, being dead and forgotten. She was then, however, a shining star in the firmament of the literary world. And as all literary people of distinction had great attractions for the young man, he expressed a wish, through a common friend, to meet her. Imagine his surprise when his friend wrote : "My dear fellow, she will have nothing to do with you. She says she knows a great deal too many people already."

At the time I first heard this, I thought the lady's conduct rather rude, or certainly uncivil, but I have since learned to envy the woman's moral courage. How delightful it would be if we dared to have that noble truth printed on our cards, and when folks call upon us whom we do not care to know, to send them this : "Mr. So and So's compliments, but he knows a great many people already."

While I express and applaud this sentiment in the abstract, I freely concede its exercise could properly be carried out only with the nicest caution and discrimination.

As, on the one hand, we should be careful in selecting our friends; so, on the other, we should charge ourselves with earnest solicitude in retaining them. It ought, therefore, to be something more than a venial offence that would move us to part with an old and serviceable friend. "Old wine, old books, old friends," sings the poet, and with all my heart I subscribe to the sentiment. We should learn that all men are not made in the same mould; and "how," says A Kempis, "can we expect to have another to our liking, if we cannot make ourselves such as we would wish." We should endeavor to be patient in supporting others' defects and infirmities of what kind soever, because we have also many things which others must bear with. To close out all ground for complaint, we ought to be punctiliously exact in performing the offices which friendships

demand, and this the more so where special favors lay claim to our gratitude, for,

“ Kindness neglected makes friendship suspected.”

Nor should we be too rigorous in the requirements we impose upon others.

A sunny serenity of soul, urbanity of behavior, equanimity of mind, generosity of judgment, a quick and lively manifestation of sympathy, these are some of the useful and necessary requisites, not only for forming, but for indissolubly cementing a friendship which we have set our heart upon perpetuating beyond the possibility of rupture or decay. It is with a good friend, as it is with childish innocence, as it is with a mother's love ; its full value is never known until it is lost to us entirely.

“ Death,” says Lubbock, “ cannot sever friends. Friends, though absent, are still present ; though in poverty, they are rich ; though weak, yet in the enjoyment of health ; and what is still more difficult to assert, though dead, they are still alive.”

“ Even the grave is a bond of union,
Spirit and spirit best hold communion.
Seen through faith by the inward eye,
It is after death they are truly nigh.”

—J. C. MANGAN.

“ To me, indeed,” says Ruskin, “ Scipio still lives, and will always live, for I love the virtue of that man, and that worth is not yet extinguished.” “ And,” says Lubbock, in concluding his lecture, “ if we choose our friends for what they are, and not for what they have, and if we deserve so great a blessing, then they will be always with us, preserved in absence, and even after death, in the amber of memory.”

Thus far I have said nothing of the Christian side of friendship ; in fact, almost all that has been predicated of the subject might fittingly be affirmed of an association of affectionate people who unite themselves on purely natural grounds and motives. The real reason is, I do not deem it necessary. I am quite sure that any Christian, who is not such merely in name, or one particularly who makes some profession of piety, is fully conscious of those Christian

qualities and virtues which should be superadded to those of which mention has been made, and description given in lining the fair features of true friendship. Under this aspect, though, I ought to make one allusion. It has come to mind from the perusal of the preface to that delightful little book, "The Will of God : How to detect it in our actions." It is, that, as friends, we should have a lively concern and active interest in the spiritual progress of each other. This will often entail the delicate duty of fraternal correction, and a candid and fearless exposure of friends' respective faults to each other. Perhaps I cannot do better than to transcribe, paraphrastically, the writer's sentiments :

"Outside the walls of a religious house, one rarely meets with any who are much concerned with our spiritual progress. Provided we are what is usually called 'good,' our most intimate worldly friends are perfectly satisfied. How seldom is it our happiness in the busy paths of life, to find that 'pearl beyond price,' the brother in Christ, who, for the great love of God, will tell us kindly of our faults. There are many enough to ridicule them and to mimic them; plenty to assail them in our absence with un pitying scorn and unqualified censure; and there are even some who find a malignant gratification in trampling rudely on those weaknesses of character to which we are most sensitive. Self-love and wounded feelings too often prevent us profiting by hard lessons of instruction such as these. But what an ineffable blessing it is to meet a real friend, who at much self-sacrifice, and it may be at the risk of grave offence, tries with a firm but gentle hand to remove the cross that renders the pure gold of honest purpose unworthy of the favor of heaven."

As the concluding portion of this paper, I desire to introduce a few notable instances of friendship :

Charles Lamb, in his essay of *Elia*, makes one curious and clever, but instructive statement in respect of imperfect sympathies. He critically excepts therein to that sentiment of the author of "*Religio Medici*," when he asserted, "I am of a constitution so general that it consorts and sympathizes with all things."

"For myself," says Lamb, "I confess that I do feel the differences of mankind to an unhealthy excess. I cannot look with an indifferent eye upon things or persons. I can feel for all, but I cannot towards all equally. I cannot like all people alike." And Lamb is

right. For if we could not have special predilections, we could have no friendship. If we were restricted to that general and indefinite sympathy for mankind, spoken of, we could love none in particular. We are bound to love all men, it is true, for this is the law of Christ; but nowhere has the Saviour enjoined the precept in the rigid or exclusive sense which would debar us from contracting special alliances with chosen souls. Nay; so far from it, the gentle, the all-loving Redeemer had His own chosen friends. The Sacred Record, so far as I remember, furnishes us with but two instances of the God-man's weeping, and one of these was by the grave of His dead friend Lazarus. Jesus wept at the sight of human suffering. He wept because Mary and Martha, His beloved handmaidens and friends, wept at the loss of their only brother Lazarus. He wept because He was the sweetness of the incarnation of self-forgetful compassion, which thought of the wounds and bruises of other hearts, and how He might heal them. And He wept for all; but His holiest tears, I think, were shed for the sake of friends. And many a time, no doubt, when worn and weary by the toilsome labors of the day, did He seek refreshment and repose in the house of His much-prized friends Martha and Mary, preferably to sharing the hospitality of the high-born ones of earth. When He retired into the gray twilight of the garden, in that sad and solemn hour when His soul was sorrowful even unto death, even then He found some consolation in choosing for His company those friends whom He loved the best of all. It was Peter, and James and John, and only these of all His followers, whose happy privilege it was to see Him radiant with glory at the Transfiguration on Mt. Thabor.

There was an instance still more noteworthy, when He manifested a special fondness and attachment for one above all the rest. "Now, there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of His disciples whom Jesus loved." There was then in the fraternity of Apostles one whom it was not irreverent nor miscalled to consider the especial favorite of Jesus. Yes; this Jesus, whose mind was filled with the magnitude of His mission, the greatness of His sublime undertaking for the salvation of the whole world; who, at the very moment to which the text alludes, was oppressed with sad anticipations of the defections of His dearest friends; this friend of man—weak, fallen man—in all ages, conditions, and countries, had leaning upon His bosom one whom

He loved as the apple of His own eye. What an affection was that which subsisted between the Master and the youngest of His disciples, John !

I have no wish to sermonize, dear reader, but I may ask you to cast an eye upon that sublime scene in the coenacle of Jerusalem. It is the eve of our dear Lord's bitter passion and death. He sits surrounded by the twelve of His own choice. He felt and He knew that they followed Him thither, more from motives of interest than affection. They came, many of them, for the loaves and fishes. They eagerly awaited the imaginary honors and distinctions, which, it was believed, He would bestow upon them in that kingdom of which, as they fondly thought, he was about to come into possession. Well might he tell them, as He told the multitudes, to labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that which endureth to everlasting life. He knew they would forsake Him in the hour of the triumph of His enemies; that one would betray Him; another deny Him; that all would desert Him as soon as their expectations were damped by disappointment; and that even that beloved disciple, who leaned upon His bosom, whom He pressed to the tendrils of His heart, would yield to timidity and base-born human respect, and coldly leave Him to His fate. Perhaps it was compunction that brought him to the foot of the Cross to take his stand by the side of the Virgin mother, whose life was crowned with sorrow.

And yet, despite it all, Jesus' love for His little family burns with undiminished ardor, especially for His bosom-friend and follower, John; and He pours forth to His heavenly Father that touching and affectionate prayer for the unity and protection of His flock: "Holy Father, keep them in Thy name."

In the life of Jesus we find the highest perfection, in which were admirably blended the special and general affections. We discover in our Lord a breadth and scope of affection which embraced the whole of humanity, not excepting the enemies who nailed Him to the Cross; and yet this same boundless affection was so flexible that it was capable of contracting itself to the compass of a single individual, whom He loved more than all. And this conduct of our Redeemer is an amply conclusive answer to those who, with an air of philosophic superiority, rail against particular friendships as something decidedly to be reprobated and condemned; for

as in the heart of Jesus, so in every well-regulated human heart, all the affections, general and particular, are so nicely balanced, and so properly preserved, that by due harmony and subordination they must contribute to the good both of society and the individual man.

It has been said (and I refer to the matter with some delicacy) that such friendships ought not to exist between lay people and those who make profession of religion. Not, indeed, that they are wrong in themselves, but that they may tend to the detriment of one or both concerned. I answer, so may anything, however good, be perverted. And surely Martha and Mary were lay people, and Jesus was a religious. So that, while I concede that such friendships ought to be entered upon after due deliberation, and with nice discretion, yet I hold that they are not only wholesome, but even holy and fruitful in good results.

We have many examples among those whom we now honor as saints to give force to our assertion. But first let me refer to one who, though not a saint, was, when living, as beloved as he was admired, and who, though dead, has left a memory which abides in benediction. I mean the celebrated J. K. L., Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin. I make no doubt most of my readers have heard of his famous friendship for "Marianna," to whom he wrote such exquisitely beautiful epistles. I have read, and to some extent studied, the life of this master-mind, this transcendent genius. I have not been able sufficiently to admire him as bishop, statesman, publicist, and scholar. Whether as the great tribune thundering against lawlessness and crime, as the fervid pulpit orator pleading the cause of the poor and the oppressed; or as the majestic statesman, bending with consummate tact and ability the minds of others to his own sagacious counsels,—no matter in which of these aspects we fix our scrutiny upon him, in none does he shine forth a truer, nobler, grander character than he discovers himself to be in penning those letters of unaffected friendship, which, up to the day of his lamented death, he continued to write to "Marianna" and a few chosen friends.

I shall make no allusion to the old story of Damon and Pythias, which is so well known as to be proverbial.

The friendship of Beaumont and Fletcher is quite noteworthy.

These two literary celebrities had but one mind and one wish for each other's fame and reputation, and so concertedly did they blend

their labors, that, it is said, critics cannot distinguish the productions of the one from those of the other ; and I believe it has been said that biographers are unable to write the life of one, without running into the life of the other. Their lives were as those of brothers.

Montaigne's affection for Charron is noticed with admiration by many authors. Montaigne allowed his friend to marry into his family, and Charron, in gratitude, willed his whole fortune to Montaigne's sister after he had been married to her.

The pathetic lines of Halleck on the death of his friend Drake, are known to every reader of American literature :

“ Green be the turf above thee,
 Friend of my better days ;
 None knew thee but to love thee,
 Nor named thee but to praise.
 Tears fell when thou wert dying,
 From eyes unused to weep ;
 And long where thou art lying,
 Will tears the cold turf steep.”

Tennyson's matchless monument of poesy, built in memory of his dead friend, Arthur Hallam, will endure for ages, as a living testimonial to their mutual love and friendship.

Those who have read Gerald Griffin's "Invasion," need not be reminded of the beautiful tale of friendship told therein, which is one of the most fascinating effusions on the same subject anywhere to be found.

The sad and melancholy, but singularly faithful and tender friendship of the Rev. Father Meehan for the ill-starred son of genius, James Clarence Mangan, is full of pathos and exquisite sentiment. This good priest it was, "who," as John Mitchell says, "had always appreciated him as a poet, loved him as a man, and yearned over him as a soul in the jaws of perdition," who stood by his bedside in the last hours of that wild, weird, tumultuous life, to smooth his pathway to the tomb, and anxiously and affectionately to carry the final consolations of religion to this rarely-gifted creature ere he passed to the voiceless valley of the far-away land. Ah ! that he had been true to that promise long before made to another anxious

friend, the story of that strange death-in-life might not read like the record of a ghoul :

“Fare thee well ! we now know each the other ;
 Each has struck the other's inmost chords.
 Fare thee well ! my friend and more than brother,
 And may scorn pursue me if I smother
 In my soul thy words !”

The last shining of that meteoric star, as it descended below the horizon of the world, was rendered faint and fitful by the clouds and shadows of a dark and desolate life ; but let us hope that in the brightness of divine mercy it rose radiantly in the land of spirits.

I shall finish these citations by a reference to the deathless and immortal friendship that existed between the great St. Bernard and the pious Ermengarde, Countess of Brittany. Oh ! what a chaste and saintly union between these interior souls, which the Holy Spirit of God alone could inspire. A woman of great force of character, of great talents and accomplishments, much sought and flattered by the gay courtiers of her age, she passed her time amid a host of worldly engagements, her affections divided between the school of Satan and the school of Christ, till she found, in her friendship with St. Bernard, the means of mounting to the sublime heights of sanctity. And what a spirit of fatherly care and pastoral tenderness breathes through every line of those beautiful and affectionate epistles, which he wrote to her from the silent cell of his cloister, or upon the course of his toilsome journeys.

Oh ! Blessed Bernard, glorious champion of the Cross, I seem to behold thee now, raising thy powerful voice amid the chorus of the awakening nations, bearing aloft the banner of the Crucified, and bidding kings and princes rise from their jewelled thrones, and casting aside purple robes and glittering sceptres, make their way over sea and mountain to far-off Palestine. Grand and incomparable leader, art thou calling the nations to arise to the rescue of the sepulchre of the Saviour. But greater still doth thy greatness shine, when, after long communings with thy God, thou sittest, pen in hand, to pour out the wealth of thy affection, and the spiritual tenderness of thy soul upon her to whom thou wert so closely united in the bonds of Christ.

“Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, salutes his beloved daughter in Jesus Christ, Ermengarde, formerly Countess of Brittany, now a servant of God ; and assures her that he entertains towards her every feeling of pure and Christian affection.

“Why cannot I make my mind as visible to you as this paper, that you may read in my heart the sentiments of love with which the Lord inspires me, and the zeal He gives me for your soul. You would discover there what no tongue could express. I am with you in spirit, though absent in body. It is true that I cannot show you my heart ; but if I cannot manifest it to you entirely, you may still, if you will, understand it ; you have only to dive into your own to find mine, and attribute to me as much love for you as you find there for me. Humility and modesty will not allow you to believe that you love me better than I do you ; and you must think, on the contrary, that the same God who inclines you to love me, and to be guided by my advice, gives me an equal ardor to respond to this affection, and a tender interest in your service. Understand, then, how you have kept near me ever since my departure ; for myself, I may say with truth, that I did not leave you when I left you, and that I find you wherever I am.”

Is there anything in the history of the human heart, so touching, so charming, so divine ? Oh ! that every shepherd of souls might be able to show the same sweet tenderness and deathless affection for the members of the flock of Christ committed to his care and control.

I shall close this protracted paper with some pearls of wisdom from the wise.

“I cherish good hopes, and believe that I am loved by my friends,” said Marcus Aurelius.

“ Friend is a word of royal tone,
Friend is a poem all alone,”

says the Persian poet,
And Pope sings :

“ Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.

And Sydney declares : "Nothing is more terrible to the guilty heart than the eye of a respected friend."

Confucius lays down the following :

"No one should have a friend that is not equal to himself,
They halve one's cares, and double one's joys."

"They are wealth to the poor, strength to the weak, and health to the sick." "Whether near or at a distance, they neither suspect nor doubt one."

He speaketh best, who speaketh last; hence let the son of Sirach prescribe our parting advice :

"If thou wouldst get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him."

"Some man is a friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in the day of trouble."

"Take heed of thy friends. A faithful friend is a strong defence; and he that hath found such a one, hath found a treasure. Nothing doth countervail a faithful friend, and his excellency is invaluable."

"A faithful friend is the medicine of life, and they that fear the Lord shall find him."

"Whoso feareth the Lord shall direct his friendship aright, for as he is, so shall his neighbor be."

"Change not thy friend for any good, by no means; nor a faithful brother for the gold of Ophir."

"Love thy friend and be faithful to him, for as a man hath destroyed his enemy, so hast thou lost the love of thy neighbor."

XIII.

AN OLD STUDENT'S RECOLLECTION OF SETON HALL.

AMONG the Catholic Colleges of our country, Seton Hall stands in no secondary station. Three decades of years have not departed since its foundation, and yet it can claim no slender share in lasting, good results. Wisdom characterized the choice of Archbishop Bayley and Bishop McQuaid, when, after deciding to remove from Madison, where the college was originally located, they selected the present site, every inch of which is imaged in the minds of "Alma Mater's" sons, with scenes that constitute an ever-cherished charm, whereon remembrance loves to linger, in recalling college life.

Of the friendships there formed the link is yet unlocked. The faces that we knew still better than our books, are unforgotten. The spots where, as trembling truants, we sequestered our forms from the lynx-eyed vigilance of the patient Prefect, seem still to afford us the succor of their secret shade. The winding paths through the wild-woods; the broad, oft-travelled turnpike; the neat village nestling in the valley; the mountains beyond, lifting aloft their green-tufted tops, all are as fresh and fair as the gold-gleaming vistas that tantalized our youthful vision, and fed the hungry hope of boyish expectation.

True it is, this is more or less the experience of every college-bred man; and we must affirm that he is but a poor product of her fostering care, who treasures not even a lingering affection for the mother who nursed him in the cradle of science, and slaked his thirst for information from the copious cup of knowledge. All this is true as it is trite, and yet we scruple not to say that few feel fonder or stronger regard for their old college home, than the students of Setonia.

Every year improvements have occurred in the various departments of the institution, securing, thereby, greater usefulness and perfection. Those who saw Seton Hall in 1865, would not recognize the superb stone structure that rose upon the ruins of the marble building. Even within the past ten years various improvements have occurred, which add most happily to the efficiency of the educational department, and increase the comfort of the inmates. He who sat in the study-hall eight years ago, and fumbled with the heavy-hinged covers of the old-style desks, would now be delighted to plant his person in a commodious arm-chair, before a neat and well-appointed escritoire.

Among the most recent changes, we may notice the flagged walks before the college property, on both sides of South Orange Avenue, now no longer, as of old, a mass of mud, but a macadamized road with a line of horse-cars; the well-formed, romantic paths that turn through the college woods, now beginning to look like a park; gas-light introduced on the play-ground; new, solid flooring for the ball alleys; and, instead of the venerable pump of many memories, a bronze fountain that rises under a graceful pavilion.

It would be an unpardonable omission on our part, were we to fail to notice the work thus far accomplished in the Ecclesiastical Seminary. The seminary has ever been the object of devoted care for the Bishops of the diocese, and the officers of Seton Hall; and it is meet that it should be so. Let us rejoice that our seminary is equal to its mission. Men of marked ability have graced its professorial chairs. Need we recall the names of Archbishop Corrigan, Rev. Dr. Brann, Rev. J. de Concilio, Rev. W. J. Wiseman, and Dr. Smith? Out of its doors have gone forth devoted laborers into the dioceses of Newark and Trenton. Every church, and chapel, and school, by them erected, is another monument to mark the efficiency and success of Seton Hall Seminary. And these same men were invaluable auxiliaries in the task of educating and disciplining the young collegians. It was a test school for the practice of patience, and the cultivation of meek deportment.

Of the professors who have been honored with positions in the institution, I need pronounce no eulogium. There was one, however, perhaps best known of all, at least to students and educators. He grew gray in the service, and passed away as unobserved as he had

lived. He was "a helluo librorum," and the lore of antiquity seemed all garnered into the storehouse of his memory. His quaint sayings and old saws were a never-failing fund of delight; and the geniality of his temper, not less than the genius of his mind, led captive the student heart. History tells of the old man, who, when dying, prayed the Lord to keep his memory green; we had almost said the prayer was supererogatory in the case of the late lamented Professor Blume.

"Suaviter in modo fortiter in re," has been the strong yet mild motto of this institution; and, from all that observation has elicited, we can, we think, correctly conclude that it is yet a potent principle of government from which the faculty have deemed it unwise to depart.

Thus we have briefly described the place where we passed away so many pleasant hours of our earlier life. We should like, did space permit, to recall some reminiscence of the best known of our contemporaries; but perhaps the topic would be of limited interest, since they were unknown both to those who went before, and those who followed us. Yet our heart thrills when we summon up the scenes of the trials and triumphs of those days. With eye of imagination, we behold the plodding, patient industry of our close competitor for the coveted prize; let us hope that we gazed upon him then with a look as unjaundiced by jealousy as it is now. With palpitating heart we awaited the eventful night upon which our friends should witness our *début* upon the boards in the "cork" character, or yet in the more heavy and pretentious role of untried tragedy.

And we ponder, too, on Hallow Eve, when we danced like Der-vishes before the crackling bonfire, and delivered our mock speeches, both in the classics barbarized and the vernacular "stumpified." But most of all, we seem to stand spectators of the hard-fought fight between the Alerts and their friendly foes, the Rose-Hills. Victory is ours, we think, and, with three-times-three, we make the welkin ring; then, with happy hearts, we hasten to the refectory, to feast our friends, to sing our songs, and to exhibit our maiden efforts at speechifying, and thus to show our visitors that we are no less formidable at the festive board than when on the diamond, we might wish to wield the willow.

It is scenes like these, hardly less than the remembrance of our excellent moral and intellectual training, that endear to our memory the recollection of our "Alma Mater." We are proud of her prospects, and we fondly pray that no cloud of ill-fortune will ever cast one speck of shade upon the lustre of Setonia's untarnished fame. "May she live long and prosper."

XIV.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

It has been my fortune, good or ill, to have seen, in a moderately short life, no inconsiderable share of what we in religion, for lieu, perhaps, of a better designation, are wont to call "the world." This is not due,—at least I hope I should not be so vain as to think it due—to any superior capacity for observation; but to the fact that I occupied a somewhat enlarged sphere of observation, the result of early rambling, of mingling with the world for many years before God put it in my soul to become a soldier, though a poor one, in His holy Sanctuary. Now, what I say is this: that I have never yet met a member of the human family, no matter how obdured by vice, or sunk in sin, or crimsoned in crime; no matter how long the period of his absence from the parental roof-tree; no matter what or how bitter the recollection of his early life at home; no matter what previous or present conditions might be—I have never met one, I say, of whom I could affirm, that in that man's soul every spark of filial affection was dead. It is too true, indeed, that in several instances some of these of whom I speak, had acted with fiendish cruelty towards those who "in groans and travails" had brought them into life, and had shown "how sharper than a serpent's tooth, is an ungrateful child." But for all that, there came moments upon them when the heart was touched and the spirit softened, when the fountains of feeling were unlocked, and then, out of their callous, sindried souls, there gushed forth floods of tears to bedew the long-buried, but deathless memory, of parents neglected, despised, forgotten. If I may be permitted to intrude my personal experience upon my readers, I have to say, that, among the foibles and follies of my youth, there is hardly one that I more deeply deplore, and that comes home to me at this distant day with fresher and more

poignant regret, than my having once abandoned my good parents, and left them for an entire year in ignorance as to whether I were living or dead. And yet, despite my deliberate dereliction of duty (what contradictions in the character of man!), well do I remember, as I trudged along the roads of Western New York, or as I sat in solitude upon the ship's prow, upon the broad Atlantic, how I often lifted my gaze towards the stars at midnight, and then would come upon me such a rush of remorseful memories, as I thought of my perfidious ingratitude, that I cried till it seemed as if my spirit were riven and my heart would break. Ah! I think there is no more galling recollection in the history of any man than the reproach which memory frequently flings before him, who has been wanting in duty to his parents. Apropos of this, some may remember reading the pathetic story of Mrs. Sigourney, the American authoress, related by herself, concerning her keen and ever-abiding pain for a slight waywardness towards her mother, who, when her daughter, smitten by contrition for her unkindness, sought the sick bedside to beg forgiveness, was *already dead*. "And old as I am now," says she, "I would give worlds, were they mine to give, could my mother have but lived to tell me that she forgave my childish ingratitude. But I cannot call her back; and when I stand by her grave, and whenever I think of her manifold kindness, the memory of that reproachful look she gave me will bite like a serpent and sting like an adder."

I have adduced these personal narratives in corroboration of my first assertion as to the universality of the feeling of filial affection. The reason is not far to seek.

Man is not more nor less than his nature; he cannot stifle his nature, as he can his conscience. Nature will assert herself some time or other. Parental love and filial affection are natural to man, for they are graven, by the God of nature, on the human heart. For a time these feelings may seem dead or dormant; but it is only a temporary sleep. It is the law of nature. And hence, as we know, this sentiment can find a lodgment, not only in the Christian, but also in the pagan breast. Nay, as a sentiment in the rational, it becomes a lively instinct in the irrational creation. Natural history is replete with examples. We hear, it is true, more about the love of the old for the young, as, for example, when the pelican is said to

pour out its heart's blood to give life to its little ones; but instances of reciprocal love on the part of the young, are not a rarity. Storks, crows, and ravens cover their parent birds with their wings, and bear them on their backs, when they are rendered helpless. Even the fierce and greedy lionling will tear the flesh of his prey and give it to his mother.

Filial affection is a natural virtue apart from Christian motives, and hence it was not unknown to the pagans. I think it is Addison, who, in one of his essays in the *Spectator*, refers to a custom, once extant in China, of razing to the ground, and covering with salt, symbolical of purification, the foundations of a city, one of whose inhabitants had been guilty of any cruelty to his parents. At the burning of Troy, Æneas, as we learn from Homer, bore forth from the burning walls of the city his aged father upon his shoulders. To which incident Shakespeare aptly alluded in his play of Julius Cæsar, when Cassius vaunts himself upon his feat of bearing Cæsar from the Tiber :

“ And as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulders
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber,
Did I the tired Cæsar.”

—JULIUS CÆSAR, ACT I, SCENE II.

Siculus tells of a father who had three putative sons, and who knew that only one of them was his real son. When dying, he decreed that his property should belong to that child whom the world might acknowledge as his lawful son. The three sons presented themselves at court, and each claimed the property. The judge sought to settle the case after the fashion of Solomon. He ordered that the body of the father should be attached to a tree, and the sons, provided with bow and arrow, were to shoot at the body of their father, with the stipulation that he who pierced the heart, or came nearest thereunto, should be the exclusive heir. The first and the second son fired at the unnatural object and missed. But when the third was invited to test his skill, he exclaimed in horror, “How can I aim at my father's heart, and pierce that body which gave me life? I do not want the inheritance; and I prefer to die a beggar than to cover myself with shame and infamy.”

Many other instances of which I have a confused knowledge, could be cited from profane history, had I but time to make the research ; but I choose, rather, to refer to those which are better known and more important, because recorded for us in Sacred Writ.

At the outset we have in Genesis the history of Joseph and his brethren. And how utterly at variance is the conduct of the young ruler with that of many modern sons after they had been elevated to places of power and affluence. I love to peruse this story of Jacob ; for I think it is one of the most pathetic in the whole Bible. With what touching, moving pathos does Joseph ask upon his second interview with his brothers : “Is the old man, your father, in health, of whom you told me ? Is he yet living ?” . . . “And he made haste because his heart was moved, and tears gushed out, and going into his chamber, he wept.” And then his message to his long-lost father. “You shall tell my father of all my glory. Make haste, and bring him to me.” In addition to this, we are edified by his care and solicitude in providing for the necessities of his father after his coming into Egypt ; his attendance upon him in sickness ; his invocation of Israel’s blessing for his two sons ; and finally his great grief at his demise, and his exactitude in carrying out his father’s instructions concerning the interment in the chosen sepulchre.*

A scarcely less conspicuous instance of filial devotion is presented to us in the case of the younger Tobias. He felt it to be his joyous duty at all times to care for his poor, blind father. At the bidding of the Angel, he anoints with the gall of the fish his father’s sightless eyes, and well does he heed the injunctions of his dying parent. Hence it was that he lived to the green old age of ninety, and his people buried him with joy, as one whom they knew to be in favor with God.

We might multiply, almost indefinitely, examples from the inspired volume, but the conduct of Him, who is our example and model in all things, is itself sufficient to teach us what great store He set by the virtue of filial subjection. Three years He deemed ample for the sublime office of founding His new economy, establishing His apostolic college, and building His indestructible church ; but thirty years He required to impart to us the living lesson of subjection

* Gen. xlvii.-xlviii.

and obedience to His parents and to our own. He came, not to annul the law, but to perfect it ; and for that reason He considered it essential to ratify the ancient precept of the decalogue, "Honor thy father and thy mother," by furnishing us the example in His own royal person. "He began to practice before He began to teach." "He went down to Nazareth and was subject to them."

And here I may observe, that, as far as the recollection of my reading serves me, I have almost always found that men of genius have cherished an abiding love and devotion towards their parents, and especially for the mother who gave them life. The gospel of Christianity, of course, admits no distinction between the love due to the father, and that which is the right of the mother. They have, before God, equal claims upon the affection of their children. And yet, I make no doubt that natural inclination, or better, perhaps, natural instinct, often leans in favor of the mother ; which, for my part, I dare not condemn when it is exercised without prejudice to the prerogatives of the other parent. If, as physiologists affirm, a man really derives more of his nature from his mother than he does from his father, we need not wonder at the predilection for the mother. The illustrious Father Tom Burke seems to incline to my opinion, for when Mr. Froude taunted him on his Anglo-Norman ancestry, as indicated in the name Burke, he replied : "It is true that my name Burke is a Norman name, but it is a name that has come down to me through seven hundred years, from ancestors who knew how to bleed and die for Ireland. But thank God that a man gets more of his nature from his mother than from his father. My mother was an O'Donoghue, of Connemara, as Irish as Brian Borrhoimhe, as proud as Lucifer, and as Catholic as St. Peter."

The gentle poet Cowper had a great love for his mother, and, if memory serves me, it was he who penned that tender poem, whose opening lines, as well as I can recall, run thus :

" Dear Mother, when I heard that thou wert dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ? "

Roger Brooke Tawney, or Taney, as some have it, after the prodigious labors of the day in the Supreme Court, was wont to visit the grave of his mother, regularly, to pray for her eternal repose, and hold communion with her soul.

Horace Greeley, and, I think, Ben. Franklin, Napoleon, and our own

Washington, had a like love and veneration for their parents. I need not refer to the case of Dr. Brownson, but I may allow myself the liberty of quoting the following, concerning Washington:

“Immediately after the organization of the present government, General Washington repaired to Fredericksburg to pay his humble duty to his mother, preparatory to his departure for New York. The son feelingly remarked the ravages which a torturing disease had made upon the aged frame of his mother, and thus addressed her :

“‘The people, madam, have been pleased, with flattering unanimity, to elect me to the chief magistracy of the United States, but before I can assume the functions of my office, I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the public business, which must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new government, is dispatched, I shall hasten to Virginia, and—’ here the matron interrupted him:—‘You will see me no more. My great age, and the disease fast approaching my vitals, warn me I shall not be long of this world. I trust in God, I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George, fulfill the high destiny which heaven appears to assign you. Go, my son, and that heaven and your mother’s blessing will be with you always.’

“The President was deeply affected. His head rested upon the shoulder of the aged parent, whose arm, feebly, but fondly, encircled his neck. That brow upon which fame had wreathed the purest laurel virtue ever gave to created man, relaxed from its lofty bearing; that look that could have awed a Roman Senate in its Fabrician day, was bent in filial tenderness upon the time-worn features of that venerable matron. The great man wept. A thousand recollections crowded upon his mind, as memory, retracing scenes long past, carried him back to the maternal mansion, and the days of his youth; and then there the centre of attraction was his mother, whose care, instruction, and discipline had prepared him to reach the topmost height of laudable ambition; yet how were his glories forgotten, while he gazed upon her, wasted by time and malady, from whom he must soon part, to meet no more.” No comment need be made.

Suffer me to close this desultory essay, with one more citation, which is, to my mind, one of the most beautiful and touching I have, I think, ever had brought to my notice. I cannot, of course, authenticate it, nor do I recall its source; but I have no good reason

for supposing that it was not an actual occurrence at a time prolific of wonderful and brave deeds.

"I remember," says the writer, "once seeing an Irishman during the war, shot, for being found across the lines. They brought him into camp, and when asked why he was beyond the lines, he said : 'Well, sirs, I was only going to see my dying mother for a bit, and I couldn't get a leave of absence. That's all there is to it.' 'But you are a deserter.' 'No, I am not. I would have gone to see my mother, past the mouth of a belching cannon. No; I am not a deserter.' But the court-martial thought differently, and the poor fellow was sentenced to be shot. When he was brought to the place where he was to meet his doom, his coffin was ready, and lay on the ground beside him.

"Turning to it, he gave a look of scorn, and said, 'You black thing ! when you hold me, you'll have a brave heart to bury, for I'm not afraid to die for my mother.' 'Kneel,' said the captain of a squad of twenty-four men, that stood in front with twelve loaded and twelve unloaded muskets. 'Kneel, and be blindfolded.' 'I only kneel to God,' said the plucky Irishman, 'and I shall not be blindfolded. I'll face death with my eyes open.' Then the guards forced him to submit to the tying of the handkerchief over his eyes, and stepped back to let the men fire.

"'Never,' shouted the prisoner; and as the muskets were levelled, he brushed aside the bandage with his arms, and the next instant he lay, a corpse, on the ground."

When we see children faithful to the command of the Creator and to the dictates of reason and nature respecting their parents, we are instinctively delighted.

When we behold them, with alacrity and thrilling joy, seeking to gladden their declining days; to sustain their feeble and tottering steps; to soothe them on the couch of pain, and watch, with unwearied care, their sleepless nights; to gild, with the gold of a pure and unmixed filial affection, their pathway to the place of peace, beyond the boundaries of this fallen world, we must exclaim, how beautiful is such love!—and surely long life, unbroken felicity, and heavenly recompense are the merited attendants of the noble and virtuous conduct of those children who lovingly fulfill the divine precept—Honor thy father and thy mother.

XV.

ROBERT ELSMERE.

APPROPOS of the wide currency of Robert Elsmere, we have been persuaded that a word upon the work may not be inopportune.

The optimism of those who would frown down our fears on the score of this novel, we should like, but are unable to share. The book, in our opinion, is most pernicious. Its danger lies in its seductive charm. It is intended to accomplish a fell purpose. The authoress wears no mask, but at the outset reveals her "plan of campaign." Her diction is admirable. It is chaste, terse, and vigorous; and, more than all, free and natural. Fire, pathos, repose, energy, are alike expressed with marvellous felicity of language, according to the exigencies of the occasion.

Despite all this, to the enlightened Christian it is pouring perfume on the violet to say that she has carved out a very poor case for social and philosophical Theism as against Christianity. But to the less informed, whose range of vision may not see beyond the amiability, sincerity, and self-denying devotion of Elsmere, whose virtues were the fruit of his own gospel, the challenge to Christianity might seem more successful. Elsmere died for his idea, but so have myriads of fanatics from the beginning until now. But what was it all worth? In what was he better, more useful, or successful, as drudge in London, than as Rector of Murewell?

Of the plot, we pronounce nothing—there is really none.

Respecting the numerous characters introduced, it is of little account to speak; except that many of them make more for Christianity than against it. Langham, the morbid misanthrope; the cold, heartless recluse; the pessimistic day-dreamer, is an odd and weird character; but, to be sure, before he reached that pitch of pessimism, he began to cut loose from the old moorings, to strip off the

“ancient formulæ”; to pull down the old framework of historical environment which surrounded the story of Jesus. The infidel process is ever the same. Roger Wendover, too, must have gone through the same destructive and levelling operation, ere he began to look upon all religion as mockery and all worship as fanatical enthusiasm. Both the squire and Langham are the ultimate product of the rationalism which Grey uttered on his death-bed, when he said: “There is nothing certain but God—but what the intellect can grasp.” Strange anachronism and contradiction; for then God is not certain; since to grasp God is above the mind of any man. Nor would Elsmere, had he lived, have stopped with his religion of humanity. He would end in the scepticism, cynicism, and blank negation of his two mentors, who, the lay-preacher Grey aside, were Langham and Wendover.

But what is the ideal which the author gives us to enrapture the mind, to captivate the heart, to fire the imagination, and to rouse all the faculties into action? It is a nude idea. It is an unthinkable abstraction.

The religion of humanity is now the correct cult. The dignity of human nature is now preached as the modern idolatry, and it has come at last to this, as a critic once said of Dr. Channing, that we make God a very little man, and man a great god. Such has been the course of all our *soidisant* reformers, of whatever time or clime. They proclaim the infallible voice of the people as the voice of God, forgetting that no one can give what he has not got, and that no numbers of fallible factors can give an infallible product. If Brown, Jones, and Robinson are individually liable to err, they are conjointly exposed to the same proneness to errancy. But one formidable obstacle impedes the reformer's way. It is the religion of Christ, and its incompatible character with the religion of humanity, as it is prated of and preached about. For Christ is both human and divine. Christ is God, and His teachings and revelations are the words of God. Therefore, to preach the humanitarian gospel it is necessary to overthrow the religion of Christ, and to eliminate the divine element from Christianity. And this it is, precisely, Mrs. Ward set her hero to do before she put him to the task of slaving out his life for the strays and waifs of humanity. And what does she give us? A Christless Christianity, or a contradiction in terms.

A religion of the feelings, the passions, the instincts, the emotions, and all that congeries of blind and violent forces inherent in man's unruly and sentimental nature. She then coats all this with a thin veneering of pathos and sentiment, which is falsely esteemed religion. At best, it is but natural benevolence. And upon what is it all based? What is its foundation and strong support? What its motive and directing power? Why, ye shades of Plato and Aristotle, it is a figment of the fancy; it is a naked idea; and upon the altar of this idea, Elsmere immolates himself; an uncomplaining victim for poor, ignorant, suffering humanity. Nay, it is not even an idea; it is a faint memory, a reminiscence, the recollection of a man—a great man, but only a man, and nothing more—the mere man, Jesus.

Now, either God made a revelation, or He did not. If the latter, then by what right does Elsmere assume to set up a church or found a religion of any kind? There is no right without authority, and where is his authority? Nor is it any more to the purpose to fall back upon the "this-do-in-remembrance-of-me" theory; for Jesus, as man, and man only, had no more authority than Elsmere.

But if God did make a revelation, it cannot be a matter of indifference to Him or to us whether we reject or follow it. And if we are to follow it, we are not free to strip it of its forms, nay, to expunge its very essence, and to set up, as the idol of our worship, the fantastic creations of a madcap fancy. That revelation presents Christ to us as God, the eternal Son of God, consubstantial with the Father and equal to Him in all things. Yes; Christ is God, or He is the prince of impostors. Oh, why did the author so flippantly pass by the inevitable alternative, which she mentioned only to scoff at, but not to refute? *Pertransivit benefaciendo*, He went about doing good, binding up the broken heart, comforting the fatherless and the widow, healing the sick and consoling the poor, the outcast, and the despised,—but all the time He went as God. He proclaimed Himself to be God, and He proved Himself to be God. If we are to toil for humanity, if we are to follow in His footsteps, to cling to His memory—and sweet and precious memory it is—we must remember Him, not as man merely, but as the God He called and knew Himself to be. Nor can we labor to any effect by other means, for there is no other name under heaven whereby we may be saved.

Elsmere died a slave to duty. What is duty? What is it but what God commands; and it is duty because He has commanded it; and He has commanded us to hear the teachings of His beloved Son, not only when the Son tells us to give the cup of cold water in His name, but also when He allows it to be made known that He is the Christ, the Son of the living God. Yes, Mrs. Ward: either Jesus Christ, the Son of the living and true God, or a monumental mountebank and blatant impostor; either Christianity or nothing, as you say yourself, without showing any sanction for your sickly substitute.

The great mistake of Mrs. Ward lies in her taking for granted that man has a natural destiny. Man has no natural destiny. When God first fashioned man, He destined him for a supernatural end, and this end man could neither know nor attain aside from revelation. Therefore, in rejecting revelation for absolute Theism, Mrs. Ward can find no higher destiny for man than nature and the religion of humanity can suggest. But O, "if earth be all and heaven nothing, what thrice-mocked fools are we."

Without the knowledge of this supernatural end, no social problem is soluble. For humanity we toil in vain. We can never gain the goal, and the fruit of all our labor is whipped cream.

Besides, Elsmere originates his own religion; it is, therefore, human, natural; and how can it direct men to a supernatural end above the realm of reason and the reach of nature? No being can outwork its capacity. The means must be adequate to the attainment of the end. And all his means are maps, and charts, and fairy tales, and Dickens, and Shakespeare, and reading-rooms and clubs, and a poor, disfigured, human Christ,—an impostor and a cheat,—a ludibrium and a mockery—an airy abstraction,—a cipher, a nonentity. But where is grace and the God that worketh in us?

The novel has many other faults which might be noticed.

We hate the didactic novel. It is an æsthetic heresy. From an æsthetic point of view it is incongruous to load a didactic essay on religion with a strange jumble of love intrigues and plottings. The primary end of the novel is to please and move; it appeals to the emotions, the imagination, and the fancy; and, though written in prose, it is really a poem. But the essay, and especially the religious essay, has a far different purpose. Its aim is to convince; it appeals

to the mind and the intellect, and has nothing in common with the novel.

But because it is a novel, therein lies the danger; and because it preaches the religion of humanitarianism, so flattering to the sentimental side of our nature, it is highly dangerous.

In one word, the book should not cumber a table in the drawing-room of any Christian family.

XVI.

GEORGE BANCROFT'S NEW HISTORY.

AMONG the most illustrious of living Americans, the venerable historian, George Bancroft, stands in no secondary station. His fame is secure forever. The old-time taunt of transatlantic scholars that America has nothing called history, has received its refutation; and even if it had not, no European scoffer shall ever again dare to hazard the assertion that the new world of Columbus cannot claim even one genuine historian. But the work of Bancroft as it has confuted the calumnies of the past, will prove to the future that America has not only a history of which she may be proud, but likewise a historian justly competent to chronicle the history of his country and enshrine her deeds in the pages of a work that shall last for all time.

The History of the United States is an evidence of the might of genius allied to the power of industry and research. It is more: it is a glorious triumph of truth over all the arts of error and of falsehood. It unmasks misrepresentation, removes prejudice and bigotry, and shows forth to America and to the world, the just claim of Catholics to be considered as the champions, as well as the earliest promoters, of civil and religious liberty in this country.

George Bancroft has always commanded the esteem and admiration of Catholic scholars. They have admired his genius and praised his impartiality. His polished diction, his plain but stately phrase, his grasp of facts, and his penetrating philosophy, leavening and vivifying the whole into one magnificent mosaic of historic handicraft—all have won him a renown which none respect and applaud more than the Catholics of the United States. And if they have nothing but admiration for his transcendent gifts of genius, they

have equally nothing but love for his sterling qualities as a man and as a historian.

Truth, candor, and sincerity are necessary for him who would record the history of any people or of any time. Concurring, as we do, and must, with Cicero, that history is but the witness of truth, we must hold it as an unassailable position, that no man, destitute of the qualities just indicated, though he be a giant in genius and a prodigy of learning, is qualified or worthy to wield a pen or display his powers in the domain of historic record and research. History is not fiction; it has no relation to romance, and Macaulay's capital sin consisted in ignoring this fact. Nor is it yet a mere narration of facts which, without correlation, comparison, and the explication of causality and effect, are, in themselves, void of vigor and life, interest and instruction. The excellence of Bancroft, which puts him on an eminence far above the average of American historians, shines forth in this, that he furnishes us the facts in the clearness of reality and truth, at the same time that he shows their causes and relations, with marvellous lucidity, and yet invests his narration with a singular charm of language and of diction.

And all this is possible, only because of his adherence to truth. Catholics felt a just pride in him, for as the witness of the truth, he was of necessity their champion. As the personification of impartiality, he could not but uphold their claims and render the testimony of justice to the honorable part they bore in the building of the great Republic. But lo! Such is Bancroft as he was; Bancroft as he is, we cannot fathom. Once we idolized him as our friend; now it seems we must forget him as our foe. But "whence this altered shape"? What metamorphosis is here? Is the life of George Bancroft designed to supply another instance of the power of prejudice to ultimately prevail over a mind naturally inclined to truth? Can it be that maturity of years has only warped the judgment, and the light of larger experience but blinded the intellectual eyes of a massive mind?

How this may be, we cannot tell; but one thing is certain:—that a change has come, whatever the agency by which it has been wrought. And this change counts most against Catholics.

Mr. Bancroft's work, the History of the United States, upon which is founded the historian's claim to fame, has had deservedly

an unprecedented sale, both at home and abroad. More than twenty-five editions have been put forth from the press, and the work has been translated into many European languages.

To meet the growing demand for so popular a book, Mr. Bancroft issued a recent edition wherein the ten volumes of the old edition are compressed into six, with a view, we suppose, to cheapness and portability. To accomplish this result with sufficient satisfaction, it was found necessary to omit much of the matter in the early editions, and most prominent of all, because most obvious, in the process of expurgation, is the striking out of all marginal notes and reference to authorities.

It is insufferably hard upon Catholics that most of the alterations should concern them, and that, too, most disagreeably and unfavorably. We miss the eloquent tribute to Lord Calvert and his little colony in Maryland, that graced the pages of the earlier works. We are no longer told that "Calvert deserves to be ranked among the most wise and benevolent law-givers of all ages ; that he was the first to place the establishment of popular institutions with the enjoyment of liberty of conscience ; that the Asylum of the Papists was the spot, where, in a remote corner of the world, on the banks of rivers, which, as yet, had hardly been explored, the mild forbearance of a proprietary adopted religious freedom as the basis of the State ; that there the early star of religious liberty appeared as the harbinger of day ; that there the Roman Catholics, who were persecuted by the laws of England, were sure to find a peaceful asylum in the quiet harbors of the Chesapeake ; and that there, too, Protestants were sheltered from Protestant intolerance." These generous words are withheld from the new edition.

Gone, too, in great part, is the testimony of praise and admiration for the sublime heroism and self-sacrifice of the first Catholic missionaries in America. Mr. Bancroft has always seemed, not merely a willing witness, but a warm and enthusiastic lover and admirer of the deathless deeds of men who renounced all and dared everything, whether toil or privation, the fury of the beasts of the forest, or the more savage violence of savage men, that they might claim our country for Christ, and gain a virgin continent to God. The stake, the scalping-knife, the deadly darts of poisoned arrows, had no terrors for these soldiers of the Cross. For death itself in any form they had no dread, but regarded it as their deliverer and rewarder.

They shall be ranked among the noblest heroes that history can ever name. Their memory is immortal, as their life was sublime, and their end crowned with glory. No man has extolled their exploits with a more glowing pen or more ardent praise, than he whom we were wont to regard as the first of living historians,—the erudite, the accomplished, and the chivalrous Bancroft. But why does he suppress now that praise which once he gave without stint? Why does he entomb in the grave of silence the names and deeds and memories which he himself, of all men, seemed most eager to make, by the magic of his mind, and the power of his pen, breathe, and act, and live forever in the memory of men? Is he to be the robber of that renown which he indeed did not give, but which he robed with brighter lustre, and clothed with more gorgeous glory? Is silence now to be construed with contempt? Is suppression the same thing as rejection, and is omission to be accounted repudiation? We do not know. One thing has the color of suspicion. Mr. Bancroft has expunged from his new editions all his annotations and citations of authority which appeared in his former publications. If he has changed his views with respect to Catholics and the part they have played in the history of this country, we are all attention to know the fact. But we have the right to know the groundwork of this change. We have a right to know on what evidence it rests. If he has unveiled any new data from the archives of the past, let him give them to the light, so that “he who runs may read.” But we believe he has not; we are sure he cannot. Are we to reject the fruit of forty years’ experience and assiduous study for the hasty doings of a day? Are we to spurn the labors of a strong and vigorous mind for the outcome of faculties worn by age and enfeebled by long and incessant toil? Does George Bancroft condemn himself out of his own mouth? Speak, Mr. Bancroft, and tell us what these suppressions mean? To us they are inexplicable; we fail to comprehend them. We have always looked upon you as a lover of justice, and the prince of impartial historians. We cannot harbor the harsh reflection that you purpose misrepresenting that religion which so long you have defended by your fidelity to truth, and of which some of your own children are honored members and devoted adherents.

We caution Catholics to eschew the new editions of Mr. Bancroft’s history and, if possible, to procure one published prior to 1875.

XVII.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF ST. PATRICK.*

THE precise period of the introduction of Christianity into Ireland is very problematical. To St. Patrick indisputably belongs the revered and honored title of Apostle of Ireland, forasmuch as the conversion of the nation as a whole is the work of his heaven-inspired and directed labors. But whether, anterior to the time of the great Apostle, the light of the Gospel and the blessed message of salvation had, to any extent, lighted up the ancient Isle, is, and has been, the cause of no inconsiderable controversy among the learned. That some straggling rays of the genial sun of Christianity had penetrated, even considerably before Patrick's time, the pagan darkness which enshrouded the land of our forefathers, is generally conceded. The obscurity which envelopes this subject need occasion no surprise when we reflect that a similar condition of doubt and perplexity affects the ecclesiastical history of Spain and Gaul and Britain. Much more, then, is this to be expected in relation to a country which was the Ultima Thule, the uttermost point of the then civilized world; a country over whose green fields the proud Roman eagles had never soared, and into which had never penetrated the arms of the Roman Empire; an Empire, which, as St. Leo tells us, had been raised up by God for the purpose of contributing to the more easy diffusion of the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Tertullian informs us that the name of Christ reigned, even in his time, in places inhabited by Britons, and until then, unexplored by the Romans. Eusebius carries us yet farther back; and Nicephorus, in his account of the missionary labors of the Apostles, says that

* The facts herein recorded are taken chiefly from Dr. Lanigan's celebrated work, now, unhappily, out of print.

some of them had proceeded beyond the ocean to the Islands, which are called British. The learned Stillingfleet labors hard to show that St. Paul preached in Britain; and others, quoted by Usher, pretend that St. James the Elder announced the Christian faith in Ireland; while one Aristobulus, the brother of St. Barnabas, with twelve companions, preached to the Irish people in the Apostolic age.

It is, however, no sin of historical scepticism for us to regard these allegations as fabulous and erroneous; for every student of Irish history is conversant with the important and significant fact that the early annalists and writers of the Irish people utterly ignore these traditions, and put forward no claim for their country to the honor of ever having been visited by the Apostles or their immediate disciples.

Descending from the days of the Apostles, we find mention of the renowned St. Cataldus, Bishop of Tarentum, as teacher of the school of Lismore in Italy; of St. Firminus, Bishop of Amiens, who suffered martyrdom in the persecution of Diocletian; of St. Eliphius and his brother, Eucharius, and their three sisters, who were martyred in the days of Julian the Apostate, at Toul; all of whom it is asserted were from Ireland. But enough of this conjectural and suspicious history.

It is universally admitted that there were Christian congregations in Ireland before Palladius had been commissioned, by Pope Celestine, in 431, to preach to the Irish people; and in lieu of other evidence, the testimony of St. Prosper should suffice, who says that Palladius was sent to the Scots *believing in Christ*, or, to the Scots who were living in Ireland; and it is well known that Scotia Major, or Scotland proper, was then the most common name for Ireland. But how, or by whom, the Christian faith was first introduced into Ireland, it is impossible to determine. The only point I would here make is, that if Palladius was sent *ad Scotos in Christum credentes*, then there were some Christians in an Ireland afterwards so famed for its faith even before the advent of Palladius, and therefore before St. Patrick had, as a missionary, set foot upon her emerald shores.

The person first chosen for the great work of converting Ireland to Christianity was Palladius, a deacon of the Roman Church, who had already acquired distinction by his exertions to deliver Britain

from the infection of the Pelagian heresy. “Ad Scotos in Christum credentes ordinatus a Papa Celestino Palladius primo Episcopus mittetur.” Subsequent to his consecration, he embarked for Ireland with some missionaries, and landed probably where Wexford now stands, in the territory of which Nathi, the son of Garchon, was then sovereign. His early operations were crowned with success. He erected three churches, in one of which he deposited the Sacred Books, and the relics of SS. Peter and Paul, and baptized many in Christ. But the marked success of his labors alarmed the sticklers for polytheism, and he was denounced to the king as a dangerous innovator, and by reason of this opposition he was constrained to quit the country, leaving behind some faithful followers to continue to propagate the Gospel.

The work thus courageously, if not auspiciously, begun, was to find its crown and consummation in the person and labors of one whom God raised up for so sublime and grand a destiny. That man was St. Patrick. That man was he whose name to-day is revered and honored by 30,000,000 of the Celtic race diffused through every quarter of the habitable globe, and who breathe blessings upon his name, invoke his aid, and reverence him as their spiritual father in Christ Jesus long since released from his labors, triumphant with Christ, reigning with the Saints in glory, and still looking with earnest interest and fond affection upon the hopes and aspirations, the career and destiny of those multitudinous children whom he begot into salvation by the zeal of his Apostolate on earth.

Not to dwell further on unlearned conjectures or wild corollaries, it is enough to say that there is absolutely no authority for the assertion of Dr. Ledwich that the first preachers of Christianity in Ireland were Britons, rather than persons from Gaul, Spain, or any other country that carried on a trade with Ireland. That a foreign trade existed between Ireland and other countries as far back as the time of Tacitus, the great Roman historian, is clear from the fact of his telling us that the harbors of Ireland were better known to commercial people than those of Great Britain. “Melius aditus portusque per commercia et negotiationes cogniti.” (Vita Juli Agric.) It is well known that communication was maintained between Spain and Ireland after the Milesian colony had come from Galicia, Spain, and it appears, from certain remains of antiquity, that it was some-

times visited by traders from Carthage and even remoter parts of Africa, as well, probably, from more eastern countries. In these predatory excursions upon the coast of Britain, the Irish may have carried away some Christian slaves, or even priests, who did not neglect the opportunity of teaching their masters.

The great work of the general conversion of the people of Ireland was reserved by Almighty God for the ministry of St. Patrick, according to the Irish adage, that not to Palladius, but to Patrick, did God grant the conversion of Ireland. And yet, despite this adage, and the unanimous testimony of the traditions of the country, the universal consent of all ancient writers who have touched upon the subject, together with the extraordinary reputation enjoyed by the celebrated Saint throughout all Christendom, to Dr. Ledwich, author of the work entitled "*The Antiquities of Ireland*," it remains to usher into the world the audacious paradox, as Dr. Lanigan calls it, which makes St. Patrick a myth, contests the fact of his existence, and thus perpetrates a daring outrage on learning and truth. The arguments put forward by this bold, historical buccaneer, are not worth the pains of inquiring into, for they are of very small consequence; and to a man not only miserably deficient in understanding, but blinded by bigotry, and petrified by prejudice, it was indeed impossible to tell the truth, and whether he makes St. Patrick a real or ideal personage, will not seriously alter the established facts of universal history. Against this pitiful historian, it is more than enough to put the testimony of St. Prosper, Bede, Usher, Jocelin, and all others, to show that his name is mentioned, and his feast fixed for the 17th of March in all the breviaries and martyrologies of the time, together with the fact that many memoirs have been written and examined by the numerous critics, who, with indefatigable industry, collected and arranged a multitude of proofs upon the subject, and never entertained a doubt of our Saint's existence; which belief finds irrefragable confirmation in the number of places distinguished by his name, and the various churches erected in his honor, in Ireland, Scotland, Britain, and other parts of Europe.

The existence of St. Patrick was denied for the purpose of showing that the Church of Ireland, in its commencement, had no connection with the Church of Rome, and for the same reason, his acts have been condemned as forgeries. For the existence of the Saint,

authorities the most unequivocal can be produced, both foreign and domestic, which the most sceptical cannot deny to be convincing; and for the unity between the Church of Ireland and that of the Church of Rome, it is shown that the doctrine and the discipline of Jesus Christ has run on in an uninterrupted course of ages without any substantial deviation from the rules and practices of the Catholic Church which acknowledges the See of Rome and the Pope as its visible head.

Having said this much of the existence of St. Patrick, let us now inquire what was the land of his birth. There is a celebrated distich about the poet Homer which only faintly lingers in my memory, but it runs something like this:

“ Full seven cities claimed a Homer dead,
Through which the living poet begged his bread.”

Perhaps it was so with Patrick,—but however this may be, it would be a waste of time to examine all the opinions set afloat concerning our Saint's nationality, such as his having been born in Cornwall, in Pembrokeshire, in Wales, in Italy, or still strangest of all, in Ireland itself.

The prevalent opinion, since the time of Usher and Colgan, has been that he was born at Kilpatrick in N. Britain, not far from the Dun, or Dumbarton, or as Butler has it in his lives of the Saints, near the city of Glasgow, on the river Clyde, in Scotland.

But Usher well knew that there was another opinion stated by O'Sullivan, and Dempster, and David Rothe, which his partiality for South Britain would not permit him to discuss, and it is founded upon the impregnable testimony of St. Patrick's own confession, his letter to the prince Coroticus; the hymn or metrical sketch of his life by Fiech; and the life of St. Patrick by Probus, who was chief lecturer in the school of Slane, and was burned to death in the tower of that place about 950.

It is curious to note on what slender grounds is founded the opinion to which the great authority of Usher gives such a color of plausibility. One of the commentators or scholiasts of Fiech's metrical sketch says, as Fiech himself in reality does, that St. Patrick was born at Nemthur; and having probably heard or read that the Saint was born in Britain, and not reflecting that there was another

Britain distinct from Great Britain, he, in his easy ignorance, casts about for some British town to correspond, and finally lights on Alcluit, which was the Nemthur in question, now called Dumbarton, in Scotland.

Again, it might have occurred that the name Kilpatrick gave rise to the vulgar opinion that it must have been the birthplace of the Saint; to which may be added a strange fable relative to the origin of St. Patrick's well in the Church of Kilpatrick. When an infant he was brought to be baptized; no water being convenient, the priest made with the child's hand the sign of the cross upon the ground. Forthwith sprang up a fountain, with the water of which he first washed his own eyes, and obtained the blessing of sight, having hitherto been blind. He then baptized the infant from the same fountain. Then we have a rock in the Clyde still called St. Patrick's stone.

To destroy the pretensions of the Scotch, it may be no more than necessary to state, that there is not, and never was, any such town as Nemthur in Britain. It is not to be found in a best British map illustrated by Usher himself, nor upon any of the ancient atlases of the country. Even Colgan, who seeks to trace up Usher's assertion by a copious citation of authorities, fails to make out its existence.

Colgan himself acknowledges that there was an ancient tradition among the inhabitants of Armoric Britain, that St. Patrick was born in their country. He quotes Probus to this purpose, but singularly enough, omits this pregnant passage from St. Patrick's own confession: "My father was Calpornius, a deacon, a son of Potitus a priest of the town Bonaven Taberniae. We had near the town a small villa Enon where I became a captive."

Now it is needless to say that no British writer will ever succeed in making out that Bonaven Taberniae was located anywhere north of the Strait of Dover. So far from that, Bonaven Taberniae was in Armoric Gaul, being the same town as Boulogne sur Mer in Picardy, in Northwest France, and not far from the present city of Calais. This town was known to the ancient Romans, and was by them Latinized into Bononia. The word is derived from bon, mouth, and aven, river. St. Patrick added Taberniae, lest it might be confounded with a city in Italy of the same name, now called Boulogne,—for it was in the district of Tiberniae, written also Tarvenna, Tavernia, or Tanabama.

As to the term *Nemthur*, mentioned by *Probus*, it undoubtedly marked a province in *Armoric Gaul*; and this is a corruption of *Neustria*, written also *Neptua*, or *Neptricium*, which comprised the extensive tract between the *Meuse* and the *Loire*, and consequently the territory of *Boulogne*. *St. Patrick* was, therefore, a Frenchman. *Gaul*, for a gift, gave *Patrick* to *Ireland*, and *Ireland* gave *Columbanis* to *Gaul*.

St. Patrick was a man of very respectable parentage, and belonged to that class of persons who were alone entitled to hold civil offices; a privilege which, in the *Roman Empire*, was annexed to estated men. Indeed, the name itself, *Patricius*, signifies one of noble or patrician birth. He tells us that he sold his nobility to serve God.

His father was very probably of *Roman* origin, as the name *Calpurnos* is indicative of *Roman* extraction. His mother was doubtless a native of some country in *Gaul*, and was called *Couches* or *Conchessa*, the daughter of *Ocbasius*. She was thought by some to be a daughter or niece of *St. Martin* of *Tours*, but this is a conjecture which lacks likelihood from the fact that no such relationship is mentioned by the best authorities on the subject. Still more unfounded are the ludicrous stories of *St. Patrick's* sisters, who are said to have been with him in *Ireland*, and their numerous children. As to the date of our Saint's birth, chronology is all chaos and confusion. The nearest approach to truth is, that as he was consecrated in 432, when about forty-five years of age, we may assign his birth to 387. This leads to the time of his *Irish* captivity, which occurred when he was about sixteen, or in 403.

About this time *Nial* of the *Nine Hostages*, King of *Ireland*, having ravaged the coasts of *South Britain*, began to plunder the maritime districts of *Gaul*, and during this expedition of the *Celts*, *Patrick* was taken into captivity.

Upon his entry into *Ireland*, he was compelled to serve four brothers, three of whom sold their interest in him to the fourth, named *Meleho*, or *Meliac*, who dwelt in what is now the *County Antrim*. His occupation was to tend sheep, which allowed him ample time for the practice of his prayers; for as he tells us himself, having been heedless of religion as a boy, and finding himself in a miserable state of slavery, God opened his eyes and brought him to a sense of his duty and sorrow for his former transgressions;

and thus it was that, in his own words, whether on the bleak mountains of Antrim, or in the depths of the forests amidst snow, frost, or rain, he used to rise before daylight to offer his orisons to God.

From this servitude he was released at the age of twenty-two, being directed by a vision to a vessel about to sail from the South of Ireland, and having disembarked upon Gaelic ground, he found himself once more among the friends of his youth on his own beloved soil.

Of St. Patrick's eventful career from the time of his return home,—his second captivity,—his visit to Great Britain,—his journey to Rome,—his studies at Lerens,—it would be too tedious and prolix a task to commit to circumstantial narration. It was while dwelling with his own people that God favored him with the vision which probably determined his mission, and which he thus himself relates: "I saw in a nocturnal vision, a man coming as if from Ireland, whose name was Victoricius, with innumerable letters, one of which he handed to me. On reading the beginning of it I found it contained these words: 'The voice of the Irish.' And while reading, I thought I heard at the same time the voice of persons from near the wood Foclut, which is near the Western Sea. And they cried out as if with one voice: 'We entreat thee, holy youth, to come and walk still amongst us.'" It was doubtless fifteen years after this, or in 432, that he was consecrated Bishop in his own country and appointed by Pope Celestine to be the successor of Palladius in Ireland. He set out for Ireland the same year and landed likely somewhere in Leinster. He labored with unfaltering fidelity and signal success for the Irish people from that day to the day of his death, which occurred in 465 of the Christian era, and in the seventy-eighth year of his age. He died at Gaul, and tradition has it that he is buried in Down, according to the old couplet:

"In Down three Saints one grave do fill,
Patrick, Bridget, and Columbkille."

LECTURES.

I.

THE HARMONY OF RELIGION.*

DELIVERED AT ST. BRIDGET'S CHURCH, JERSEY CITY.

THE music of that mighty Voice, which, from the silent depths of eternity, called order out of chaos, commanded light to shine upon the rayless gloom, and bade worlds of beauty bud forth from the formless void, still finds responsive echo in the human soul. The harmony of heaven alone can thrill the vibrant, tuneful chords within the human heart, and all earth-born sound is but discord, unless attuned by angel hands and matched to melody like the glad refrain unnumbered voices sang upon the blessed night that gave our Saviour birth.

As all things are continued in existence by the principle from which they sprang, so, also, as the needle seeks the pole, do they tend back to the primal cause of their origin. Upon this principle the harmony of the universe depends. Man marks no exception. And thus the human soul, with striving and with longing, seeks to work its way to the first Fountain of its being; looking, from morning's rosy manhood till the pale starlight of declining days is quenched within the tomb, for the Light that fadeth never; listening with eager ear for some vagrant strain of those seraphic sounds which broke upon the shores of far-off time, when "the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God made joyful melody."

The poet's pathos voiced the common aspiration, when in the magnificent temple of mystic song, he tuned his lyre to his own impassioned longing:

* From the *New York Freeman's Journal*.

“ There calleth me ever a marvellous horn,
 Come away ! Come away !
 Is it earthly music faring astray,
 Or is it air-born ?
 Oh ! whether it be a spirit-wile
 Or forest voice,
 It biddeth my aching spirit rejoice,
 Yet sorrow the while.

“ In the greenwood glade, o’er the gladdening bowl,
 Night, noontide, and morn,
 The summoning call of that marvellous horn
 Tones home to my soul.
 In vain have I sought it, east and west,
 But I darkly feel,
 That so soon as its music shall cease to peal,
 I go to my rest.”

But is it only the sound of the Siren’s call, like that of the Maid of Lurlei Fells, who sits upon the ocean rocks, her foam-flecked golden hair streaming down the wind, as with harp in hand, she strikes the chords and sings her soul-bewitching melody ? Is it the madness of the moth for the star, the hopeless love of the fading violet for the beamy smile of spring ? Is it “ the baseless fabric of a vision,” like Irmo’s phantom cloud, long wooed in vain by the love-lorn Thesalian prince ? Is man only a day-dreamer, and life one long illusion ? Pale evening sees the wreath of morning faded, the enamelled years are shorn of their lustre, and the gray twilight shadows follow on the noon of life, but the “ lost chord ” beats not in the symphonious cithern of the soul, and the modulations of that marvellous melody trembles into silence, its dying cadence into a calm, voiceless, wordless, unsyllabled :

“ I heard it once one little while and then no more ;
 ’Twas paradise on earth the while, and then no more.”

Ah ! what is this vague unrest and ardent longing, but what Schiller calls the homesickness of the soul, passionately yearning, as with strong crying and tears, for the winged Ideal, the realm of rosy joy and love, glowing in the distance, where fragrant airs are blowing, and where music far sweeter than the melody of Apollo’s lute,

carolled by celestial choirs, make the harmony of heaven and the golden peace of God.

But the Eternal Harmonist is not heard as man listens to man. Who can find Him, hold Him, or utter Him? Man stands in His presence; is clothed with His light; is the object of His thought and love. And yet He is awful, illimitably great and glorious. Philosophy and science, even worship and song, are awed and abashed in His ineffable presence. Still, He is not far away. *Non longe est ab unoque nostrum* (Act. xviii.). His breath is upon our cheek, like the blush of dawn upon the cheek of day. The spiritual man be-nolds His Spirit with the eye of purified faith, and worships Him with the enthusiasm which only eternal love and beauty can evoke. Man is a spark of the eternal Fire. He pines for the perfect; he sighs for the ideal; he burns to behold the Infinite Beauty. Man has an immortal part. It is the immortal that can commune with the Immortal; it is the spirit that can conceive the Spirit. "For the Spirit reacheth all things, yea, the deep things of God" (1 Cor. v. 2).

And when the raptures of mystic devotion transport the soul to that inner sphere, just on the hither side of the tabernacle of holiness and beauty, 'tis then that

"Earth is crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God."

All Nature's harmonies peal forth the psalmody of God. There is a "music of the Spheres." Every atom of dust is a revelation of God's power; every grain of wheat a token of His goodness; every flower a hint of His surpassing beauty. The enchanted soul would break its prison-bars and dwell in its idealized home, the kingdom of the Spirit. She would drink from the crystal streams, where purest pearls and sands of gold begem the shining shore. She looks out upon the fields, the vines, and the flowers, with clairvoyant gaze, and calls from them analogies and meanings oracular of truth and beauty. In the relucient air she sees the sheen of Tabor and the glory of Sinai, and hovering around her Moses and Elias and all the star-embazoned hosts. The Unseen finds a realization. To the "inward eye" the Invisible seemeth all but visible. In the midst of this harsh, irksome world, there is a sweet hidden world, where prayer

brings peace and faith finds reward. In the longed-for Elysium, earth's change and grief and toil are turned into the reality of blissful rest, and the cruel wounds of this sad, outward life find healing and the balm of consolation. The love-illumined mind discerns the glory of its God in the resplendent beams of Nature; happy to hear the music of His voice in the mobile elements, to see His movement in the rolling storm, His majesty in the lurid lightning; glad to behold His beauty in the breezy twilight of the evening-time; charmed to listen to His whispers in the events of life and history. The music that strikes not the unsympathetic ear, the celestial harmony of spirit melting into spirit, fills the wild expanse of Nature, and in the over-arching calmness of the infinite blue above the soul longs to soar and be at rest. Earth fades from sight. The ear with sounds seraphic rings. A new world is born in the heart—a world that robes the Past in the hues of fancy, and gilds the Future with the iris-bow of hope. It is the bridal of the earth and sky—the Epithalamium of the constellated spheres.

“ I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged by the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one.”

Now, Nature sings of God because her harmonies are born of heaven. She makes no music peculiarly her own. Nature is a vast and wondrous organ “symphonious of ten thousand harps,” but the foot of the Omnipotent is on her pedals; His almighty breath fills her resounding pipes; His all-moving fingers sweep her countless keys, and, trembling at His touch, she peals forth with trumpet-tongue, a trillion tones of thunder.

“ Each individual soul that lives
And feels and bends reflective on itself,”

is conscious that from the mighty instrument of Nature no music, nor one syllable of sound can come, save that called forth by the infinite genius of that puissant Artist,

“ Who rules the spheres and makes the worlds rejoice.”

“The kingdom of God is within us” (Luke xviii. 21), and hence the music of the heart intones our Maker's melodies, and so exalts the

mind in ecstasy of contemplation that it fain would conceive how the magic hand of the Almighty Master and divine Musician hath builded, and how hath played, that majestic Organ whence the harmony of heaven sounds through the vaulted arches of the Universe, and fills the corridors of Time with the eternal anthems of God's glory. The Universe in one stately temple of matchless beauty and divine proportion, in which an incessant and harmonious hymn of homage goes up in glad, responsive chorus to the great Creator, from all the starry hosts and all the myriad forms of life that people the wide-spread pavilion of the world. How harmonious, how divine, are the appointments of the Cathedral of Creation, in design and execution, in artistic beauty of arrangement with reference to the final end! Rising to the conception of the principle of order, the great First Cause, who so sweetly and so strongly disposed all things unto their appointed ends, and referring all things back to Him, agreeably to the laws impressed upon them, the mind, as far as the limited may grasp the illimitable, perceives the order, the beauty, and the harmony of the whole. Oh! my soul, rouse all thy powers, and bring to bear thy most recollected thoughts, that, like the Royal Prophet, thou mayest cry: In the morning, Lord, I shall stand before Thee, and I shall see. Pause then, O my soul, and consider the wonderful works of God.

Let us exalt our thoughts, in fancy, far beyond the murky atmosphere of all terrene existence, and, traversing the lane of beams that leads to the vestibule of unctuated light, we shall rest at length under the radiant archway of the Infinite's abode, to survey with enraptured vision the realm of eternal life. Behold the Lord of Life, as the Prophet hath described Him, sitting on His sublime and elevated throne, and stretching forth His hand with omnipotent sway over all the boundless possibilities of being. Behold Him whom the Stagirite declared to be the Primal Centre of all being, whose life is essential activity,—the Prime Mover, setting all things in motion, and drawing them by the threads of destiny back unto Himself. In the journeys of His eternity, the great First Cause sent forth a mighty movement through every pulse and artery of Time, and the chain of causation extended to all created forms. From the primary impulse of almighty power were imparted life and being to all grades of existent things; and from the exercise of the divine ac-

tivity resulted the outward expression of that harmony which is the unchangeable characteristic of divinity, and that beauty and fragrance of creation which are the breath of the immortal bloom of its Creator. From God all things proceed; upon Him they depend; to Him they will return. In the expressive language of the poet and philosopher:

“ Ere the radiant Sun
 Sprang from the East, or, 'mid the vault of night,
 The moon suspended her serener lamp;
 Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorned the globe,
 Or Wisdom taught the sons of men her lore;
 There lived the Eternal One: then deep retired
 In His unfathomed essence, viewed the forms,
 The forms eternal of created things:
 The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
 The mountains, woods, and streams, the rolling globe,
 And Wisdom's mien celestial. From the first
 Of days, on them His love divine He fixed,
 His admiration, till in time complete,
 What He admired and loved, His vital smile
 Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
 Of life in forming each organic frame;
 Hence the green earth, and wild resounding waves,
 The clear, autumnal skies, and vernal showers,
 And all the fair variety of things.”

“To him who in the love of Nature holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language”; but in every mood and voice she proclaims the perfection and the order of the providential plan by which the several agencies of Nature are arranged in harmony, agreeably to the will of Him who created all things in number and weight and measure (Wis. xi. 21). Law and order regulate the whole of the stupendous structure. The love of order is natural to man.

The feeblest mind cannot fail to perceive manifest marks of those tendencies called laws, which maintain the constancy of Nature, and beget that beautiful harmony which pervades the world. Where the child of folly sees caprice, or like the ancient stoics, an accidental medley of atoms circling through the realms of space, the child of Nature beholds the celestial music of ten thousand instrumental causes, and the melodious orchestra of Nature chiming forth the

universal chorus of creation. Every wayward breeze, every falling shower, every gossamer shadow, and every thread of light, is ruled by the propensity of law, and that transplendent unity which links all the parts together, in the golden chain of gradation, is designed by the same Hand that paints the lily and gilds the summer cloud.

In force of these all-pervading laws, the primordial elements were combined and harmonized; the subtile forces of electricity and magnetism were embosomed in the frame of matter, and by skillful combination, shapeless substance took radiant form, and bodies of amazing magnitude were sent revolving down the aisles of space, all endowed with the same tendencies of their first elements, suspended by the influence of an Almighty magnet, and all held together by an indefinable attraction, which is "The golden reins of Him who guides the purposes of Heaven to their goal."

How magnificent the order and harmony of the heavens! See the solemn procession of the planets, and the shining cavalcade of stars, as they tread the cerulean concave, never deflecting from their track, never breaking the order of their primeval march. The sun riseth in his place with peerless majesty, and darts his burning beams through the golden window of the east, and when his diurnal round is done, he retires with unspent splendor behind the unrolled curtain of the night. How beautiful the succession of the seasons, and the revolution of the years, with their characteristic of Spring-time bud and promise, genial growth of Summer, fruitful harvest in the Fall; ending in the gloomy desolation of Winter, when Nature takes repose and prepares for the renewal of her annual crops and beauteous flower for the sustenance and delight of man. Nor does the system of rotation end with the circling seasons.

There is admirable rotation in the process by which rude matter is received into vegetable composition; whence it enters into animal forms, finally to be resolved to earth again. The sea seemeth stationary in its busy bed, as it rolls its resistless tide against the shore; but there is a beautiful circuition by which the water evaporated from the main rises to refresh the air, descends to earth to gush forth in fruitful springs and streams, and, fertilizing the land upon its passage, flows back again to mingle with the billows of the ocean. With what nice recurvity do plants pump up the moisture needed for their growth, and when their blooming-time is past, they sink

into the soil that gave them birth. The earth bares her brown bosom to receive the sun's kindling beams as he mounts from the horizon to the zenith, and to equalize the temperature, she irradiates the heat again to congeal the moisture into dew for the sake of her refreshment. Nature abounds with arcs of beauty, lines of light, circles of harmony. In her alembic the elements are mixed with marvellous proportion. Chemistry reveals the law of definite proportions, and the basic elements coalesce conformably to numerical rule. Music is not the only harmony in nature. Acoustics, as a science, rests upon recognized relations between sound and numbers, and the melodious combinations that enchant the ear, are reducible to the laws of mathematics. The prismatic colors of the rainbow are subject to endless combination, and as every color has its complementary, the blending makes the perfect beam, and gives room to unnumbered others in Nature and in Art. The beautiful crystalline formations, seen in the snowflakes and dazzling gems of the mineral world, have their fixed angles, sides, and proportions. The science of optics is based on the relations between angles and numbers. The law of gravitation is itself expressed in numbers. The heavenly bodies have their regular curvatures, and their shapes and motions are defined with precision in number, weight, and measure. Crystal jewels, rude matter, plants, satellites, and suns, every department of Nature, shows forth the laws of numerical and symmetrical order. The size and volume of the earth, and its laws of gravity are adapted to the life upon it. The world is placed in such position that lunar influence may not overflow the tides; the planets are poised with such exactitude, that relative distance has reference to size and weight, and these to gravitation; and all are fixed within the solar system, so that the central sun gives light and heat, that the organisms upon the earth may not perish.

In organic life there is a nice adjustment of the constituents of the body, all coming and departing at appointed periods, so that in seven years the animal frame renews itself like the eagle. The human body is a chemical laboratory, in which, by beautiful and wonderful process, matter is sublimated into blood, and blood into brain and nervous force, so closely akin to spiritual substance.

The animal substance is thus linked to the intellectual and spirit-

ual, and man, the crowning work of creation, thus comprises in his person the vegetable, mineral, and animal kingdoms. From the most perfect vital types of the vegetable creation we ascend to the least of the animal kingdom, which again rises through endless forms and varieties to the highest in instinct and sagacity. But the law of creation stops not here. Between the highest animal organism and the lowest intelligence there supervenes a great chasm. The point of contact can be found in man. From the lower animal life we advance to humanity. Man's highly finished organism unites the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and these, in turn, are linked by his soul to the realms of spiritual reality, even to the invisible choirs of angelic intelligence.

All angels, all men, to a certain degree all creations, are individualities from the pinnacle of creation to the lowermost extremities thereof, united in a wonderful way to the divine Mediator, the Saviour and Redeemer of mankind, partaking of His purpose, His mind, His will, and His affections, raise to God a canticle of praise and hymn of adoration, a song of glory in beautiful and accordant harmony with that which rose up silently in the bosom of the Infinite, when, in the day of His eternity, He uttered His infinite Word, breathed forth His holy spirit and loved and recognized Himself as the God of glory who was the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Man is, therefore, the bond of all creation.

The aspirations of the soul and the utterances of Nature combine with one united voice to teach man dependence on his Maker, and communion with his God. The acknowledgment of this dependence constitutes religion, and its external expression makes worship. Man must worship his Creator. The noblest work of God, and the crown of creation, he beholds all creatures by which he is surrounded, calling upon him to praise and glorify his God.

In Nature's mirror he sees the face of God. In Nature's voice he hears the voice of God. By the fact of creation he belongs to God. All his faculties, his powers, his energies, are the property of God. He was created, and he is sustained by God. God surrounded him with loving-kindness, showers benisons upon his head, soothes all his sorrows. He rests in the divine arms, leans on the heart of God. The end of man is the glory of God.

The laws of gratitude demand return for service freely rendered.

What restitution can man make unto his Maker? *Quid retribuam Domino pro omnibus quae retribuet mihi?* He can make tribute of his powers and confession of his praise. Man possesses mind and heart, and to these is added speech that both may find their adequate expression. The mind he yields by faith, the heart by love; and in the employment of speech to voice his faith and love, he surrenders up to God those faculties which constitute his manhood, and summons the mute and silent voices of creation to pour forth prayer and praise to that beneficent Being who made all things for man, but man himself for God.

Man is Nature's lord and sovereign. The earth is his palace and dwelling-place. Her fruits yield him support; her flowers, fragrance; her shining stores, abundance. The winds may not stay him, nor the sea. The mountains move and whirl at his command. His feet are iron; his hands are steel; his breath is steam, and his brain is lightning. At his nod art lifts her angelic features, and like a bright child of morning, sends her beautiful creations over all the earth; science pushes back her multi-colored mantle, seizes upon the elements, draws the lightning from the skies and harnesses it to the car of progress to be the messenger of man; literature throws open her iron-bolted vaults and opens her exhaustless treasures to the mind; commerce spreads her snowy wings, and with the ensign of freedom at her peak, scours the seas, and empties her boundless acquisitions into the lap of his prosperity.

But as he is the lord, so is he the interpreter and prophet of Nature. Earth is the spacious temple wherein his prayers ascend, and the altar upon which he makes offering of all he is and has, to God. Man is the mystic prophet to explain the sweet symbolism of Nature. Nature's order speaks to him of purpose; her harmony of praise. The first object-lesson which she teaches, is that she was not made to administer to man's material wants so much as to enable him to serve and praise his Maker. Nature leads to religion.

To this sublime end, the Church of Christ, which teaches man the duties of religion, employs Nature to assist her, and reproduces Nature's symbolic teachings in her splendid ritual. All things she consecrates to God's sacred service, and by this dedication she gives voice and meaning to the imperfect praise of inanimate and inarticulate creation.

And as she invokes the aid of Nature, so does she make Art tributary to her service. It is the function of Art to reproduce Nature, to give interpretation to her voice. As Nature is the handmaid of religion, Art is truly Art when it is essentially religious. Art and Science are twin flowers in the stem of faith. Religion is the soul and inspiration of Art. Christianity is the light of the world.

The Church, therefore, true to her august mission, has always been the patron of Art. With divine instinct she recognizes the power of the senses upon the heart and character. Her temples of divine worship are exquisitely venerable. The magnificence of fabric; the lofty concave roof; the majestic column and stately pillar; the grand arch and tapering spire; the extensive aisles; the stained and decorated windows, softened by dim religious light; the splendid altar, the brilliant tapers, the smoked fragrance of incense, and matchless statuary, are powerful aids to piety, and are well calculated to inspire the mind of man with the solemnity and awe which befits the majesty of God's holy presence. The incomparable productions of the intellect, the divine gift of oratory, and the angelic gift of song, are all devoted to the same service of the Deity.

If there is one faculty which more than another gives glory to God, it is the voice of man. If there be any power of soul-subduing influence, it is the power of music. The solemn chant and sublime anthem compose and elevate the restless heart of man. The melodious intonations of music by some magnetic efficacy, thrill and enrapture the soul, and it ascends, like a star, above the horizon, till it rests upon those prominent peaks of prayerful contemplation which rise out of the dark shadows of this under-world, and having taken the boundless excursion, it beholds a kindling light, like the fore-glow of an eternal sunburst, and rests in rapture at the very feet of its Creator and its God.

My dear brethren, you love the beauty of God's house, and place where His glory dwelleth. You are not insensible to the holy duty of prayer and praise towards your Maker, and you seek by every means to embrace the dignity of the divine service in the temple which your loving liberality has raised to the loving God. To sing His songs of everlasting praises, you have introduced here a powerful instrument of music, a majestic organ, whose resonant tones, accompanied by your pious chant, shall awake echoes in the halls of

heaven. Praise the Lord, then, with glad, exultant voice. "Praise Him in His holy places. Praise ye Him in the firmament of His power; praise ye Him for His mighty acts; praise ye Him according to the multitude of His greatness; praise Him with the sound of the trumpet; praise Him with psaltery and harp; praise Him with timbrel and choir; praise Him with strings and organs; praise Him with high-sounding cymbals; praise Him on cymbals of joy. Let every spirit praise the Lord."

II.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST—A KINGDOM OF WAR AND A KINGDOM OF PEACE.

ANNIVERSARY OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, HOBOKEN, N. J.

IN the history of the world the central figure is our Lord Jesus Christ. In the annals of the ages, no personality of such many-sided splendor shall appear as that of the proscribed Galilean, who founded, not on fear or force, but on the almighty power of love, a kingdom that shall never pass away. That sweet and gentle character compels the admiration and engages the affections of millions of men, who, to-day, would die for Him, as He had for them. Under the scorching Syrian sun and beneath the pale stars of Palestine, the meek-souled Master passed along, sowing, in tears and blood, the seeds of that imperishable Kingdom wherein should spring the flowers of life and hope to fallen humanity. "In His life we behold the path, in His death the price, and in His great ascent the proof of immortality." To burst the iron bars of death; to roll back the raging billows of hell; to avert from guilty man the frown of the Creator and ransom the enthralled, He trod the wine-press all alone, and poured His throbbing life into the crimson tide of Calvary, that the enfranchised children of God might walk with joy through the uplifted gates of glory. He speaks and all nations bow their heads. The melody of His words is sweeter than the music of Apollo's lute, and His sentiments are rapturous visions of a life where all is love. There is no lily in the field, and there is no rose in the valley, whose bloom and fragrance are not the breath of His surpassing beauty. There is no flight of fowls to their evening home which is not guided by His care, and there is no solitary sparrow on the house-top that feels not the shelter of His all-holding

hand. Wherever He treads, flowers spring under His feet; and wherever He stands, sorrow and self-complaint are hushed and silent. All lands echo to His teaching, and He sets men's souls afire as they hear, in wondering awe, the mystical utterances of His mouth, and upon the sun-dried hearts who respond unto His call, the unspeakable peace of God descends like showers on a thirsty soil. And every heart did bound, and every breast did burn, as the fascinating figure of the lowly Jesus of the Galilean lake gently glided through the impatient throngs, and cast His pearls of truth upon the way, and sent forth that voice whose electric tones pierce the deep vault of the centuries, and still echoes from zone to zone, and pole to pole, in reverberating thunders round the world. The multitudes heard and wondered, as from the breezy bosom of the lake, from the shaggy mountain-top, or from the silvery sands upon the shore, He declared the *short and simple story of salvation* to mankind. The multitudes heard and wondered, but they did not understand, for "He opened His mouth in parables, and uttered things hidden from the foundation of the world."

"The Kingdom of Heaven," says Jesus Christ, "is like a grain of mustard-seed." And, again, "The Kingdom of Heaven is like to leaven which a woman took and hid in measures of meal." And again, "The kingdom of heaven is like to a householder who went early in the morning to hire laborers into his vineyard." And again, "The kingdom of heaven is like to a man who sowed good seed in his field."

The meaning of these parables was but dimly discerned by the hearers of the Word, for much conflict of opinion prevailed as to the nature of the kingdom which the Messiah would establish. Excited by dreams of ambition, dazzled by the splendor of prospective empire, some fondly fancied that Jesus was come to subvert the existing dynasties of the earth, and, in their room, to raise an empire, universal in extent, unrivalled in its glory, and exalted in its ascendancy, beyond all that glowing hope or exuberant imagination could conceive. Impressed by the poverty of His prestige, the mild character of His claims, and the weakness of His following, others deemed Him an idle visionary, who aimed at the introduction of an ideal kingdom, whose prosperity depended on its power to captivate the imagination by the novelty of its principles, or to touch the

heart by the purity of its morality. This last delusion seemed to derive some support from Jesus' own declaration, that His kingdom was not of this world.

On the day that the noble Nazarene, the victim of hate and fury, stood accused in the judgment hall of Pilate, the Roman ruler thus addressed Him: "Art Thou the King of the Jews?" And Jesus answered: "My kingdom is not of this world."

Inheritors of the kingdom, who glory in the Cross of Jesus Christ, need you be reminded that this reply stands yet upon the record to confound those calumniators who represent the religion of Jesus Christ as the contrivance of impostors and the engine of political power; that it stands upon the record to rebuke, with the burning indignation of a bleeding God, the cowardice and subserviency of modern Pilates, and to pull down the shallow pride of princes, who, for the greed of gold, or for the breath of popular applause, can betray Jesus Christ and deliver up His Church to the malice of His enemies? Need I tell you this reply is indelibly stamped upon the record of the inspired page, to comfort and console the Church of God in the dark hours of affliction, persecution, oppression, and apostasy; for whether she enjoy the favors or endure the frowns of civil governments; whether temporal sovereignties pass away and crumble into dust, or whether they be extended in the revolution of events; whether "the cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the great globe itself, and all which inhabit it, be dissolved, and, like an unsubstantial pageant, faded, leave not a wreck behind";—whether, in fine, every remnant of human grandeur be blotted out, and sun and moon and stars, shivered into atoms by the thunderbolts of God, disappear in the darkness of eternal night, the everlasting Prince of Peace is not disturbed upon His throne; nor shall the dominion of His followers be destroyed, nor their prerogatives be wrenched from the indestructible foundation of the Prophets and the Apostles, whereon they rest, the chief corner-stone being the Lord Jesus Christ.

Before the coming of Christ, every religion was, to some extent, incorporated with the established government. The system of Paganism was altogether civil, and the day came at length when the office of the priest was identified with that of emperor. The religion of Moses was blended with his civil polity, and without undergoing the

ceremony of religious initiation by the seal of circumcision, no man could be affiliated to the Jewish nation.

But the religion of our Redeemer was linked with the fortunes of no nation, nor was it connected with any special form of government. That religion was circumscribed by no national boundaries, no conditions of race, for it was suited to every climate, every country, every state of improvement, and adapted to all the ages of the world. That religion, finally, pleads no peculiar privileges, asks for no exemptions, for any rank or order of society, but demands, as a God-given right, liberty to extend its dominion, and sow the good seed of the Gospel over the wide field of the world. In one word, that religion is designed to be universal, indefectible, and immortal. It has its rudiments here, but its perfection hereafter. Its innumerable subjects are only a distant colony of a great and mighty empire, now planted where their loyalty is in perpetual probation, but one day—the day of the harvest, when wheat and tares shall be plucked and separated—to be translated to the parent country, that blessed clime where the citizens of the kingdom shall behold the King in the realm of His beauty, and shall stand, as the angels stand, in the shining presence of the Prince of Peace, the immortal and invisible King of ages, to whom be honor and power and glory and benediction and praise and empire forever and ever.

The Kingdom of Jesus Christ is a kingdom of peace because it is celestial in its origin, and divine in its destiny.

In that memorable day when the Lord God of Hosts began to upbuild His kingdom, which should never pass away, the gates of the temple were shut, and the world was reposing in universal peace. His spiritual kingdom, ushered from the skies, is introduced upon the earth, and the states and empires of the world are undisturbed, for He came not in the dread robes of might and splendor, but in the swaddling bands of weak and helpless infancy. In an humble village of Judea, an inconsiderable province of the Roman Empire, angels, in the stillness of the midnight, announced to poor and humble shepherds the birth of the Prince of Peace by the song of peace and good-will to men on earth.

If we trace the history of the establishment of this kingdom after the death of its divine Founder, we discover no political pretensions, and no attempt at temporal aggrandizement. The forlorn and

sorrowing disciples courted not the powerful, nor flattered the great of earth for the favors granted to the fawning, nor did they gather under the shadow of darkness to perfect plans to avenge the murder of their beloved Master, and thus by exciting tumult and sedition seek to plant the cross upon the ruins of the empire. These methods, indeed, could not claim even a probability of success, but even if they were warranted the apostles would not have chosen them. Christ came not to conquer the world by violence, craft, or servility. Ah! no; it was the untaught eloquence of Peter, the persuasive simplicity of John, the steadfastness and devotion of the sons of Zebedee, and the zeal, the learning, and the sympathy of St. Paul, that furnished the powerful arms employed to extend the dominions of the Crucified, to spread the triumphs of the cross, to uprear the citadels of vice and error, to vanquish the lusts and passions as well as the hide-bound prejudices of a proud but enlightened age and a stubborn and stiff-necked people. The heavenly character of the doctrines which they taught; the purity and holiness of the lives they lived; the courage, the fortitude, and the resolution of their conduct in the face of power and arrogance—these were the only weapons relied upon by the first heralds of the Gospel to subdue a hostile and perverse world, and bring it to the feet of their Master, Jesus Christ.

The Kingdom of Heaven or the Church of Christ was broad enough to embrace the world, the slave at his task, and the emperor on his throne. It compelled not the one to break his fetters, nor the other to cast away his crown. It wrought no change in men's civil relations; it neither absolved them from allegiance, nor invaded their freedom; and although the makers of Diana's silver shrines might have cause for complaint, Cæsar had no reason for alarm, and no plea to persecute. It asked only for liberty; it gave peace in return, but, like its heavenly Founder, it encountered the most violent persecutions that the powers of hell could devise. Yet, while the temples of Christ were burning, the sanctuary in the heart was untouched; and when His followers were led to the stake, His subjects were multiplied, and Christianity flourished though its sacred rites were suppressed and its altars trodden under the foot of inexorable power. So shall it be unto the end, for this kingdom can never pass away.

This kingdom will endure when the present dynasties, nay, all the states and empires of the world, have decayed and passed down the stream of Time, far beyond all human recollection. "She has seen," as Macaulay says, "the rise of them all," and there is every reason to believe that she shall see their end. Where now are all those potent forces once arrayed against her, and bent on her destruction? Where is now the haughty Hebrew State, which beheld her growth with jealousy and envy, and which sought in vain to crush the infant Church? Where is now that dazzling Roman Empire, which overspread the earth, composed of so many mighty nations, in the midst of which Christianity sprung up like a tender shoot among a forest of aged and lofty trees, which have since decayed and fallen around it, but have left it tall, spreading, and vigorous, on the very spot of its origin, and of their decline? They have fallen! They have fallen, but Christianity has not fallen, because it is founded upon a rock. Where is the long train of persecuting emperors who wasted their resources, and exhausted their endeavors in exterminating the meek and humble followers of Christ? And where are those civil powers which assailed the fabric of religion with fire and sword, with fleets and armies, and with such prodigious slaughter, that the red blood of her martyrs has sprinkled the whole face of the earth? They have fallen, but the Church has not fallen, because it is built upon a rock. "And Jesus said to His disciples: 'Whom do men say that I am?' And Peter answered, 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.' And Jesus said, 'Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona, because flesh and blood hath not revealed this to thee, but my Father, who is in heaven.' Fear not, little flock, for it has pleased your Father to give to you a kingdom which can never be destroyed." Ah! no, my brethren, the handiwork of God can never crumble down. The temple of the Almighty can never topple over. The thunders of oppression may roar around it, and the lightnings of persecution strike against it; and the wild storms of hate and calumny and reproach may sweep and lash it from turret to foundation-stone, and the hot flames of hell, upspringing from damnation's depths, may seethe and rage around it, but the rock-built holy Catholic Church of God can never fear and never fail, for the words of Jesus Christ and the works of Jesus Christ can never pass away.

Not all who claim to be Christians are members of this kingdom. Not all who believe in the force of the Gospel, yield obedience to the law of the Gospel ; not all who profess the name, carry the yoke of Jesus Christ. 'Tis not enough to have been born and lived a life within the outward pale of Christianity ; to have been baptized in infancy and confirmed in childhood ; to have walked in the shadow of the Sanctuary, borne the sacred vessels of the Altar, and worn the insignia of the Christian profession ; to have been a martyr to self-imposed fasts and flagellations, been addicted to prolix formularies of prayer and ceremony, and to have worn the very threshold of the door by fidelity of attendance at the external observances of religion—all these, without purity of purpose and rectitude of conscience, are insufficient to constitute men true members of the kingdom of the Lord Christ Jesus. Not merely the lips, but the heart as well, and more especially, can pay worthy tribute of praise and devotion to the Lord. An humble and a contrite heart is of more value than the incense of holocausts.

The first victory which the Gospel gains should be over the empire of our hearts ; for not every one that saith “ Lord, Lord,” shall enter into the kingdom of heaven. No ; for when once the Master of the house hath risen up and shut the door, though many standing without will begin to knock, and will say, “ Lord, Lord, open unto us,” He will say : “ I know you not whence you are.” Then will they begin to say : “ We have eaten and drunk in Thy presence, and Thou hast spoken on our streets.” But He will answer : “ I tell you again, I know you not whence you are. Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity. For there will come from the East and from the West, and from the North and from the South, many who will sit down at the table in the kingdom of God, and the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into exterior darkness, where they shall eternally burn, eternally weep, and gnash their teeth in despair.”

“ My kingdom is not of this world,” says our Saviour. But are we not of this world ? and when we are summoned, as soon we must be, to leave it, shall we unhappily feel as if we were quitting in exile, a land where all our hopes and pleasures are centered ? God grant it be not so. God grant we may so understand and heed our Saviour’s words, that heaven may prove our native soil, the abode of our friends and our parent country, where an abundant welcome will

be administered to us through the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The kingdom of Christ, my brethren, is not of the world, but it is in the world, and it is here for war.

The great Captain of salvation Himself assures us that He came to send, not peace, but a sword, upon the earth. The kingdom of heaven is like to a man who sowed good seed in his field, but that same field the enemy has overcast with thorns and tares. As it was from the beginning, so shall there be, until the angel reapers come to glean the harvest on the day of judgment, sowers of wheat and sowers of cockle in the field of Christ's everlasting kingdom. From the day that the serpent of old time sowed the seeds of sin in the human heart, two hostile camps, planting themselves upon the ancient battle-lines, first marked around the very battlements of God, have contended for the possession of the field. On that day began the deadly struggle which has raged with unabated fury for sixty centuries, which is raging still, and not yet closed. Hearken, soldiers of the Saviour, to the tocsin's ringing peals. See the tall plumes bending in the breeze, and the shining armor glittering in the sun, as the long lines are drawn up in battle-array, terrible in the "pomp and circumstance of war." Hear the clash and clangor of the opposing arms as the ranks rush together in the awful conflict. The ground seems to heave beneath their tread, and the rocks reel around them, and the earth groans under the artillery fire of hell, and from the vivid lightnings of the heavens flash forth the scorching fires of God, while resonant above the roar of the blood-raining storm, is heard the voice of Lucifer calling from the deep, across "multitudinous seas incarnadine" as he marshals his serried ranks against the Lord God of Hosts, and thus addresses them :

"Princes, potentates, and warriors !

The flower of heaven once yours, now lost,

If such astonishment as this can seize

Eternal spirits : or have ye chosen this place

After the toil of battle to repose your weary virtue

For the ease you find to slumber here.

As in the vales of Heaven

Or in this abject posture have you sworn,

To adore the Conqueror who now

Beholds Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood

With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon
 His pursuers, from heaven's gates discern
 The advantage, and descending tread us down
 Thus drooping ; or with linked thunderbolts
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf ;
 Awake ! Arise ! or be forever fallen ! ”

And from that hour, when the first-born of Light, swelling with the idea of his own grandeur, declared war upon the Jehovah of the heavens, how many of the spawn of perdition have sprung up to ravage the field of God's kingdom, to desecrate the divine worship, and desolate the Church of God.

The ancient mythology pandered to the base and carnal passions of man, but embalmed, as it is, with the perfume of poetry, and arrayed in the artistic beauty of the flowers of fancy, the remains of classical antiquity can supply no just conception of the depravity and degradation of those idolatries with which Satan dazzled and fascinated his deluded followers. For confounding God with the works of His hands, there were, from the very morning-time of creation, “vain men, who professing themselves to be wise, became fools, and changed the truth of God into a lie; and worshipped and served the creature, rather than the Creator, who is blessed forever.” In vain the Almighty in His anger rained punishments upon them, and sent His prophets to denounce vengeance against their diabolical deeds. The insensate people remained incorrigible; they deserted the banners of the Most High, forsook the God of their fathers, and burned incense to Baal in the city of Jerusalem, in view of the sacred fane which the magnificence of Solomon had dedicated to the Lord God of Israel.

In every nation the vice-bound votaries of the Evil One bent the knee before abominable idols; mortal men, in overweening pride, arrogated to themselves divine honors, like some of the Assyrian kings and the long line of Roman emperors; and others, grovelling on the ground, “changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of corruptible man, and of birds, and of beasts, and creeping things.” To no purpose were the flood-gates of the eternal deep opened to submerge the wicked in a mighty flood; in vain were the devouring fires poured out upon them; in vain did the Lord stand upon the flaming mountain, amid the forked lightnings and the

roaring thunders; the mad multitude danced deliriously around the golden calf, ere the reverberating echoes of His presence had faded away among the hills beyond Sinai. Solomon, the wisest, himself fell into the toils of the idolaters, and many of the Jewish kings called in magicians to offer incense to the sun and to the moon and to the silent stars, and to the twelve signs, and all the varied hosts of heaven.

Rome, the mistress of the earth, was as noted for idolatries as she was conspicuous for her conquests, and when she had completed the subjugation of the nations her imposing Pantheon contained within its confines gods of gold, and gods of brass, and gods of silver, running into thousands. The Rome of the great Cæsars contained a thousand temples, and in every quarter of the seven-hilled city, in the Forum, in the Coliseum, and even on the highways, the smoke of sacrifice ascended; and Diana's silver shrines and sylvan fanes rang loud with the piteous cry of the helpless victim, and the incensed and garlanded altar was crimsoned with the blood of human holocausts. The lewd votaries of Venus, the brutal bacchanals, and the riotous bands of Epicurean revellers, practiced shameful obscenities, as shown in the history of the Luperalian, Saturnalian, and Elusinian rites. The sages of the Areopagus ventured to inscribe a temple "to the unknown God," but they defaced their worship with the most debasing superstitions; and if some of the Academicians were persuaded of the unity and spirituality of God, they dared not explicitly proclaim the doctrines they believed; while the venerable Socrates, paganism's proudest sage, before he drained the fatal hemlock, sought by the sacrifice of a bird to propitiate the godship of Esculapius.

Ignoring the unimpeachable testimonies of Nature, they beheld not in the summer breeze, and in the starry sky, and in the songful grove, as those who are a law unto themselves should do, the God "who made the heavens and the earth and all things that are in them."

"For the groves were God's temples, ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems, in the mountain wood:
Amidst the cool and silence he knelt down,

And offered to the Mightiest most solemn thanks
And supplications."

But no; they beheld not in Nature's mirror the face of Nature's God, because they loved darkness rather than light, their intellects were obscured by the mists of sin and ignorance, and they forgot how honorable it is "to publish the Lord's signs, because they are great, and His wonders because they are mighty; to seek His kingdom because it is everlasting, and to magnify His power which extends to all generations."

"For He who guides the swelling orbs above,
Spreads every leaf that flutters in the grove;
Breathes health and fragrance in each balmy gale,
Pours the clear streamlet gliding in the vale;
Extends the vast Atlantic's rolling floods,
And clothes the forest with its waving woods,
Guides the green tendril 'round the shady bower;
Shines in the dew and blushes in the flower.
The humblest bud that blossoms in the morn,
The meanest insect in its bosom born,
Live by the fiat of that Mighty voice,
Which rules the spheres and makes the world rejoice."

Despite the voice of Nature and the volume of revelation, anterior to Christ's coming, as Bossuet says, "idolatry sat brooding over the moral world; the Egyptian fathers of philosophy, and the Grecian inventors of fine arts, and the Roman conquerors of the world, were all notorious for their perversion of divine worship, for the gross error of their beliefs, and for the indignities they offered to the true religion." The fair field of Christ's kingdom was over-sown with cockle, and the whole world was a temple "where everything was God but God Himself."

To renew the face of the earth and redeem man from the slavery of error and superstition, and restore to him his lost inheritance, Jesus Christ appeared, and man is guilty of his masterpiece of folly in the crucifixion of his Saviour. And still the struggle went on. Not till after ten long and violent persecutions, extending through three blood-written centuries, did the persecuted followers of the Nazarene emerge from the gloomy shelter of the catacombs, and only when the first Christian emperor, Constantine, ascended the impe-

rial throne was the cross planted in the halls of the Cæsars, and ancient Rome crowned with undying dignity as the capital of Christendom.

Nor was the end yet.

Heresy raised its hydra-head in the kingdom of the Lord, and there came forth those "who spoke not according to the word, because there was no light in them." Some declared that the founder of the kingdom was but human, like the rest of men; others denied the agency of God's providence, and like the olden Sophists affirmed that all things were governed by blind fate or chance, and that the world itself was but an accidental medley of atoms, whirling about by its own motion in the chaotic abyss of illimitable space. But the climax was to come.

Crazed by the riotous fury of fearful revolution, delirious statesmen affected to ignore entirely the existence of a God, and compelled the teachers of the nation to inculcate the baleful tenets of infidelity into the minds of the rising generations. They abolished the festivals of Christ's religion; proscribed His worship, and banished or guillotined the ministers of His religion. Pagan mummary was substituted for Catholic ceremony, and the ritual of Satan for the sweet religion of a divine Redeemer, and the most shocking indignities and blasphemies were daily offered to the Majesty of the Most High God. In a paroxysm of frenzy men went so far as to choose a prostitute for the goddess of liberty and the queen of reason. O Reason, what follies are committed in thy name.

"Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars,
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is reason to the soul; and as on high,
Those rolling orbs discover but the sky,
Not light us there; so reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But to guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear
When day's bright lord ascends on hemisphere,
So, pale grows reason, at religion's sight,
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light."

To-day the conflict rages on the old battle-ground. It is the everlasting struggle of faith and infidelity. They vainly boast that

the old religion is in the throes of dissolution, and will soon be dead. The seeds of superstition, they tell us, are uprooted from the soil, and the very shadow of religion is fast fading from the land, her name, her nature, withering from the world. Right at our doors madcap anarchists and atheists laugh the Christian God to scorn, and on the free shores of the New Republic, societies and journals advocating, unblushingly, the ruin of religion, flourish in full-blown enormity. There are thirty millions of unbelievers in the United States to-day ; thirty millions of scoffers ; thirty millions of scorers ; thirty millions of blatant blasphemers of the eternal God. Is the enemy gaining ground ? Is the enemy to hold the inheritance, to possess the blood-bought field which Jesus, the holy Christ of God, has purchased for His children ? God forbid. But the sentinels of Israel must stand at the outposts and on the watch-towers of religion, aggressive and alert. Truth's defenders must take to their arms, and rally round the cross. In the cross shall they conquer ; in the cross shall they find salvation. "Let Jonas rejoice in his plant of ivy ; let Abraham prepare a feast for angels beneath the tree of Mamre ; let Ishmael moan by his palm-tree in the desert ; let Elias repose near a juniper in the wilderness ; but let it be our glory, as Christians, to dwell under the umbrageous shadow of the cross "

What shall the issue be on the soil of America ?

We stand at the doorway of the centuries. Down the long archway of the rolling years we behold forty generations of our fathers in the faith ; around us the heritage they have transmitted to their posterity in Christ, and before us lies the land to be possessed.

Almighty Father, while we cling
To our crumbling hold, so soon to fall,
And be forgotten in the yawning gulf,
Which whelms all past, all present, and to come,
Oh, grant us wisdom of the soul
To gain a changeless heritage.

But ere we gain the goal we have a work to do. The enemy is abroad sowing cockle in the field. Be not cast down at the sight of the cockle, for the day of the harvest shall come, when a strong and smiting hand shall pluck up the tares, shall bring down the arrogance of the mighty and make the pride of unbelievers cease. Shall we sleep the sleep of indolence and inaction, or shall we rise be-

times and go in and possess the land which the God of dominion hath given us in heritage? "Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon shall be yours, from the wilderness of Lebanon, and from the river Euphrates, even to the uttermost seas, shall the coast be yours." Let us gird ourselves for the fray, shod with the preparation of the Gospel, and accoutred with the shield of faith and the well-greased armor of the Almighty, and holding in our good right hand the sword of the Spirit which is the word of God. The invincible, the unconquerable, and the indestructible God, the victor in ten thousand battles, goes before us and leads the way to victory. Let us not by cowardly irresolution and fatuous disobedience dwarf our inheritance and destroy our hopes. We have an inheritance to gain; we have a mission to fulfill; we are not, like the Jews of old, merely the conservators, but we are the teachers of truth unto men. In proportion as our zeal is abundant, is our own knowledge of the truth enlarged, our faith in God strengthened, and our religious life intensified and consolidated.

Ages ago the tide of humanity divided into counter currents, which to-day form the contending civilizations of the world. One capital current, rising at Mt. Ararat, took an Eastern course, through China, Japan, and the Moluccas, and stretching one tiny tendril across Arctic snows and ice, it took root in America in the dim mysterious past. That it reached the shores of this continent from China seems to be confirmed by those researches which trace the American Indians to a Mongolian origin. It is a stagnant, unprogressive civilization, covered with the moss-crowned immobility of ages which the consecration of centuries has failed to alter or improve. The other stream went a Westward way, to the frontiers of Asia, down the Mediterranean, across Italy, Iberia, and Germany, to the British Islands and the Northern peninsula of Europe, gathering up the culture and refinement of centuries on its way, and after great mutations and many almost insuperable obstacles, it still flows on with undiminished vigor, and exhibits in its marvellous progress the wonderful power of Christ's religion in moulding the manners, purifying the morals, and guiding the destinies of men. To its influence every government of modern Europe owes its origin and its stability. It laid the basis of the arts and sciences, the laws and institutions, which opened an unobstructed path to the prosperity and

progress of the great powers which now determine the destiny and hold in their hands the fate of every nation on the continent of Europe. It finally swept across the Atlantic upon voyages of discovery ; broke down all opposing barriers over three thousand miles of continent, and now, having traversed the earth, it encounters the Oriental civilization on the shores of the Pacific, as changeless and unchanged as it was in the dim twilight of history. What shall be the result when these streams meet and mingle with each other ? Which band of civilization is to encircle the green globe ? Will the world go back to pagan rites, pagan customs, pagan superstitions, or will the grace of the all-conquering Gospel relume the darkness of the East and claim her benighted millions for God ?

I believe the key to the situation will be found upon American soil. I believe that the religion that rules America will rule the world, and I believe that that religion will be the religion of Rome, the religion of Peter, the religion of Jesus Christ. I repeat, we have a mission to fulfill. Against every onslaught of the enemy, we have to hold the field for Christ. Our confines are conterminable with the circumference of the globe. The land will be ours if, like Abraham and Moses and Israel, we raise our tents, and go in and take possession. God helps those who help themselves. Our opportunities to impress the truth are abundant, and we have the truth to impress.

Under the old dispensation the peculiar province of God's chosen people was to conserve the truth till the day of Christ should come. Jesus was promised then, but He is present now, and those who work by Him are irresistible in power. Belief in the divinity of Christ alone can keep alive the sentiment of religion in the human heart, and when this fades away, so too does all belief in the personality of God. The sin of the present age is the sin of Adam—the sin of unbelief.

To confound God with nature, or to spirit Him away in the gauzy clouds of sentiment, or the fantastic conceptions of transcendental philosophy, is the tendency of the times, and the idea of that God "in whom we live and move and have our being," who numbers all the hours of our life and holds us in the hollow of His hand, has become but a vague and airy abstraction which no longer guides our knowledge or sustains our life. The pantheism of the past is be-

come the agnosticism of the present. It infects science; pollutes literature; gives a deadly glitter to philosophy; points the epigram; gives frenzy to the poet's fancy and madness to the painter's magic skill; and entering the field of morals, where Jesus Christ sowed good seed, it severs man from all his spiritual relations; makes man his own actor, the world his theatre, mammon his god, and perdition his portion and inheritance.

We stand to-day on the old battle-ground. It is the Philistines against the children of Israel. The doctrine of a real, living, personal God is the sole salvation for society; and all believers in the Christian name should join hands against the common enemy, and uphold with all their power and all their strength the blood-bought banners of loyalty to God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The true test of religion is its power of reproduction. We are not merely the custodians of truth; we are its sowers and planters. While we sleep the enemy sows tares. We must stoop down to reach the people; go out to call them in. "The poor shall have the Gospel preached to them." We are not peddlers of theological grain. We are not to scatter truth on people and then let it perchance take root and grow. We are to carefully plant and nourish it in their souls.

Unfertile piety is a sham—a curse. It is a byword for the scoffing and a hissing for the infidel. To abound in fine words, in doctrines and authorities, but to yield no practical life by which sin-worn wayfarers can quench their spiritual thirst, is to cumber the earth and be a rock of offence to everybody. Unless our creeds fertilize the world, and our lives furnish meat and drink to mankind, the curse of barrenness will fall upon us as it did upon the withered fig-tree. "My meat and drink is to do the will of Him who sent Me." We must live our truth in our lives. Words preach, but lives teach; words prove, but lives move. The incarnation of religion are the Saints of God. Holiness is the lever that lifts humanity. When truth throbs in the marrow of the heart, it becomes vital and organic. The ancient apologetics are done away. Fruitless controversies, barren speculations, and fine, unprofitable preaching can never supply dearth of spirituality. Every flush of feeling, every flash of intellect, must reflect the faith we hold. When the truth glows, burns, quivers in every fibre of the human frame, then, and

not till then, has it claim to final victory. All can preach, because all can live, and if they cannot scale the dazzling heights where the learned and erudite are wrestling with the deep problems of life and immortality, all can travel in the valleys where grace fertilizes the soil, and where the Saints of God are daily at labor transforming faith into fact and truth into life. The sons of virtue shall possess the soil.

We must also put our life into our literature, for literature is but the expression of life. Catholics need not blush for their scholarship, but we have to excite greater activity if we want to hold the field. And we are to talk not only in the language of the scholar, but also in common letters—in the alphabet of Christianity.

Education is the want of the age; education is the watchword of the century. Since the day that our forefathers came to this land, they placed the school side by side with the church, and if it were a question of the relative importance of school and church, they would say, if you take away either, remove the church, and leave the school to our children. We have not only to keep pace with, but surpass, our separated brethren. Remember, it is a race for occupation. The question of the hour is: Shall we fortify the field already claimed by the power of the Gospel, and shall we extend our triumphs by the establishment of Christian schools and colleges; or shall we suffer godless learning to snatch from our hands the fruits of our hard-bought victory?

Christian fathers and mothers, who listen to my voice, hearken to what I say :

You have a grave responsibility to perform. We have a glorious inheritance in this land of the free. Our common prosperity is unexampled, but it is not beyond the reach of injury. If you would advance the renown of your age and make it worthy of remembrance by those who come after you, educate your children in that good old faith for which your own fathers suffered persecution, torture, and every form of death. Consider how easily the minds of those who are coming into life are enfeebled and deluded by the unworthy example of those whom they are taught to consider as guiding their conduct, or giving tone to the manners of the age. In such a state of society as ours, there is danger lest the love of frivolous distinctions, the pursuit of vicious pleasures, the tyranny

of fashion, and the greed of gold, should make our children callous and insensible to the best gifts of Providence, and should overwhelm the rising generation. To obviate these evils, the love of intellectual pursuits should be encouraged, and, as the passion of knowledge is no proof of the principle of virtue, a Catholic education alone can afford security against the corruptions of the age, and the vices and temptations of the world. Everything contributed by you to the institutions of sound learning, and to promote a correct and pious education, you contribute to the peace, the purity, and the glory of your age.

And oh! what a treasure of felicity you have in keeping. Let your thoughts run a few years in prospect, and can you endure to see those whom you have trained up to fill your places, and whose destiny you now influence, can you endure to see them spoiling the rich inheritance, and then reproaching your memories? Can you look without remorse, and see them taking their places in society, depraved by your example, lost—lost by your neglect, to peace, to virtue, and to heaven?

Do not think you have discharged your obligation when you have laid up for them a perishable inheritance on earth, and set them up in life. Oh! no; God, who watches over the employment of His gifts, demands of you, not only that you dedicate your children to Him, but that you implant in them His fear and love, that you furnish them with the only sure source of happiness, by your religious training, by your lessons of piety, by your example at home and in public, and by your prayers with them and for them. Without this you may leave them the wealth of the world, and it will only curse them; you may leave them the rank, the glory, the reputation of their fathers, but it will only render them the decorated victims of the indignation of Heaven.

And oh! what magnificent opportunities and what glorious incentives to education exist in the Republic of the New World; opportunities which, if they be lost, may lose to Catholicity the vast inheritance so far acquired by the piety and zeal of those gone before us.

In our favored land a system of government has been formed, of singular perfection and beauty. It is a system that stimulates the soul to activity; fills the mind with lofty aspirations; moves the

hand to develop the resources of the land, and excites the ingenuity and enterprise of those who occupy it. Here it is the hand of a free man that turns forth the fruits of a free soil.

We have here a banquet of intellectual elevation and personal enjoyment, and we hold aloft the bright beacon of liberty, that Promethean torch which flings its scorching rays into the darkest recesses of European dungeons, melting the shackles of tyranny, encouraging the oppressed and the heart-weary, and beckoning them on to life, to liberty, and to freedom. We have reared a glorious structure, which has become the admiration of the nations ; we have thrown open our doors and invited the world to come and sit down at our feast. We have planted a garden, the fruits whereof are sweet to the soul and grateful to the sense ; we have flung open the Arcadian avenues leading thereunto, that the stranger may freely enter and partake of the offering.

To crown all, the political perpetuity of the Union has been sealed by the arbitrament of blood. No rebellious hand shall again be raised in sign of its destruction. And now no more the sound of arms ; no more the tramp of hostile columns, the crash of cannon, the smoke of guns, and the din of fratricidal strife ; no more of silent homes, funereal villages, weeping widows, and wailing orphans ; no more of war, O God, no more ;—but give us peace.

This sentiment found passionate voice in the Capitol at Washington when the war-scarred veterans of battle were returning to their homes, flushed with victory and triumph. Their tattered ensigns fluttered in the breeze ; their perforated flags floated from every line and column as they moved along—the boys from Massachusetts, and the boys from Pennsylvania, and from the Ohio, the Wabash, and the far-off Missouri. On they went, rank to rank, column to column, charger to charger, nostril to nostril, and from a million throats went up the shout,—huzza ! huzza ! huzza !

But are our institutions to continue, or shall they suffer the fate of the Republics gone before and be blotted out forever ? Are we to don the robes of political martyrdom, and take our place among the proscribed and fallen nations of the earth ? Are the seeds of decay and death planted within our vitals, awaiting only the blossoming and the fruit ? Are tares springing up among the wheat ?

History deprecates the inroads of Alaric and Genseric upon the

monumental glory of ancient Rome; but what is the devastation which they wrought compared with the destruction of a vast system erected for the security of human happiness and liberty.

Patriotism is a part of man's nature at the first dawning of intelligence. It is woven in his closest fibres. At home it is his glory and pride; when abroad, a wanderer in exile, it rises before him a spiritual oasis in the desert of despairing thought—an angel whispering hope and comfort to the lonely soul. But patriotism without religion cannot survive. Nations, like individuals, must be trained for freedom, for

“ Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.”

The children of Abraham, under the direction of their great leader and law-giver, commenced that ever-memorable journey towards the land of promise. But, though they had seen the river turned into blood; though the sea had rolled back and they had walked in its midst on dry land; though they had beheld the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, and had heard the voice of the Almighty speaking in the thunder, yet, when confidence in the future should have entirely possessed them, at the first temporary inconvenience, they murmured and rebelled; they longed for the waters of the Nile and the flesh-pots of Egypt, and desired to return to the land of bondage. How could such vacillating creatures expect to be the founders of a new State? God, therefore, suffered them to die by the wayside, and raised up a new generation to drive out the Canaanites, and take possession of the land of promise.

But he who cherishes the faith made manifest in that Revelation which the Creator has made to His creature; he who takes for his standard the lofty morality which it teaches, cannot fail to be a good Christian and a good citizen; and if apples of gold should be set in pictures of silver, to please the eye, the great truth, that religion and patriotism are one and inseparable, should be written upon the memories of the American people, to be held in everlasting remembrance. Not in the education of the schools alone, should a man be trained; a man may be a scholar and yet may be a slave. Religion and morality are the support of good government; they give security and stability to the State and motion to the wheels of civilization.

“We should, therefore, move, not like a stream meandering through the meadow, which is turned aside by every trifling obstacle; nor yet like the mountain torrent, which sweeps away everything in its course and leaves a rocky and dusty channel in its track; but like the great ocean itself, that emblem of power, which in the calmest moments still heaves its resistless waters to the shore, and purifies itself by its own operation.” So our country, supported by religion, shall not, like the meadow brook, be turned aside from the path of duty by any temporary danger from demagogues or false teachers sowing cockle in the land; nor shall it, like the mountain torrent, rush madly forward in a wild crusade of mistaken liberty; but she shall be like the mighty ocean in a calm, rolling a resistless tide, and fertilizing the seeds of Gospel freedom; as that ocean furnishes with water the clouds which spread over the whole heavens, to be distilled in the gentle dew and refreshing rain which invigorate the earth.

Cling, then, my brethren, to the old faith, and rally round the old religion. It was a wise maxim of Lord Bacon: “*State super vias antiquas et ambulate in eis*”—Adhere to the old faith, the faith of your fathers, and the faith that has come down to you wet with the blood of martyrs and consecrated by the blood of Jesus Christ. Here you are in a goodly heritage, but before you is the land to be possessed. Every land that the sole of your foot shall tread shall be yours. You are to claim the American continent for Christ. Be earnest, be faithful, be practical, be true, and your standards will never trail in the dust, and the Church of God will realize her ideal of universal occupation, and as the sun flings his golden showers on every ripening harvest, so shall the grace of the Gospel light up our land and

“Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea.”

And the long dream of the ages will be fulfilled. And the position of the Catholic Church among the nations and her inheritance of the truth will be everywhere justified and acknowledged. And the Christian of the three thousandth century shall behold his mother extend her sway over every inch of American soil by the indefeasible right of moral occupation. And he shall behold a land blooming

like a Elim and Eden, a paradise of old, where waving palm-trees grow and wells of living water perennially spring. And he shall see a government imbued with Christian faith, and a people devout and reverent before the name of God. And streams of knowledge flashing from Christian schools, in the garden of the Lord, in the world's last and greatest civilization.

III.

IRELAND—PAST AND PRESENT.

DELIVERED AT ST. MARY'S HALL, EAST ORANGE, N. J.

THE following authorities have been consulted as to facts: Giraldus Cambrensis, "*Expugnation et Topographia*"; "*Giraldus Cambrensis Eversus*," by Dr. Lynch; "*Apologia pro Hibernia*," Auctore Stephano Vito, a refutation of Gerald Barry; McGheoghegan and Mitchell's *Hist. of Ireland*; Moore's *Hist. of Ireland*; O'Halloran's *Hist. of Ireland*; Miss Cusack's "*Case of Ireland Stated*"; "*Parnell Movement*," by T. P. O'Connor; Lecky's "*Leaders of Public Opinion*"; "*The Four Masters' Annals*," by J. O'Donovan; "*Studies on Contemporary Ireland*," by the Abbé Perraud; Lanigan's *Ecclesiastical History*; Lingard's *Hist. of England*; Greene's *Hist. of England*; Sullivan's "*New Ireland*"; Duffy's "*Four Years of Hist.*"; Mitchell's "*Jail Journal*"; Todd's "*Wars of the Irish and Danes*"; O'Curry's "*Antiquities*," and many others of equal authority.

In the emerald seas that roll eternally from Albion and Caledonia—

"Caledonia, stern and wild,
Meet nurse of a poetic child"—

and dimly distant from their rugged shores, stands an island sung in song and famed in story. By the Greeks it was named Ierne—which, by transposition of letters, becomes Irene, meaning peace—by the Romans it was called Scotia, or Hibernia, and by the Celts themselves it was called Erin, or Eri.*

It is the home of the celebrated Celt. It is the fairest patch of earth ever flung by the Creator out of the windows of God's heavens.

* O'Flaherty and others give it the ancient name Ogygia.

On the face of the Almighty's green footstool there is no land so green. Nowhere is the sky more soft, the air more blithe, the sun more mellow, than the sky that smiles, the air that blows, and the sun that shines upon this verdant, sea-locked isle. For when the day-god, rejoicing in his strength, streams up the valleys, and rolls away the blue haze from the mountain-tops, all nature is aglow with a congenial gladness. When the early flowers of spring-time show their heads above the humid soil, and the enamelled meads are lighted up with the ineffable radiance of the noontide's golden showers, the bewitching beauty of the landscape precludes all ordinary expressions of delight. The heather blooms upon the hillside; the rose blushes in the valley; the birds tunefully carol in every grove and glen. Nature has blessed the ancient isle.

Her emerald shores are kissed by the crested waves of the blue Atlantic, and the ceaseless song of the surging ocean makes undying music along her romantic coast and matchless harbors. The rugged and awe-inspiring grandeur of her mountain scenery is unsurpassed; her plains and valleys smile in pastoral beauty; her lordly rivers roll with majestic outflow to the sea; her soil groans with fertility and blooms in plentiful profusion with tree and shrub, plant and flower, and endless variety of vegetation.

Ah ! would thou wert more strong, at least less fair,
 Home of the lofty, and the moss-clad tower !
 To hail whose strand, to breathe whose genial air,
 Is bliss to all who feel of bliss the power
 To look upon whose mountains in the hour
 When thy sun sinks in glory, and a veil
 Of purple flows around them, would restore
 The sense of beauty where all else might fail.

In this favored land, this paradise of earth, this *Ultima Thule* of the Romans, there dwelt, in pre-Christian times, a Druidical people, simple, upright, patriarchal. Their religion was an imposing Pantheism, for their god dwelt in the groves, and they found "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." Each tawny chief might address his followers in sentiments similar to those contained in the exiled Duke's philosophy:

" Now my co-mates and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet

Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court ?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The season's difference; as the icy fang
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
 This is no flattery."

But whatever their sentiments, and whether or not they knew the "penalty of Adam," they dwelt in peace and order. Their government was tribal, or clannish; property was held in common, and in laws, language, customs, and literature, they bore strong affinity to the nations of the East, for it was supposed they came from the land of the palm, the citron, and the olive, where the sun, shining in his strength, pours forth his burning beams through the golden windows of the Orient.

It is neither to be expected nor desired, that in a discussion of so brief a character as that which now engages attention, any attempt should be made to enter upon vexed questions concerning the origin and the antiquity of the Irish race. The labors of erudite antiquarians like O'Curry, Donovan, Connellen, Petrie, and others, have done much to dispel the haze that envelopes the early history of this admittedly ancient people; and, doubtless, future research by eminent scholars, whose love of study and whose patriotism shall impel them to the arduous undertaking, will reveal to the world far more than has ever been suspected would be known of the character, customs, civilization, and origin of the interesting race whose country Ptolemy described, Strabo named, and the world-conquering Romans beheld from afar, but never visited. No country in the world, perhaps, offers so vast a field and so rich a treasure to the antiquary. But the history of Ireland remains to be written.

It is within grounds of plausible probability that the original home of the Irish was among the Aryan and Iranian races of the East. On the high plateau of Irania, after the "language of the whole earth was confounded, and the Lord had scattered the sons of men abroad upon the face of all countries" (Gen. xi. 9), the stream of humanity began to flow, and the sons of Japeth stretched all the way from Persia to the Crimea, and from Judea to

the Pillars of Hercules, and even to the forests of Germany. Descended from Gomer, the son of Japeth (Gen. x.), they rapidly grew into a powerful people, known to history as the Cimmerians of remote antiquity, the Cimbri of Cæsar and Tacitus, and the Celts of more modern communities. They were a brave, hardy, resolute, energetic race. Westward, following the track of the setting sun, they came, a seething wave of the human family, seeking broader acquisitions and athirst of conquest. From Central Asia and Armenia to the forest regions north of the Ægean and the Black Sea, they extended their excursions; and down the Mediterranean to Sicily, Candia, and Greece, they spread with marvellous rapidity, and thence to France, Spain, and the islands of the Western ocean.* To Erin came one segment of this migratory people, where they rested, and for centuries remained in peaceful and undisturbed possession of their sea-girt and ocean-guarded home. Here lived and worshipped a primeval people, and the hardy vigor of their manhood still exists in the splendid vitality of the Celtic population of the Western Islands. And it was the worship of the people which doubtless inspired the genius of their church architecture, as it subsequently appeared. For what were the great and lofty vaults of their churches; "the countless delicate columns, spreading, as they rose, into branching bows and forming sweeping arches overhead; the finely-tapered spire, piercing the clouds of heaven and adorned with flowers and foliage cut in stone, and with fantastic statuettes of matchless beauty," but symbols borrowed from the wild oak forests of the country, to which a spiritual significance had been given when the island, through St. Patrick, had been consecrated to the worship of Almighty God?† And what was "the mysterious and awe-inspiring light, softened and toned till it wears the guise of another world; and deftly wrought with branch-work of stem and leaf and flower, through which the sunbeams stole with magical effect and indescribable charm," but a feeble attempt to transfer to the purposes of religion something of the majesty and beauty of those grand primeval forest sanctuaries of the ancient Druids? But this speculation is by the way.

A brilliant but hostile writer in the *North American Review*, for

* Rawlinson, "Origin of Nations."

† Montalembert's "Monks of the West."

1841, observes: "Ireland, unfortunately, found no Cæsar to subdue, no Agricola to colonize, no Tacitus to describe her. No Roman ever planted a hostile foot upon her shores; and she went on from century to century in isolated obscurity, with the poor consolation of some after claims to learning and virtue, too often a byword for ridicule and doubt."

It is possible these claims have evoked ridicule, but it is the ridicule of prejudice and ignorance, and it subjects to the scorn of all enlightened men, not its objects, but its authors. Let us, for a moment, lift the veil from the sorrow-crowned queen of the ocean, that we may trace in her countenance the source of those tears which, like pearls, dew-dipped and sun-kissed, shine in eyes that sparkle through the mist of grief, and look forward with a hopeful happiness founded upon an unshaken trust in God, the ultimate triumph of justice and the restoration of the right.

The earliest, or Druidical, inhabitants of Ireland were gifted by nature with splendid endowments. Of fine form and physique, commanding mien and visage, superb stature, keen, active, and intelligent, they were worthy descendants of that proud Phœnician stock from which they originally sprang. Tacitus remarks in his life of Julius Agricola, that the harbors of Ireland were better known in the line of commerce to commercial people than those of Britain; and Probus, in his life of St. Patrick, descanting upon the commercial activity of the ancient Irish, alludes to the continual mercantile intercourse between the people of Gaul and those of Ireland; to which circumstance, indeed, is the country indebted for its first acquaintance with its splendid Apostle, St. Patrick. What Cæsar remarks in his Commentaries of the Druids of Britain, that they might claim the praise of civilization in comparison with the inhabitants of other western nations (*De Bello Gallico*, p. 76), could not extend, in a depreciatory sense, to the Irish, as the evidence of Tacitus demonstrates. The people of the green isle had indisputably made appreciable advancement as far back as Cæsar's day, and even long before, as the research of O'Donovan shows, concerning the reign of Ollaf Folla, 900 B.C.

Like all pastoral people, they rejoiced in the freedom of their simple life. On every side clustered beauties which art could not imitate, and which the hand of the invader had not yet spoiled. In

a mild temperature and under a serene sky, they tilled a grateful and luxuriant soil, which yielded a meet reward to their industry and secured them a competence. Nor were they unskilled in the art of agriculture, or in the mechanical employments, as far as their simple necessities might be supposed to favor invention. To the stubborn portions of the glebe they made application of fertilizers; they cultivated corn in abundance; constructed commodious habitations for shelter; wove their own raiment; fashioned textile fabrics in variety, and manufactured such implements of household service as their needs and exigencies demanded. Even so generous a hater of all things Irish as Giraldus Cambrensis, bears ungrudging testimony to their proficiency in the arts of the times, though, indeed, as he says himself, he "struck a weak-toned lyre" and "used a feeble pen." In the common course of things, as Giraldus observes, mankind progresses from the forest to the field, from the field to the town, and from the town to the social condition of citizens; but at this period of their existence, being averse to civil institutions, the Irish had not yet advanced beyond the rusticity of purely bucolic life. They had, however, natural gifts of an order so excellent that they had learned to penetrate into the mysteries of the wonderful art of music, in which they were incomparably more skillful than neighboring nations. The measured modulations, the sweet harmony and the gay and lively tones of their music helped to soothe them in sorrow, relieve them in toil, and tranquillize them in trouble and care.

They were, likewise, a warlike people, and after the gifts of the gods, their greatest glory was in the field, brandishing the battle-axe, wielding the spear, or throwing the dart. This militant disposition, whether inherited from martial ancestors, or acquired from repeated action in self-defense, was often turned to disastrous account among themselves. Thus, one petty chieftain implacably warred against another, and one tribe or faction found fiendish delight in going forth

"To cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war"

upon some unhappy, unsuspecting neighbor. It is needless to remark that the love of a generous *mêlée* is an Irish characteristic still. But "even their failings leaned to virtue's side"; for if his

impetuous nature speedily bore him into altercation, the Irishman, like Brutus,

“ Carried anger as the flint bears fire ;
 Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark
 And straight is cold again.”

Quick to avenge a personal affront, and unsparing in chastisement upon a foe, he was magnanimous in victory, and his ready sympathies always ran to the oppressed and the weak. The sentiment of the modern poet was his own :

“ I know that the world, that the great big world,
 From the peasant up to the king,
 Has a different tale from the tale I tell,
 And a different song to sing.
 But for me, and I care not a single fig
 Whether they say I'm wrong or right,
 My heart will beat, while it beats at all,
 For the under dog in the fight.”

They were strong and ardent in their domestic attachments, but had adopted the custom of fosterage, so graphically described in Gerald Griffin's invasion. An open-handed hospitality was characteristic of their homes, and no crime in their calendar was deemed more atrocious than the refusal to harbor the harborless and entertain the wayfarer. This commendable trait of character has never been excelled in the conduct of any nation, and could be exercised so lavishly only by a generous and warm-hearted people, who were not oppressed by opulence, as their riches consisted chiefly in the extent of their pastures and the number of their flocks. A keen and sagacious philosopher has remarked that those lineaments which attest distinctively the national cast of temperament and qualities of disposition, are ineffaceable, despite all outward mutation and influence. Be this as it will, the master passion of the Irish heart to-day is of the same turn it took in the nation's infancy, for warmer good-fellowship, more cordial conviviality (I use the term in its best sense), than that of the Irishman is not discoverable under the stars.

Among all their various predispositions of mind, none, perhaps, was either so strong or so obvious as that which contributed to the

facility of their conversion to the faith of Christianity. A deep religious instinct was ingrained in their character, which moulded and attuned the whole tenor and drift of their lives. They were addicted to idolatry, and Lingard tells us, on the authority of Usher and Ware, that they worshipped under different appellations the same gods almost as the Greeks and the Romans. It is to be presumed, that he means that the gods adored by both represented, under different names, the same ideas of the mind or passions of the heart. It merits observation in passing, that a few fancies and feelings which have given origin to different idolatries, are those which operate on the mind everywhere, such as power, fear, love, lust, and others ; and hence there is always a singular correspondence of ideas among separate nations as to the character of their divinities. The Scandinavian Thor squares with the Roman thunderer Jove. Comparative mythology furnishes a chain of correspondence which is all but endless.*

Like all Druids, the oak they regarded with special reverence, and the monarch of the forest was, owing to its firmness and stability, considered an appropriate emblem of Deity.

At the solemn midnight hour, as the moon shimmered on the tremulous leaves, and the night-wind moaned through the heavy foliage, they sought the gloomy caverns of the forest ; and in the sublime solitude that enwrap the sylvan scene, the trembling votary preferred his petition to the invisible Powers above and apprehensively awaited the response.

Whether they gathered beneath the dark shadows of their groves to catch only a dim and distant glimpse of their fire-god through the lonely vista, or whether they reverently viewed the sacred flame ascending from the lofty round-towers, or whether in religious observance they met to listen to the songs of their bards, the chronicles of their scalds, or the incantations of their ministering priests, the Druids, they were always governed, animated, permeated by ideas of the unearthly, the supernatural, the divine. The weird music, the deep pathos, the solemn melancholy, the magic genius, and the martial spirit of the bards and Druids, all closely interwoven with religion, had irresistible attractions for the Irish people.

Such was the Ireland of the olden days, before the day-star of

* See Max Muller and Keightley.

Christianity had dawned upon the Island. Then, how marvellous the change, unexampled in the annals of history.

When in the year 432, through her glorious Apostle, St. Patrick, the light of divine revelation was borne to her shores, and the banners of the cross were upraised on every hilltop and in every valley, what an inspiring spectacle was presented to the eyes of men! Then began the morning-prime of faith and the golden dawn of learning upon the sea-girt isle. God seemed to prepare her a habitation for civilization and religion when the terrible tempest of destruction had gathered around the seven-hilled city of the Cæsars, and the barbarian hordes had overswept the continental provinces from the Rhine and Danube to the Arno and the Tiber. Safeguarded by her insular situation, Ireland felt not the shock of invasion and the throes of war, and her sheltering shores afforded a secure refuge for the proscribed civilization of Europe.

And before the grand Apostle closed his weary eyes and fell asleep in Christ, the brightest angelic virtues found a home on earth. The sweet incense of prayer from hosts of innocent hearts was daily wafted on the morning air unto the high heavens of God. Like the rivers of paradise, that flow noiselessly, like the sap of ancient mighty trees that grow silently, the dew of divine grace fell upon grateful soil in unseen showers, and forthwith the land was blessed with fruitfulness. Then, hearts glowing with devotion evoked a spirit of religion that spread, like the fire of ancient Tara, like lightning through the land. Never before, perhaps, was such a concert raised to heaven as that which ascended to God from the banks of the streams, from the sides of the rock, and from the depths of the forest glade, when the newly redeemed intoned with glad-some voice the hymn of prayer and gratitude and praise to Him who dwelleth upon high. The words of Montalembert are applicable here : "The Church of God may have known days more resplendent and more solemn, but I know not if she ever breathed forth a charm more touching and more pure than in the early spring-time of monastic life. Christian virtue, watered by the spirit of penitence, began to bud everywhere. Everywhere faith seemed to blossom like flowers after a long winter ; everywhere moral life revived and budded like the verdure of the forest," and everywhere, we may add, under the ancient arches of Druidical forests to the melody of

the murmuring waters and the singing of the breeze, was celebrated the fresh betrothals, the immortal marriage of the Irish Catholic Church and her spotless Spouse, Jesus Christ. Purity, justice, truth; chivalry, bravery, manhood; honor, peace, domestic affection; a deeper reverence for holy things, a love for the beauty of God's house and the place where His glory dwelleth; ardent devotion to the divine Sacraments and an abiding and inextinguishable consecration to the faith of Christ,—these were the bright flowers of virtue which sprang in profusion from the prolific stem of Christianity which found such congenial nourishment in the soil of Ireland. The glowing and enthusiastic praise of the Psalmist befits Ireland's spiritual regeneration: "The river of God is filled with water. Thou preparest their corn; Thou makest it soft with showers; Thou blessest the springing." As soon as the potent voice of Patrick had broken the spell of superstition that enchained her in its thrall, telling her of the one God in three persons, symbolized by the green trefoil that sprouted from her breast, Ireland hurled down her idols, fell at the feet of Jesus Christ, and joyfully yielded up to God the fire of her intellect and the strong love of her young and fervent heart. Patrick found Ireland pagan, and in less than a century it had become Christian without the shedding of a drop of blood. The day-star of faith rose upon her, not in cloud and tempest, but light and gently springing, like the birth of dawn upon a summer's morning. Along the road run by other nations to the goal of faith, the path is often marked by the ruby drops of blood shed by the intrepid heralds of the Gospel. No blotch of blood ensanguined Ireland's path to Christ, for it is strewn and garlanded with flowers of grace and laurels of seraphic love.

Then it was that the fire of divine faith burned brightly at every fane, and the golden cross gleamed from every steeple. Then the matin song of the monks and anchorites resounded throughout the land, and under banner-breathing penitence and peace, the long procession of religious made their way from shrine to shrine in pious pilgrimage. Then, as if by the touch of a magic wand, arose schools, convents, monasteries, and churches, whither came in flocks the best men of Albion, and Gaul, and Germany, to drink in inspiration, to slake their thirst for information from the copious cup of knowledge which she lifted to their lips.

Thus Patrick appears among them, "leaning on his staff, and bringing them from Rome and Gaul new songs in a new language, and set to a new melody." He comes to unveil to them what lies hidden, unknown to themselves, in the depths of their hearts. He comes to tell them, by the power and authority of the Supreme God, why it is that their mountains are so high, their valleys so smiling, their rivers and lakes so teeming with life, their fountains so fresh and cool, their sun so temperate and genial in its warmth, and their moon and stars lighted with a soft radiance, and shimmering over the deep obscurity of their groves. He tells them to look into their own consciences, to acknowledge themselves sinners in need of redemption; and with the immortal shamrock in his hand he explains to them from the hilltop of Tara, pointing to them the heavens, the mystery of the triune God, the God of their groves and glades and dells, their rivers and mountains, whose eternal Son, Jesus Christ, shed His blood for their redemption. And they received the faith of Patrick with alacrity and joy. They hugged it to their hearts; it sunk deep into their souls. It entered into their blood, their being, and their life, never to be eradicated, never to be plucked out by any power on earth or hell, as long as grass grows, or water runs, until the last son of the ancient faithful isle, who walks the earth, shall breathe forth his last sigh, and surrender up his individual being into the everlasting arms of the God that made it.

And is there an Irishman among the living—on the face of the green globe—beneath God's circling sun—who is ashamed of the old faith and religion of his forefathers? If such there be, let oblivion hide him; let him perish in foul dishonor. He is reprobated by his race and traitorous to his God.

Let us ascend the highways of history till we stand together beneath the shadows of the grand old pillar-towers of Ireland.

"The pillar-towers of Ireland how wondrously they stand
By the lakes and rushing rivers, through the valleys of the land;
In mystic file throughout the aisle, they lift their heads sublime,
These gray old pillar temples, these conquerors of time.

"Beside these gray old temples, how perishing and weak
The Romans' arch of triumph, and the temple of the Greek,
And the gold domes of Byzantium, and the pointed Gothic spires—
All are gone, one by one, but the temples of our sires."

Standing under these "time-conquering" towers, which separate the past from the present, we find ourselves at the spring-head of Ireland's Christianity, and can gain a glimpse of her glorious pristine faith and freedom, ere Dane or Norman had dispelled this vision of loveliness and cast his blight upon the land.

What magnificent achievements were wrought in the three and thirty years of Patrick's missionary toil. His ardent zeal and glowing enthusiasm had fired the hearts of his neophytes, and in the space of a few years they became a sanctified race, and the land a sanctified land in which the flowers of every virtue grew, and sent up their refreshing fragrance, like sweet exhalations of the morning to the face of the Lord. But true faith is never inert or exanimate. It is always active and unflagging. It blossoms forth in good works which prove its spirit and vitality.

The splendid zeal of Patrick's converts soon covered the land with temples to the living God, and their love of learning called forth every facility for the acquirement of knowledge. For three golden centuries the gleaners went forth to gather the harvest of wisdom and holiness which ripened in shining sheaves in every corner of the country. Every city had become a school of knowledge. Colleges and universities multiplied fast and faster. The schoolmaster was abroad—abroad in the fulness of power and honor. The scholar had put his armor on, and ignorance fled at his approach. Battalions of students mustered on the green shores of Erin from the lands beyond the waters. They came in concourses and congresses. They spoke every language; were garbed in every costume; their multitudinous voices drowned the city's din, echoed in every valley, resounded in every glen. They came from every land—the Frank from the Rhine; the Italian from the Tiber; the Gaul from the Garonne; the Pict and the Scot "from Severn and from Clyde"; the Saxon and the Dane came to the shores of Innisfail, to gild their minds with the glory of ancient Greece; to gather up the learning of Rome of old renown; to hear the tongue of Tacitus and speech of Sophocles; to drink in the lore of antiquity from the mouths of Irish masters, in Irish asylums of learning, upon the green soil of despised old Ireland.

Europe is now a theatre of strife. War has unchained the dragon of destruction. Barbarian hordes, like a swarm of locusts, darken

the air of civilization, and impending ruin hangs over the culture and refinement of ages. White-winged peace had almost fled the earth, but her feet found a resting-place in Ireland. For three centuries the gentle goddess held undisputed sway and spread her sheltering wings over the green isle. Here alone the light of learning shone, and the sun of sanctity shed her genial beams. "The nations beheld it from afar, and the gentiles walked in the brightness of its rising." Hence, they came to worship at her shrines, to study in her seminaries, to matriculate at her colleges, to enrich themselves from the storehouses of her erudition, and in the eloquent language of a gifted son of Irish genius, "to carry back with them to their homes beyond the seas and across the mountains, the fame of her learning, the renown of her sanctity, the story of the nobility of her men and the purity and truth and beauty of her women; and to proclaim to the world in a voice which comes floating down to us on the breezes of undying history, that in those far-off, halcyon days, Ireland was in God's very truth an 'Island of Saints and of Sages.' " *

Nor is this all. Evangelized and regenerated, Ireland bears the blessings of Christianity to other lands. When her own schools and churches had begun to flourish like the "green bay-tree planted by the running waters," her scholars commenced to issue forth and pass over Europe like the following waves of the sea. These were the days when Columba went to Iona, Columbanus to Gaul and Germany, Gallus and Fridolin to Switzerland, and Killian to Franconia. Verily, "He that is mighty hath done great things for her, and holy is His name."

From this pleasing picture just presented, we now turn to one of the most thrilling tragedies ever seen in the gory annals of any age. Never in the silence of the blue heavens did the cold moon, as she trod her silvery path to the sea, look down upon so sad a scene, and never did the rosy clouds in the deep tenderness of twilight shed their dying radiance upon a field so crimson as the ensanguined soil of Ireland.

"Oh, Ireland, ancient Ireland,
Till now thy life has been all glad and gay—
Bid it awake and look on grief to-day.

* See Butler's Lives ; Alzog's Church Hist., *passim*; T. Burke's Lectures.

No shade had come between thee and the sun ·
 Like some long childish dream thy life has run.
 But now the stream has reached a deep, dark sea,
 And sorrow, dim, but crowned, is waiting thee."

"What lack the valleys and the mountains,
 That once were green and gay ?
 What lack the babbling fountains ?
 Their voice is sad to day.
 What lack the tender flowers ?
 A shadow is on the sun.
 What lack the merry hours ?
 Their course is clearly run."

"*God's* world is bathed in beauty,
 God's world is steeped in light ;
 It is the self-same glory,
 Which makes the day so bright,
 Which thrills the earth with music
 And hangs the stars in night.

"*Man's* world is bleak and bitter,
 Wherever he has trod,
 He spoils the tender beauty
 That blossoms on the sod,
 And blasts the loving heavens,
 Of the great good world of God." *

It is beside our purpose to chant the threnody of Ireland's tears. We would not hold up to view the blood-stained banner of Erin. We would fain forbear to speak of deeds wrought with steel and writ in iron. We like not to dwell on memories that burn and thoughts that bleed. We would not tear those gaping wounds afresh, else it might move

"The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny."

Nor do we speak of dynasties defunct, of kings and governments and parliaments that are passed away, for our strength is not in kings, but in the Lord God of hosts. We tell no tale of faded glories, vanished victories, and departed splendor, because doom and folly hang like the pall of everlasting night upon the people,

* Adelaide Proctor.

who nurse idle memories of former grandeur, who live only in the melancholy glories of the past, and who, with sorrow on their brow, like the cloud upon the mountain, with moistened eye and drooping head, stand a

“Niobe among the nations.”

The Irish can never be like the Jews of old who, with air distraught, sat down by Babylon's wailing waters to hang their harps upon the willow boughs, and weeping, cried, “How can we sing our songs in a strange land.” The great law of change is written in letters of fire upon all the sons of men ; and among them all we can find nothing lasting but an immortal spirit and the handwriting of God graven upon it. It is something very sad and grand to walk along the shores of the past and gaze upon the wrecks of nations, stranded by the buffets of the waves in Time's tempestuous ocean. But it is also pleasing to see, how, over the ruins and wrecks of the rolling years, the ocean of humanity keeps flowing on in endless motion evermore. The component elements of a nation may change, but the spirit of the nature is immortal. And it is of this immortal, unquenchable, and indestructible spirit of the Irish race we are to sound the praise. We ask you to see how the old spirit which burned and flushed in Celtic breasts still lives despite all efforts at strangulation. We ask you to see it battling its way amid a thousand conflicts, yet always coming forth, if sometimes vanquished, never crushed or conquered. We ask you to behold it after seven centuries, as we hope to behold the green old flag of Erin rising among the nations like the sunburst of the morning,—to behold it rising Phoenix-like from its own ashes,—rising above flood and fire and famine—rising above the din and roar and rumble of internal feud and foreign strife,—not in feebleness or decrepitude, but young, healthy, and vigorous as of yore ; the same indomitable and imperishable spirit ; superior to calamities, undaunted by disaster,—rising over all,—and spreading over seas and continents and oceans the Cross of Christ, its pillar of cloud by the day, and the sunburst of old Erin, its pillar of fire by night, spreading everywhere, and absorbing, transmuting the nations on its way into the glory of its own immortal likeness.

It is the golden age of Ireland, and we stand on the shores of the sacred Isle. The ocean that surrounds us eternally sings the song

of freedom. The green-robed hills are gladdened and give back the echo of the song. The archollam, or native bard, tunes his lyre, and sings : " O Erin, thy granaries are full, thy children are happy, thy daughters are virtuous, thy sons are brave, thy old men are wise, thy rulers are just, and thy homes are in peace." But if thy days were bright, O Erin, dark shall be thy nights. The tocsin of war is sounded. The clouds of desolation and death rest on the nations of Europe, and wars and rumors of wars sound from afar as the harsh noise of rolling thunder. Behold ! we hear, as it were, the voice of the destroying angel rushing through the heavens, and crying, " Woe to the Irish race." On they come—the bloodthirsty Viking ; the children of Ask and Embla, worshipers of Thor, the thunder-god ; and Odin, the god of tiger strife ; and Frigga, the lust-god,—they come, the truculent, fierce, implacable warriors who drank hydromel from the skulls of their foes in the halls of their Walhalla,—they come, like scorpions of affliction, like scourges of Almighty God,—and for two hundred and fourteen years they drink the blood of Ireland's children along the unhappy shores of Erin. Dark and dismal was the day these vampires and sleuth-hounds laid their gory hands upon the white throat of helpless Ireland. Long and dreary and starless was the night of desolation that intervened from the hour that, under the black raven plumes of Odin, Dane and Northmen landed at Limerick and Cork and Waterford, until on that blessed Good-Friday of 1014, the last savage invader was conquered by Brian Borrhoimne on the glorious field of Clontarf, and hurled headlong into the devouring sea. But the end is not yet. Only a century and a half of peace, and the nations again cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war upon the unhappy land of our forefathers. William the Conqueror has subdued the Saxon, and the Norman arms are triumphant. Henry the Second, the first of the Plantagenets, has succeeded to the English throne. A woman, a false, faithless woman, stirs up dissensions among the Irish princes. To the shame of Irish mothers be it said, a perfidious Irish woman was the greatest curse of the Irish race ; but to their glory be it told that she is the only woman of the kind who figures in the national history of Ireland. She was the wife of O'Rourke, prince of Breffiri, who eloped with the King of Leinster while her husband was abroad on a pilgrimage of devotion. His return to his deserted

home, and his despair, have been embalmed in song by the illustrious Thomas Moore.

But to the everlasting honor of Erin, this unfaithful wife and her guilty paramour, McMurchard, were banished from the virtuous soil of Ireland. McMurchard invoked the aid of Henry to reinstate him in his kingdom, and from that hour the war began. In 1169, Strongbow and his group of needy adventurers landed on the south-east coast; from that hour the history of Ireland is written in tears and blood; from that hour the war began which raged for 700 years, and which is not yet closed.

Ah! how the heart sickens, and the head swims, and the eyes grow moist and dim at the multiplied horrors of this long night of centuries, during which a tortured nation writhed beneath the merciless lash of a foreign foe, and stood forth in the eyes of men covered with stripes and bathed in blood. The battle-axe and javelin of the Viking cleft many and many an Irish skull, but the lance and spear of the Norman and bayonet of the Englishman pierced Ireland to the heart. Ireland is become an *haceldama*, or field of blood. Henry this, or Henry that, it is all the same. Elizabeth, Cromwell, Stuart, changes not the case nor makes the carnage cease. Ireland, weeping, helpless Ireland, sees her sons sacrificed; her old men slain; her priests mangled, drawn, and quartered; her infants lifted on the points of bayonets, and her virgins murdered in wanton ferocity and cold blood. Cromwell—may heaven forgive Thomas Carlyle the sin of canonizing this monster—after shamelessly breaking his sworn oath to give quarter to the vanquished army, not only put every man to the sword, but commanded his brutal soldiers to transfix upon their bayonets the three hundred babes and virgins, who clung to the Cross of Christ in Wexford town as to a sanctuary of safety, a pillar of protection.

“ They knelt around the Cross divine,
 The matron and the maid ;
 They bowed before Redemption's shrine,
 And fervently they prayed.
 Three hundred fair and helpless ones,
 Whose crime was this alone—
 Their valiant husbands, sires, and sons,
 Had battled for their own.

" Had battled bravely, but in vain,
 The Saxon won the fight,
 And Irish corpses strewed the plain,
 Where valor slept with might.
 And now that man of demon guilt
 To fated Wexford flew,
 The red blood streaming on his hilt
 Of hearts to Ireland true.

" He found there the young, the old,
 The maiden and the wife—
 Their guardians brave in death were cold,
 Who dared for them the strife.
 They prayed for mercy, God on high,
 Before Thy cross they prayed,
 Yet ruthless Cromwell bade them die
 To glut the Saxon blade.

" Three hundred fell—the stifled prayer
 Was quenched in woman's blood;
 Nor youth nor age could move to spare
 From slaughter's crimson flood.
 But nations keep a stern account
 Of deeds that tyrants do,
 And guiltless blood to heaven will mount,
 And heaven avenge it, too ! "

Yes, war everywhere. War swept the land with the burning besom of destruction, and like a tempest scattered devastation in its path. War spattered the blood of the Irish people till, like the Egyptian plague of old, it turned the streams into blood. War, with its fiery chariot, overran all the landmarks of civilization, and with its iron hoofs trampled down towns, villages, cities, schools, universities, homes, and firesides. But the climax had not come.

What is man without a home—without a piece of property that he can call his own? Accursed is the man without a family roof-tree and a stranger to domestic joy. But the confiscation code came forth. No Irishman and the son of no Irishman—unless he forsook the faith of his fathers—could call one inch of the land his own where he first saw the living light. No Irishman could possess as much of the green sod as would make a grave for his poor, famished body. No Irishman shall own a horse above the value of £5. No

Irishman shall obtain indemnity for any improvements made by him upon the land, but the crowbar brigade shall evict him at the whim of the landlord, and eviction shall mean ruin, starvation, and death. No papist employer shall engage more than two apprentices, lest Irish industry be unduly fostered. Elizabeth confiscated 600,000 and James I. 2,000,000 acres of Irish soil, to rob the Irish owner and put the whole country in possession of the Crown.* In 1663, 1666, and 1732, an Irishman was forbidden to export a pound of beef or a card of wool, lest the English trade should suffer any rivalry.† Four hundred thousand acres were portioned out in one month in 1609 to English proprietors, without one farthing of compensation to the rightful owners.

Again steps forth the law to strike down personal liberty and enthrall and enslave the nation. Children are torn from the arms of their parents and transported as slaves to the Barbadoes, and to America, to leave the heart-broken father and mother at home, to sink in childless misery into the grave. *There* they could bury their grief.

“O, mighty Judge! O, just judgment!” Shylock’s pound of flesh is venial cupidity compared to the demands of the English “Jew.”

Step forth once again, ye lenient laws—from the grist-mill of wise and merciful legislation, come forth,—Draconian in severity, Neronian in atrocity—and quench the light of Ireland’s intellect. No Irishman shall dare to show his love for learning by securing an education for himself or his children. He must skulk from the light of day and flee from his native land, if he be guilty of the monstrous treason of seeking to improve the talents which the God of truth and knowledge has given him. Till the time of George III. Catholics were inhibited by dire penalties from erecting schools. Painful and ludicrous, but true as life, was the distich about the Hedge Schoolmaster:

“Billy Byrne was a man of a very great big knowledge,
And behind a quickset hedge in a bog he kept his college.”

What wonder that Edmund Burke declared that the whole code of legislation was a despotism, so well organized to oppress the people

* See Statutes of Elizabeth, James, William, etc.

† See Lecky’s “Leaders of Public Opinion.”

and disfigure even human nature itself, that nothing equal to it was ever invented by consummate hypocrisy or diabolical intent.* No Irishman could enter any of the learned professions, or become lawyer, doctor, clergyman, or even scrivener. No Irishman could hold any civil office, or any trust of power or emolument. No Irishman, even long centuries before the abolition of O'Connell's forty-shilling freeholders—sad blunder of the great Emancipator—could exercise the right of franchise, or have any elective voice in the concerns of government. In a word, no Irishman could be a citizen of his own country, but only an alien, an outcast, a pariah on his native soil. For forty-seven years after Catholics had become eligible to office, and political disabilities had been removed, not one was elected to the corporation of the city of Dublin, in a community of which nineteen-twentieths were adherents of the proscribed religion.† This discrimination, it should be remembered, was exercised against a people of whom Wellington declared: "We must acknowledge, that without the blood of the Irish Catholics and without their courage, we could not have won our brilliant victories."‡

Nor was that all. Coercion is henceforth conversion. Come forth again, ye laws; invade the conscience and uproot the morals of the lawless, ignorant, and cave-dwelling Irish, as James Anthony Froude affectionately called them. Indeed, there is no such thing as an Irish conscience; that

"Divinity dwells not within their breasts."

There is but one religion, the religion of the State, the religion of King Harry, of good Queen Bess. There is but one form of worship, the worship of the Anglican establishment, whose grinding, tithe-exacting enormities the government had determined to uphold at all hazards. The land swarmed with a licentious soldiery, whose libertinism and debauchery transcended the corruptions of Tyre or Gomorrah, who ruthlessly invaded the sanctuary of the family, and dedicated their days and nights to Venus rather than to virtue. To facilitate this mighty moral perversion, troops of salacious soldiers were quartered upon the already famishing people, and every Irish house was compelled to own an English master, whose lubricity and

* See Burke's Speeches.

† See Lecky's "Leaders of Public Opinion."

‡ See Hansard, D. 729.

stupration blenched from neither the flower of youth nor the feebleness of age. Laws were enacted to overturn the methods of hereditament and succession (not repealed till after the American revolution), to put a premium on apostasy, make the son betray his father, the daughter her mother, and the brother his sister. And if the foreign landlord, whose brutality often was a disgrace to the basest period of barbarism, raised his homicidal hand and imbrued it in the blood of an Irish peasant, he was not amenable to any Irish tribunal, and no English judicatory would convict him. The great engine of English legislation was invoked to grind into impalpable powder the last remnant of the Irish race, and to stamp out forever the mind, the soul, the manhood, the nationality of the Irish people. To impoverish, barbarize, and exterminate, this was the laudable aim of every government of the English that held power in Ireland, whether Tudors, Stuarts, Cromwellian Saints, Puritans, the House of Orange, or the House of Hanover. This irrefragable fact challenges impeachment. A distinguished commoner like Mr. Bright, moved by the sense of shame and justice, exclaims: "It is impossible when travelling through Ireland, not to feel that enormous crimes have been committed by the various governments to which the country has been subjected." *

Then comes Cromwell—Cromwell, whose name and memory have passed into a proverbial curse,—and then with vengeance began imprisonment, transplantation, expatriation, exile. When the Protector began his sanguinary campaign in Ireland, those whom he could not butcher he transported as slaves to plantations, to undergo the horrors of English penal servitude.

If there is anything dear to the heart of man, it is unfettered liberty.

"O ! Liberty, the prisoner's pleasing dream,
The poet's muse, his passion and his theme,
Homeric song from thy free touch acquires
Its clearest tone, the rapture it inspires
Place where Winter breathes his keenest air,
And I will sing if liberty be there;
And I will sing at Liberty's dear feet,
In Afrie's torrid clime or India's fiercest heat."

The thrall of bondage sits like a collar of fire upon the neck of

* See "Speeches on Questions of Public Interest," 2 vols. London, 1866.

freedom, and the yoke of subjection is more bitter to the heart than the apples of Sodom to the lips. God raised up a great Deliverer to lead His people out of the land of captivity and the house of bondage, and sent His angels to strike the shackles from the limbs of Peter when in prison. Picture the unutterable sufferings, the dejection, deep and dismal, of the victim condemned to incarceration in the dungeon locked by tyranny. Hatel Darkness spreads her wings and overshadows him with her sable pall. The sparkling hues of tree and plant and flower gleam not for him, and the radiant beauty of leafy bower and shaded dell are excluded from his sight. The music of the flowing fountain and purling stream awake no echoes in his soul, and the warm winds come and go, and the grateful odors of the balsam-dropping Spring and fragrant Summer are borne on the breeze, but they cannot penetrate the sodden vapors of his chill abode. Funeral-paced and slow, the melancholy hours drag along, like dirges for the dead, unspoken and unsyllabled. The heart-eating canker of cheerless solitude wrings the inmost soul with anguish. No sounds are heard but the cold clanking of the chains ; no voice of cheer, of comfort, or of gladness ; no kind words from the friends of yore, and—have they left him to pine in oblivion and to die ?

And the spectral vision of the past comes before the hag-ridden fancy to recall the burning memory of freedom now no more. Who can think the awful thoughts that fire that fevered brain, and the sensations that course through the hot current of the feelings. Perhaps, serpent-fanged Despair strikes his venomous tooth into the marrow of the heart, and icy disappointment congeals the blood which flowed like lightning through the veins. Perhaps, like Judas, he deplores the day that he was born, and curses the sun, the light, the cradling air, which once he wooed and revelled in. It may be so ; but who has no shred of sympathy for one so sore-distressed ; no drop of balm for one so broken-hearted ; no tear to shed upon the graves of buried hopes and liberty thus lost ? The English government, which inflicted, and still inflicts, the atrocities of prison-life upon the Irish victim of its malevolence, has not one spark of pity or compassion for those subject to the unmitigated horrors of her gaols—gaols in which no distinction was ever made between the common convict and the political prisoner, but rather bore with

heavier severity upon the latter, and set all considerations of humanity at defiance.*

Cromwell raised the cry, "To hell or to Connaught with the Irish," and with characteristic wit, which even adversity could not cloud, they said they would much prefer to choose Connaught and give Cromwell undisputed control of the sulphurous kingdom. Under pain of death no Irishman could cross the pale, or come within three miles of the lordly Shamon.

Thus, they turn their backs upon the green meads and flowery vales of the South to face the rigors of the rugged, storm-swept North. Without any show of legality, the plan of plantation, begun years before by "perfidious Albion," was established definitely in 1609, and consummated by the Pretender in 1649, after he had hatched his clever conspiracy against his royal master Charles, and set out like Alexander, "new worlds to conquer." †

Follow them, in spirit, over the bleak, bare hills of Connemara, as over fen and brake and bog, they plod their weary way. Behold this sad Hegira of the Irish race, as they pass along seeking no Mecca of future hopes, but rather groping blindly on the gloomy path which dark destiny marked out for them, in dreary, hopeless desolation.

Time was when the Irish peasant had plenty ; when he tickled the land with a hoe and it laughed with a harvest ; when he might say with the poet :

"Then was I a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit ; but in one night,
A storm, a robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather." ‡

Yes, the day came when the heel of hate was stamped upon his breast ; when purple tyrants robbed him of his paternal acres and cast him out to die ; when the "horrid, hideous notes of woe, sadder than owl-songs on the midnight blast," resounded in his ears, and

* See John Mitchell's "Jail Journal." Also "Parnell Movement," by T. P. O'Connor.

† See Miss Cusack's "Case of Ireland"; Abbé McGheoghegan's "History of Ireland"; Green's "History of England."

‡ Shaks., Cymbeline.

when the forebodings of his awful doom made him feel like him who said :

“ From the full meridian of my glory
I haste now to my setting ; I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.” *

But follow the despondent and broken-hearted peasantry to the Golgotha of the Irish race, and behold the wreck of a country's hopes as the stubborn and unconquerable flame of famine creeps through the veins of the nation and drinks all the streams of life. See them,—the impoverished people—as faint and weary they recline upon the cold earth, and stare, in mute and speechless agony, at the green sod which soon opens to receive them into its bosom, where “no man shall see them more.” Famine, grim and gaunt, stalks through the land, and death walks by his side. Did he speak? What did famished man say?

“ On the ground
Outstretched he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Cursed his creation, death as oft accused
Of tardy execution.”

He cannot stand erect, nor lift his eyes towards the heavens of God. The air around is stifling and suffocating with the odors of putrescent vegetation. “The air is full of farewells to the dying and mournings for the dead.” To the famine was superadded the horrors of the plague. The fire of fever consumes what famine spares, as the great beast described by Daniel trampled unto death what escaped its devouring jaws. Death stood at the door of every hovel, and felled the wayfarer by the roadside. He fastened his icy fang upon the aged sire and upon the prattling babe that sought for sustenance, which it could not find, in the dried-up life-currents of its starving mother's breast. Mounds of the dead are piled on the highway waiting for burial that may never come. The father buries his little child in haste in a shallow grave, over which no funeral prayers are said, and no mother's tears are shed. Stark and cold the mother was found on the roadside, under the blue canopy of heaven, with her dead babe upon her breast. Now, by the sol-

* Shaks., Hen. VIII.

emerald lake of silvery silence, they make their bed of rest; in the voiceless valley where they lie the hum of earth's distracting cares will never come; the gentle zephyrs will sigh, and the wild-bird will sing in mournful music about their final resting-place; and when the first sunbeams of each returning Spring pierces the dewy mold wherein they lie, the pale snowdrop and the blue violet will bloom above their grass-grown graves.

During one decade of years, from 1841 to 1851, over 250,000 perished of the deadly fever, but how many of the forlorn creatures who crawled out of sight to die behind the hedges or in the ditch, and how many more perished of hunger in these dismal years, will never be revealed till the books of eternity are opened and the multitudinous dead shall come to life again.*

And be it observed, that during all these deadly years of famine, blight, and pestilence, cereals and grain, beef and bacon and mutton were being exported in shiploads to feed the pampered plutocrats of England, while thousands and tens of thousands died at home, in the poorhouse, the workhouse, and under the cold, clear sky of God. How great must be the extent of a calamity which has endured with unabated rigor for many centuries, may be approximately reckoned, when it is remembered that during fifty years of Queen Victoria's reign alone, from 1837 to 1887, 1,225,000 died of famine; 3,568,000 were evicted, and 4,185,000 were sent into voluntary or involuntary exile. From 1841 to 1851, 282,000 houses were destroyed by the "Crowbar Brigade," and the wretched inhabitants cast forth into the pitiless world, often in the dead hour of night, with hardly a rag to their backs, and not a sixpence in their hands to buy a meal for the morrow. The shocking brutalities of these evicting landlords, men who like Clauricarde and Leitrim were devoid not only of pity and compunction, but of the common instincts of humanity, are matter of too frequent record to need repetition here.†

And after all these years of blight and bale, of war, famine, and

* T. P. O'Connor's "Parnell Movement"; Sullivan's "New Ireland"; Gavan Duffy's "Four Years"; McGheoghegan and Mitchell's "Hist. of Ireland."

† For full accounts see Sullivan's "New Ireland"; Miss Cusack's "Case Stated"; Gavan Duffy's "Four Years"; T. D. McGee's "Hist. of Ireland"; Mitchell's "Hist. of Ireland"; Census for Ireland for 1851, etc.

pestilence, what do we behold? In the rayless night of Ireland we see no star of hope. A stupor and stolidity settled upon the people, and they seemed like men who, "weary with disasters and tugged with fortune," had yielded to Mistress Melancholy and plunged into irrecoverable despair. Like Milton's angel, the spiritless, despondent peasant might say:

"So farewell hope; and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse; all good to me is lost."

If we turn towards the individual, we see in his faltering countenance no solitary gleam of hope; if we transfer our gaze to society, we see no sign of hope. The grand old Irish Church, which kept alive the lamp of faith in storm and persecution, the foster-mother of science and sanctity, of piety and learning, droops and pines—she is all but dead. The seers and the sages, the minstrels and the bards, the scalds, the ollahams, and the wise men of old, are gone—they are dead. Poets, philosophers, chieftains, princes—all are gone. That old Celtic race, which, like an irresistible torrent, swept down from the crest of the Asiatic Continent, built kingdoms on its march, and having traversed the earth, again rolled back its impetuous tide to the Caspian and Euxine Sea—that race which once overawed all Europe—that race which never crouched before the foe and never bowed the knee to Dane, Saxon, Norman, or Roman, has disappeared; one shattered remnant alone remains upon the hills of Connaught, but within them lives the old, undying, Celtic spirit of resistance, unshaken as the pyramids of Egypt, immovable as the pillar of Trojan on the eternal soil of Rome, unconquerable as the eternal hills of God.

During these gloomy periods of disaster it was, that the everlasting exodus of the Irish people began, which has flowed on with an almost regularly ascending ratio, until within the last few decades. It was a heartrending scene that was witnessed by many a moistened eye, as band after band of these refugees began to wend their way towards the black emigrant ship which was to carry them to other scenes and other climes. 'Tis sweet to place our hand in memory's and stroll down by the shores of the past, to recall the old familiar faces, companions of our morning-time, when life was all one sun-bright holiday and earth was half divine. The memory of departed

joy may temper present sorrow, and the future is hallowed by the lingering halo of the past. But it is hard to say farewell forever; to leave behind forevermore the scenes of youth—the brooks, the meads, the flowers, the lowly thatched cottage, the church where some were wont to worship, and many, too, were wed. No wonder that old man, whose silvery locks and pinched countenance told of toil and pain at home, yet reverently stooped to kiss the door-sill, as he passed out forever.*

“Home, kindred, friends, and country—these
 Are ties with which we never part;
 From clime to clime, o’er land and seas,
 We bear them with us in our heart:
 But ’tis hard to feel resigned,
 When these must all be left behind.”

The love of country is the darling affection of the human heart. Dark and cold as the chambers of the tomb is the soul of him who feels not his heart throb and his pulses thrill when the sacred memories of home and childhood crowd back upon the mind to retrospection given. What can bid the dear emotions start, and the unbidden tear gather in the eye, like the fond recollection of the past. God pity the man, and God pity the people, whom hard necessity, cruel fate, or brutal tyranny drives far away from the spot where he was born, passed the sunny days of childhood and ripened into manhood’s sterner reign, and sends him forth a broken-hearted refugee, a sad, dejected child of despair, upon unfriendly and inhospitable shores.

Hard and bitter is the fate of the involuntary exile! In silent sadness he broods over his unhappy fate, and his sorrow is all but inconsolable. The hueless heaven up to which he looks curtains out from view the kingly glory of the sun, and the melancholy earth shades the rosy hours in wide-extended gloom. The upbroken dreams of boyhood’s span, the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick, the inhumanity of man to man, the curse of oppression and the blight of wrong, come down like dismal night upon the exile’s feelings and turn this bright world, so redolent of bloom, into a lazar-house of tears and mourning.

* Incident told of an eviction: T. P. O’Connor’s “Parnell Movement.”

" Weep not the brave dead,
 Weep rather the living,
 On them lies the curse
 Of a doom unforgiving.
 Each dark cloud that rolls
 Shall the miseries they nurse
 Like molten, hot lead
 Burn into their souls
 A grief long and sore."*

Euntes ibant et flebant. Going forth, they wept as they went, because they went in sorrow—sorrow so deep that the angels of God looked down in pity and traced their footsteps by their tears.† We can well conceive how piercing was the heart-breaking cry of the aged father, bowed with years and grief, and of the kind and loving Irish mother, when, for the last time on earth, perhaps, they grasped the hand of son or daughter, and with a voice broken with emotion, they gasped rather than uttered those good old Saxon words—Good-bye! God bless you! The poet has, with truly pathetic feeling, painted the emotion of the emigrant upon bidding [adieu to his native shore :

" Adieu ! the snowy sail
 Swells her bosom to the gale,
 And our bark from Innisfail
 Bounds away.

" While we gaze upon thy shore,
 That we never shall see more,
 And the blinding tears flow o'er,
 We pray :

" Mavourneen, be thou long,
 In peace the queen of song,
 In battle proud and strong
 As the sea.

" Be saints thine offspring still—
 True heroes guard each hill,
 And harps by every rill,
 Sound free !

* J. C. Mangan.

† Rt. Rev. Geo. Conroy's Lectures.

“ Though glowing breasts may be
 In soft vales beyond the sea,
 Yet ever, Gra Machree,
 Shall I wail.

“ For the heart of love I leave,
 In the dewy hours of eve,
 On the stormy shores to grieve,
 Innisfail !

“ But mem’ry o’er the deep,
 On her dewy wing shall sweep,
 When at midnight hour I weep
 O’er thy wrongs.

“ And bring me, steeped in tears,
 The dead flowers of other years,
 And waft unto mine ears
 Home’s songs.

“ Tho’ round her Indian bowers
 The hand of nature showers
 The brightest blooming flowers
 Of our sphere ;

“ Yet, not the richest rose,
 In an alien clime that blows,
 Like the brier at home that grows,
 Is dear.

“ When I slumber in the gloom
 Of a nameless, foreign tomb,
 By the distant ocean’s boom,
 Innisfail !

“ Around thy em’rald shore,
 May the clasping sea adore,
 And each wave in thunder roar,
 All hail !

“ And when the final sigh
 Shall bear my soul on high,
 And on chainless wing I fly
 Thro’ the blue ;

“ Earth’s latest thought shall be,
 As I soar above the sea—
 Green Erin, dear, to thee,
 Adieu !”

Into every land they went, the best and bravest of Ireland's sons, to win that bread which a landed oligarchy and an oppressive government denied to them at home. When the Irish asked for bread, the English gave them, not stones, indeed, but powder. "Trust in God and keep your powder dry" was a *mot* of Cromwell's which must have been inspired by anticipated conflict with the "wild Irish," as even the author of the "Fairie Queen" loved to style the victims of "base, brutal, and bloody" England.

But wherever they went, they won, not bread, but battles. On the sunny shores of Spain they upheld the banners of glorious victory, and proved the invincible valor of Irish arms. The great battle of Bannockburn, by which the Scots established their independence, under the immortal Bruce, was won largely by the aid of the Irish, as the "Father of English Poetry" testifies :

"To Albion, Scots, we ne'er would yield—
The Irish bowmen swept the field."

It was for the fair flag of France, however, and the good old monarch Louis XV., that the Irish poured out their best blood and won imperishable renown. During the wars of the Spanish succession Marshal Saxe won his spurs. When the French were pitted against the English, Dutch, and Austrians at Tournay, Saxe was in command. Animated by the presence of Louis, the French, who had besieged the city, prepared to meet the bloody Duke of Cumberland, who, with 50,000 allies, came to raise the siege and rout the French. They met upon the slopes of Fontenoy. The battle raged with varying fortune through the day. Thrice the English veterans assaulted Fontenoy, and thrice they were repulsed. At length, as the shadows of evening thickened, the English, goaded on to desperation, formed a wedge-like column, six thousand strong, and marched through the town right into the very centre of the French lines. On they came, like a wall of adamant, with incredible gallantry, but unshaken, undismayed. In vain did the French oppose them. "Bomb-shell, and grape, and round-shot tore, still on they marched and fired." They bore down all before them. They scaled the bodies of the dying and the dead. In vain Louis orders up his household cavalry; they go down, like chaff before the wind, and are swept away in a flame of living fire. The fortune of the day is almost decided,

and decided against the French. King Louis turns his rein to seek safety in flight, and Saxe calls out : "Not yet, my Lord, the Irish troops remain." Then, with a wild, heroic shout, the Irish Brigade comes up, and with headlong impetuosity dashes upon their Saxon foes. The onset is for a moment. Old Albion's lines begin to reel and stagger,—like a hot blast from hell the Irish musketry mows them down ;—they waver, shake, and tremble ; break, scatter, turn, and fly. The smoke clears away, and the blood-red sun looks down in angry splendor upon the field of death.

No nation under heaven has been subject to such vicissitudes of fortune as the Irish ; but despite all that fate could do, or oppression accomplish, her virtue only shone with greater splendor and her faith rose triumphant over every assault and remained to her, a consolation and a hope in her darkest hour, without shadow of change or alteration. She could always turn her eyes towards a sad, but honorable and glorious past. The glory of her faith was never tarnished ; a faith which no poison could pollute, no power pervert, and neither menace nor cajolment, threat nor flattery, ever cause to waver ; a faith which was her solace in every tribulation, for though sorrow had fallen upon her as upon the daughter of Sion, yet, mute and chained, and captive as she was, she could still find place in her heart for the roses of bright joy in the possession of that abiding, indestructible religion which had been planted ineradicably in her heart by him who, as he was the first to preach the Gospel of peace upon her mountains, so shall he always pray that God may never suffer him to lose the dear-loved people whose salvation was first entrusted to Saint Patrick's hands. Yes, her lot has been the hard one of the down-trodden and oppressed ; her mantle has for centuries been woven with the tangled threads of misery and woe ; her robes have too often been reddened into scarlet by the heart's blood of her children, and even now the rainbow of hope but dimly shines in the sky of her future. But, although

"Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers";

although the red hand of ruin applied the fagot, the torch, and the battle-axe to all the monuments which religion and civilization had reared throughout the land ; although few circumstances in the

annals of any nation can compare with the debasement and degradation to which the people were reduced by the long night of misrule and tyranny ; although her fine art, her learning, her architecture, had progressively declined under the never-ebbing flood of invasion, till some Irish émigré in the beginning of the nineteenth century might, like Caius Marius in the past upon the ruins of ancient Carthage, take his stand upon the mouldering columns of his country's former grandeur, and view, with tear-dimmed eyes, their "splendid desolation";—still Irish hope was indestructible and Irish faith was imperishable as the God whose throne is fixed in the eternities. If virtue in distress and vice in triumph, as some one says, inclines men to irreligion, adversity only gave new glory to the Irish faith, and in the darkest, dreariest hours of his nation's calamity, the Irishman's love for the religion of his forefathers only flamed forth more ardently, his practice of the domestic virtues continued undiminished, and like flowers shaded from the storm, they bloomed under his lowly roof-tree ; his undying love for his native land was never cooled, but waxed the warmer, nor was his hope destroyed that her banners would one day be crowned with the shining signet of success, that the pæan of emancipation would be told by every tongue, as her embattled hosts marched on to victory, sustained by the righteousness of a holy cause and supported by the all-conquering arm of the God of battles.

We have stood by at the burial and mourned over the grave; let us rejoice in the resurrection of the Irish race. Yes; the old race was practically dead, but she has come forth again a thing of life and beauty, that still preserves a vital power unconscious of decay. It is still the same old time-conquering, death-defying race. The eloquent words of one of her own sons are, though spoken of himself, much befitting the checkered but changeless disposition and history of this gallant people:

"Friends and fellow-countrymen: The dead leaves of the Fall reproduce themselves in the blossoms of the Spring. The eagle casts his feathers but to renew them for a bolder flight in the eye of the sun. By means of death itself the tomb is peopled with youth in shining robes, and the mortal puts on immortality. All seeming change—all still the same. With such feelings I am here this day. As though no night had intervened; as though no cherished hopes had fallen

to the earth like withered leaves across my path; as though no sea had borne me from the garden-fields of my earlier life to the forest solitudes in which my summer days grew dark; as though no star had fallen from the heaven up to which I looked; as though my home had not become a vacant place, voiceless, lampless, and hung with mourning; as though no calamity had come upon me, bowed my head and chafed my spirit—I am here this day. . . . The same, friends, as when, ten summers since, I stood among the people of my native country, beside my native river, in the shadow of my native mountains—still the same, as when, joining in the surging chorus of the awakening nations, I invoked the gallant jealousy and love of the young Democracy to arms, and from arms to liberty! Still the same as when I stood upon the summit of a gray mountain in my native south, and from thence, looking down, I beheld the glittering waves of corn as they rose and fell in the valley, and the rock crowned with the chapel, and the cathedral, and the tall tower of ancient days in the blue haze beyond me, and I called upon the people there, with companions dear to me, though absent now, to strike one blow for the land which gave such abundant promises for the future, and recollections so impressive and inspiring of the past. What I was then, I am now.”

Yes, the elasticity of the Celtic spirit has enabled it to surmount every sorrow and subdue every grief; the versatility and the inborn brightness of the Celtic mind has coped successfully with every calamity and defeated all disaster; the amiable charm of the Celtic character has captivated its own captors, and the sterling goodness of the Celtic heart has melted down mountains of social prejudice and racial hatred the world over; and these several qualities combined, have contributed to the conservation of the Celtic race, so that it has become a phenomenon among the nations. Once again the ancient nation lifts her shining brow above the ocean of her tears and sorrows, and no human agency can efface the superscription of success which the Almighty has sealed upon her forehead. She impressed the nations in the past, in the heyday of her glory, with the geniality of her temper, no less than with the genius of her mind, and what shall hinder the exertion of her matchless power again? Yes; she was dead, lifeless; dead to art, science, trade, commerce, education, religious liberty, civilization. She was

prone in the dust—prostrated by war, famine, plagues, treachery, and oppression; but she has put by the cerements of the tomb, the bandages of death, and come forth to life, reanimated, reawakened, and recalled to a new, a shining, and a glorious resurrection. We beheld her, like Proserpine, banished from the light of day to the Plutonian shores of national oblivion; we saw her, like Rachel, mourning those who were not; and, like Niobe, over her slain children, weeping herself to stone; we gazed on her, like a modern Prometheus, chained to the cold rock of slavery, and the vultures of tyranny festering in her flesh; and we found her, “like Œdipus, in the tragedy of Sophocles, her light turned into a dark cloud, her eyes plucked out, and her eyeballs dripping with blood, as, turned out from among the nations, she cried in wail and lamentation :

“ ‘ Alas ! alas ! Ah ! me, unfortunate !
 Whither in the world am I going ?
 Ah ! me, oppressed with night,
 Unseen, untold, unwelcome ! ’ ”

But the continental wars came; and the American Revolution came; and the spirit of '98 came; and Grattan's glorious volunteers came; and the British Lion roared in vain, as he heard the crashing blows struck to break the clanking chains upon the fettered limbs of Erin.

Then God raised up a great Deliverer, of strong and smiting hand, to rend asunder the remaining gyves, and gain unfettered liberty. A man he was of giant genius and mighty mind, whom W. E. Gladstone pronounced to be the greatest popular leader the world ever saw. A man of his time and people, who, like another Moses, led his people out of bondage into the promised land of liberty, and who, if he found his nation dead and buried, put forth his good right hand and rolled away the stone from the door of her sepulchre. A man who broke his imperial heart with love for his native land. A man who thundered forth his claims for justice with an impassioned eloquence that shook the British throne. A man who, with no weapon but that of truth, and no sword but that of right, struck with one blow the shackles of religious thralldom from the minds and hearts of 7,000,000 of Irishmen, and restored to them, by the genius of emancipation in 1827, the right to worship God according to the teachings

of their faith and the dictates of their consciences. And this man the whole Irish race will, to the latest posterity and the last stroke of time, revere and bless as the greatest benefactor of his people, in the person of the illustrious and incomparable Liberator, Daniel O'Connell.

What then? Was the Irish race dead? Was it compressed within a little corner of its native country? Was it sent to Connaught, or to hell? Behold, it lives again! Its ramifications overspread the earth, and its expansibility is invariably extending. Was it divided, decimated, subjugated? To-day it is united in the bonds of amity and concord; its political factions, owning different leadership, have one common aim; and what has not transpired, with such absolute unanimity, since the Council of Cashel, in 1172, divided them, bishops, priests, and people are at one—one in hope, one in faith, one in political aspiration, one in confidence for the future. Was the Irish race deprived of home and country? To-day it has a home in every land. To-day there is an Ireland in America; New England has become New Ireland; the Boston of the Winthrops and the Mathers is become the Boston of the O'Donohues and the O'Briens. There is an Ireland in Canada, another in Australia, another in South Africa, and there still remains the proud and prolific mother of them all, to send forth new colonies and scatter the seeds of Irish manhood over all the earth. Was the race denied the right to educate herself? Was it sought to enslave her in the bonds of ignorance, to blight her conscience, to corrupt her morals? Irish purity is still proverbial; Irish conscience is still a synonym of honor and fidelity; Irish intellect is barred from no field of desirable endeavor, but is a passport to power, to preferment, nay to distinction and to glory, from zone to zone and from pole to pole, in the wide circuit of the world.

So much for the past; what shall the future be? Shall the old land renew her strength like the eagle, and like the giant go rejoicing on her course? Has she reached the meridian of her glory, and does her sun now haste towards its setting? Must her horoscope be cast, with the shades of stellar and solar eclipse around her, or with the heavenly luminaries in a blaze of glory? The signs of the times, as we read them on this side of the Atlantic, are brighter and more favorable than ever since

“The fatal chain was o’er them cast
And they were men no more.”

But the present Home Rule bill does not meet the expectations of the Irish people. It falls short in the character of nearly all of its provisions. It is a monstrous delusion. It makes the Irish Parliament a puppet of the Queen and her agents in Ireland. The Gladstonian Local Government bill is not even a middling counterpoise to Home Rule, and what it gives with one hand it takes away with the other. It has been epigrammatically said, that it is more remarkable for the powers which it does *not* give, than for those which it gives to the new Parliament. Its fiscal functions are shamefully limited; it has no control over the militia or the constabulary; it is in no true sense independent or autonomous, but is gagged and bound to the British juggernaut so securely that it must go down to death. Will this grudging, scanty, and ill-furnished scheme obtain the support, or even countenance, of the Redmondites, and those who look on Ireland as a NATION? Shall it be smashed upon its passage? These are momentous questions, and perhaps fraught with peril to Ireland. Gladstone and John Morley, it has been said, are the only genuine friends of Irish Home Rule in the English Liberal party. And if John Redmond refuses his support to the present measure—what then? We wait and hope. If the “old man eloquent,” who for seven years, through good and evil report, despite the opposition of foes and the cowardly desertion of friends, has remained the staunch and steadfast friend of Ireland—if he should terminate his mortal career before the issue is determined, will the cup of Ireland’s hope be dashed from her lips just when the long-deferred day of fulfilment seemed at hand?

Ah! who will take away the hope of Ireland? *Dum spiro, spero.* Hope is the sheet-anchor of the soul; hope is God’s morning star; hope is the only heaven of an oppressed people upon this dreary earth. May we, then, not hope;—hope soon to see a rift in the clouds, and a gleam of the old sunburst smiling in the sky some bright summer’s morning; hope to see her sons awake in justice, power, and truth, and stand a wall of fire around the much-loved isle; hope to see the light of liberty dawning, as the aurora of her resurrection gilds the gloom around her; hope to hear the sacred song of freedom re-echoing among her ancient hills; hope to see a

genuine Parliament take its seat in College Green, where Irish laws shall be made by Irish intellects, for the benefit of Irishmen; when bounding along on the billows of national prosperity and independence, the dying injunction of her martyr hero shall be heeded, and the people of Ireland shall salute, with eyes of rapture, the spirit of Emancipation, as she walks around the sea-begirdled shores of Ireland.

IV.

LECTURE ON CHARITY.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY,
ST. JAMES' CHURCH, NEWARK, N. J.

I AM come here to-night to plead the cause of Christian charity.
And what is charity?

“ It is not the gift that ostentation bestows,
Nor the tear that from sentiment languidly flows,
Nor the cushion that's spread for a purple-robed guest,
Nor the bidding the wealthy and proud to a feast.

“ But ask of the Gospel—its pages have said
It is love to the creatures your Maker has made ;
And if in the heart the good tree taketh root
It will shed o'er the life its most beautiful fruit.

“ 'Tis the little ‘ address ’ in the wiping a tear ;
’Tis the whisper of hope in the desolate ear ;
’Tis the smile of encouragement given to one
Whom malign degradation has marked for its own.

“ 'Tis the answer that turns away anger and wrath ;
’Tis the hand that strews roses in misery’s path ;
’Tis the foot that treads softly the chamber of pain ;
’Tis the gift that the giver expects not again.

“ 'Tis the word that is said in an absent one’s praise,
Or to save from dishonor, distrust, or disgrace ;
’Tis the thought that would wound never uttered in jest,
The apology urged, the fault frankly confessed.

“ 'Tis the hiding what others would not wish revealed ;
’Tis a friend’s secret error forever concealed,
And in every transaction that’s open to view
’Tis to act as you’d wish others acted to you.”

Charity, therefore, my friends, is simply the love of Christ reigning in the human heart, and moving it to deeds of mercy and benevolence. Charity is the spirit of religion actively pervading the human race, to assuage misery, to relieve distress, and to link together, by its golden bonds, the whole family of mankind in one common brotherhood of sympathy and affection. Charity is identical with benevolence and love, and it is the term constantly employed in Holy Writ to signify all the good affections which we ought to bear to one another. And true charity is an active principle. It is not limited to that indolent good-nature which bears malice towards none, but is of no particular service to any. It consists not in those barren and purely speculative ideas of general benevolence. Nor is charity a solitary virtue, but rather the crown and splendor and flower of them all. It is a living well-spring, or fountain of the heart, from which gush forth, like so many native streams, the bright virtues of generosity, forbearance, patience, candor, liberality, pity, tenderness, and sweet compassion. Charity warms our esteem and complacency for our friends ; it inspires us towards our enemies with forgiveness and humanity. It dictates gentleness of temper, and forms affability of manners. It prompts corresponding sympathies with those who rejoice, and similar feelings with those who weep. It breathes universal candor and liberality of sentiment. It teaches us to slight and despise no man. It rests not on those fine speculations which float through the mind and leave the heart untouched and cold.

It is the reconciler of differences, the intercessor for offenders, the protector of the oppressed, and the comforter of the afflicted. ' It is loyalty in the subject, moderation in the ruler, equity in the judge, public spirit in the citizen, and fidelity in the friend. In children it is reverence and obedience ; in parents it is care and affection. In fine, charity is the soul of social life. It is the sun that enlivens and cheers the abodes of men. " It is like the dew of Hermon," says the Psalmist, " and the dew that descendeth on the mountains of Sion, where the Lord commanded the blessing, even life forevermore " (Ps. cxxxiii. 3).

Such charity as this, the Apostle says, is the " end of the commandment," " the fulfilling of the law," and " the bond of perfection." It is assumed by our Blessed Lord Himself to be the characteristic

mark of His disciples, and in that magnificent eulogium which St. Paul pronounces on this virtue in the Epistle to the Corinthians, he expressly declares that it is greater than faith or hope. "Now remain these three—faith, hope, and charity ; but the greatest of these is charity."

If, however, charity be greater than faith, it is closely connected with, and founded upon, that fundamental virtue. The religion of Christ is the true spring of benevolence, and he that crowns his life with Christian charity, acts from faith, and upon the high principle of regard to the God who hath made him, to the Saviour who redeemed him, and who not only enjoined love, but has enforced it by the example of laying down His life through love of mankind. He acts with the spirit of a follower of the Son of God, and, regardless of men, or of human recompense, he is carried along by the lofty impulse of doing for his fellow-creatures what he would wish to do to that divine Person who hath said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." With him, charity is not merely a moral virtue, but a Christian grace, and it acquires worth and dignity by extending its branches into heaven like a great and lofty tree of Paradise, while shedding its influence upon the earth. This charity is but part of the amiable and compassionate spirit of the great Author of Christianity ; of that spirit which shone in all His actions, which breathed in all His discourses, and which was expressed with striking energy, when, with such gracious benignity and tenderness, He declared the merciful intention of His mission to all the countless tribes of affliction. "Come to Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you."

Our eternal Father loves mankind, and desires that we should do so likewise. To man it is not given to be good, otherwise than by imitating his Creator in this generous love in procuring the felicity of his fellow-creatures by such service as is within his power. In this love is comprised all human merit, and it forms an essential part of the love we owe to God, as we see from several sublime passages of the Sacred Writings.

"Then shall the King say to them that shall be on His right hand : 'Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry, and you

gave me to eat ; I was thirsty, and you gave me to drink ; I was a stranger, and you took me in ; naked, and you clothed me ; sick, and you visited me ; I was in prison, and you came to me.' Then shall the just answer Him, saying : ' Lord, when did we see Thee hungry and fed Thee ? thirsty, and gave Thee drink ? And when did we see Thee a stranger and took Thee in ; or naked, and clothed Thee ; or when did we see Thee sick and in prison, and came to Thee ? ' And the King answering, shall say to them : ' Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these the least of My brethren, you did it unto Me ' " (Matt. xxv. 34-45).

Our love rises in proportion to our esteem for humanity. Let me, therefore, present to view an elevated type of manhood on which to model your own—a man of surpassing excellence worthy of your esteem and veneration. He is the Model Man, strong and merciful in a supreme degree ; His marvellous patience in suffering sweetens our own cup of woe ; His doctrines are simple utterances about a Fatherhood which embosoms all the children of men, and a brotherhood which makes all the races of the world one great family ; the sinful, the sorrow-stricken, the ignorant, the unwise, the publicans and harlots, the very dregs and refuse of humanity, He draws around Him ; the fountains of righteousness He drinks as they flow from heaven ; His love invites all to rest and reward ; His presence is the presence of all that is good ; His memory is a benediction to all ; babes and children He calls to Him, but the wise and self-righteous He puts away ; His meekness and patience in suffering are like an everlasting rock which we may hold by when tossed in the tempest of life ; His poverty has sanctified the home of the poor ; His love of healing fills the earth with innumerable works of benevolence and sympathy, and fills with wonderful hope the bedside of the sick and dying ; the perfume of His faith and devotion has spread through the world, and He is enshrined in the core of our philosophy, in the heart of our exuberant love ; He is the irreconcilable enemy of oppression, injustice, and hypocrisy ; He is the philanthropist who pardons all save the impenitent ; He makes Himself the brother of the poor, and condemns not the prosperous, if they remember they are the brethren of the indigent ; He esteems not men according to their wisdom or their wealth, but according to the motives of their hearts. His long uncut hair, in which the mountain zephyr plays ;

His trailing garments of seamless white, whose touch the diseased and sinful longed for; His beautiful feet, washed with precious ointment and wiped with woman's hair; His self-immersed air, absent eyes, and brightened forehead, which show that His spirit is far, far away, point Him out as the philosopher and philanthropist without a blemish, as the full manifestation of God in a being of our species, as the sweet Jesus—the Man-God of Nazareth who still lives in our hearts. Who can look on this Man and not be a lover of His kind?

But he who forms of his fellow-men a mean, ignoble, and distorted type—a mere caricature of humanity; he who is pleased to regard the human race as composed of cunning, crafty, selfish animals, who have no aim in life but to eat and drink and thrive, at whatever cost to others; he who, with cloud-covered mind and cynical heart can see nothing good and grand in art, science, civilization, in the pursuit of justice, in the unquenchable quest for the good, the true, the beautiful, the divine, ah! what motive can he have for loving and respecting his fellow-man, to say nothing of self-sacrifice in the interest of humanity?

But these are only individuals, for, thank God, there is some compassion, wherever there are human hearts. But organized and effective charity is a Christian institution. The policy of Rome pushed the weaker to the wall, and stern and pitiless was the great god Jupiter. There was an altar to Pity in Athens, but it was an altar where the sorrow-stricken might weep in helplessness and despair.

The power and force of the Gospel is not developed by mere announcement, but must realize itself in those institutions which spring from the fecund bosom of the Catholic Church. In vain has science disputed the unity of our origin, but with even greater futility has it challenged the common character of our destiny. The brotherhood of man is a part of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, who was *primogenitus inter fratres*—the first-born among brothers. And the Catholic Church says all men are brothers; says it so loud that the Australian Bushman, and the South Sea Islander, and the African negro, and the American Indian, shake off their shackles and cry out as they rise from the dust, "We, too, are men." Behold the fruit of the charity of the Church of Christ. Some call it philanthropy; some call it philosophy:—I call it a bit of the wreck of Eden floating in the stormy waters of the world, and the name is charity.

This charity is divine, this charity is heaven-born.

'Twas a beautiful summer evening in the garden of Paradise, and the stars lit up the heavens with a calm and glowing splendor, and the bright, majestic moon cast her rays of matchless beauty over the tree and flower, while in placid loveliness each plant was slumbering. The birds which all the livelong day had carolled some chosen lay, had gone to balmy rest, and no sound broke the stillness or solemnity of the scene; all was tranquil as when the morning stars sang together over the newly-made creation, and the sons of God made joyful melody. "Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament

" With living sapphires: Hesperus that led
The starry host, rode brightest till the moon,
Riding in cloudless majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her fearless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

In a bower of surpassing elegance, on a couch of blooming roses, of richest fragrance, near a calm, pellucid lake, lay a new-born babe of bewitching beauty and heavenly loveliness. The sweet infant opened its mild, blue eyes and closed them in an innocent smile and in quiet slumber. Soon the babe awoke, and the weak and piteous cry came forth from its tender heart. But Mercy heard its cries for help, and lovingly kissed away its tears, and pressed it fondly to her heart, and nourished it as the mother nourisheth her first-born. And the Angel of the Lord approached the footstool of Mercy. She kissed the beauteous babe and called it Charity, and blessed it, saying: "It is well for suffering humanity that this child is born into the world, for manifold are the miseries the messenger of heaven shall be called upon to relieve."

Let us lift the veil to-night from one of the old familiar scenes that daily meet our gaze in the crowded cities of the land, even at our very doors.

It is a bitter cold night in drear December. Other nights have been as dark and cold; and ever hence, as long as the earth lasts, they will intersperse the record of time with pictures of gloom and misery, such as He alone can see whose eye measures forward and backward the circling eternities. But it is a desolate night for those who have no shelter but the air; for those in whose grim

abodes, in a thousand lanes and alleys of the great city, joy and comfort never enter. A terrible night it is for the children of want, whose forced mission of beggary, suggested by misfortune and persecution more than idleness or crime, brings them only the mouldy crusts of charity, the rebuffs of humanity, the jeers of the witling, the insults of beings who fancied themselves human, only because they walked upright and were garbed in human habiliments.

In the great cities of New York and Brooklyn, girt round by sea and river ; mighty marts of trade and commerce, through which the industry of the nation comes like life-blood through the heart ;—in these cities, richer than Tyre and Sidon, and fast striving to become as iniquitous ;—in these cities, so Christian, if one might judge of the numberless church-spires ; so philanthropic, if one might count their hospitals and asylums, and almshouses where smoking soup is dispensed to the vagrant throng, but where also, too often, the worthy are cast among the abandoned and criminal, because they are sick and faint with the burden and wear of poverty, and can no longer on this fair God's earth, so beautiful and abundant, earn by toil, or win by craft, shelter against the pitiless elements, or bread to appease their hunger ; yes, here where poverty is lamented as a crime, and suffering, which might compete with martyrdom, wins the badge of vagrancy, and is sentenced by grave judges, whose faces blossom like a summer vintage, to hells called penitentiaries, there to herd with the outcasts of brothels ; yes, here I say where the heart is not callous and jaded by contact with falsehood, injustice, and wrong, may fill its cup with grief, pity, and indignation, how many are the children of want, of pain, of sickness, sorrow, and misery, whose crushed souls strive to bear up their burden virtuously, but find no word of comfort or cheer from the hard world around them, and are driven at last, by madness or despair, to embrace vice, crime, or death.

Pause, for a moment, pause ye, about whose hearth the fire blazes cheerily to-night, whose larder and cupboard groan with delicacies, whose homes are filled with peace and plenty, pause and look in upon the abodes of wretches, who are wretches only, in all their filth and abandonment, because pitiless circumstances, neither foreseen nor controllable, have made them so, and from which they found in their distress, no brotherhood to release them. Let us look.

And God help us, what a sight is this! Come, man or woman; come, child of plenty and affluence; come from your comfortable homes; come, thou sleek and sanctimonious Christian, professing to be full of the love of Christ, come for the sake of Christ who walked and dwelt among the poor, who had no stately palace, neither He nor His disciples in days when disciples were not afraid of death for men's sake in the love of Christ; come for the sake of Christ who lived and died for the poor, look in upon the home of misery, see how the widow and her fatherless children live, or drag out an existence in the midst of the beautiful, rich, and proud city.

Peer into that dismal room where the fitful firelight casts its ghostly shadows athwart the gloom. The flame sputtering from the solitary stick seems endowed with a human consciousness and burns so feebly that the poor widow may have light a little longer to complete her task. It is midnight: still there is the form, wasted and worn like a skeleton, bending over the flickering fire, and her hands move as with painful labor. Heaven grant us hard hearts that we may see all before we startle her with a gush of pity. She is putting the last stitches to a garment, for the making of which, she will on the morrow claim the miserable dole of six pence. Reflect on it, ye who, dissatisfied with competence, are rushing forth to dig more plentiful gold from the distant sands. Think of it, proud millionaire, in the midst of thy feverish thirst for gold,—gold to which thou wilt cling in agony on the bed of death, when its yellow light will stream balefully on thy glassy eye, and the dark waters roll upon thee, and freeze thee stiff and stark. Think of the widow bending over that waning fire, that when to-morrow comes she may get bread for flesh of her flesh, bone of her bone.

Look around that room! Where is the carpet to stay the chill from breaking through the creviced floor? Ah! there is none; and through the doors and windows the death-damp oozes in, and the cold night-rain and wind whistles fiercely against the broken pane, and pierces that fragile, toil-spent, shivering form. And the bed where the little ones sleep—by the side of which, ere they were kissed by a fond yet desolate mother for the last time ere they slept, they knelt down and raised their innocent hands to God, and uttered the sweet prayer which her own lips had taught,—and which, God grant, they never may forget,—this bed, what is it but a couch of

straw in a cold and cheerless room, with thin and battered coverlets to shield those shrinking little forms from the inclemency of the bleak and stormy night. Lulled to sleep by want and pain, they sleep the sleep of innocence. Ay, perchance they dream,—dream of days when they had plenty; when they played merrily with other children, who now shun them and taunt them because they are poor. Yes; they dream that they are wandering pleasantly through the green fields, feeding themselves with berries, as do the birds of heaven; and on the wayside they meet an angel who gives them bread and meat, and blesses their childish glee and innocent mirth. Yes; they dream of meat because they went hungry to bed, and true to instinct, nature pictures in their dormant vision those comforts which still the cravings of the body, and without which the soul faints and trembles and fails. And

“ With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,”

the lone widow sits hard by their couch, plying her needle and mingling in her brain thoughts of the sleeping children, and memories of the dead. Painful thoughts, holy memories. Does not her vision, even amid this woe, pierce backward through the past; through years when she was happy in the life and love of kind parents; when competence had not been swept away by sickness, misfortune, and death; when her children, now pale and drooping, were as summer flowers, laughing in the gladdening sunshine, when her life was all joy and beatitude, the day full of sweet realities, and the night of sweeter dreams. Nay; does not her vision go back to the days of girlhood, when life seemed all one sun-bright holiday, when the sky of the future was to her imagination but the golden glow of ecstatic promises; when she mirrored in anticipation the delights of womanhood and motherhood;—delights, as those of paradise, to the young and trusting heart, as was Eden to the sinless Eve,—nor ever dreamed a shadow or a cloud could obscure their radiance, or cast heavy drops of bitterness in her joy-brimming cup. Ah! yes; and now still more bitter than all, her tear-dimmed eye brings her back to the day she left a father's house, where every secret wish was gratified, where she knew the sweets of plenty and basked in the sunshine of a mother's love; to a day far back in early life, when

before an incensed and garlanded altar, amid the odor of orange-blossoms, and in the glare of glittering lights, when all was bright and joyful, she in an unguarded moment placed her hopes of earthly felicity on the broken promises of a perjured husband, and reaped a bitter recompense for unchanging love, when she put her fair white hand in the hand of one who lifted to his lips the bane of hell—and fell. Know ye not the gloomy habitation of the drunkard—the abode wherein intemperance has raised his mournful banner? Are not those children ragged, hungered, unhappy, and illiterate, because their father fell? Ah! if these words should reach the ear of the swollen-eyed, intemperate husband and unfeeling father, God grant that, for his own sake, and that of his heart-broken wife and famished children, he may, through the influence of remorse, become a reformed man, new-made, by reflecting on the desolation of the past, and contemplating the eventful future.

And now the last stitch is taken, she lays by her work, and, softly approaching the nest where nestle the flowers of her heart, she bends and imprints a soft kiss on each brow, and the invisible, all-seeing Eye above, beholds a tear sparkling as it falls on each little cheek, and hears the deep, inaudible prayer, “Our Father who art in heaven,” rising like an incense from the widow’s heart. And though they, widow and children, bear all the garments they have on their backs; though they sleep on bare and prickly straw, and have no meal for the morrow in their cupboard; though the children sleep and dream the dreams of the famishing; though all is still as lips touched by death, saving the whistling wind, the beating of the sleet, and the quick throbbing of the widow’s full heart; still she does not despair, for she knows that she is overshadowed by the warm wings of the angels, and the love of God lies balmy, like the fragrance of a summer morning, around her heart, and in gentle acquiescence to her Maker’s will, she says:

“What’ll it matter by and by,
 Whether my path in life was bright,
 Whether it wound through dark or light,
 Under a grey or a golden sky,
 When I look back out it
 By and by.”

Christianity has done a blessed and beautiful work in subduing the heart, and teaching it to bear up and not break under suffering;

to face misfortune, poverty, oppression, and death even without shrinking from the task. The loftiest virtue and heroism displayed on this earth is the heroism of the poor, who live through lives of suffering and sorrow, and for all their martyrdom ask no crown but the approving peace of God. But the type of sufferer of whom I have spoken is a Christian, and she has no thought of relief in death, nor in escaping from the toil that makes her pale and pinched and wan. She is a Christian, and she lives on and hopes on for the sake of the children, who lie sleeping there on their pallet of straw, and who, did she forsake them, would be inmates of some cell, the inheritors of the pauper's brand, or still worse, driven among the victims of vice and crime to learn the arts of brutes and fiends. She is a Christian, that meek and uncomplaining widow, and she remembers the saying of Him who is life and strength to all who trust in Him: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Now, this is no farcy sketch drawn from a glowing and sympathetic imagination, but it is a stern reality, and it is to relieve just such misery that the sons of St. Vincent de Paul, who pursue their labors so silently among you here, are ready to leave the comforts of their fireside, to brave the inclement blasts of winter, to seek out the cabins and the garrets of the poor and pour the balm of consolation into their woe-burdened souls.

While the grates in the palaces of Fifth Avenue blaze and crackle with the ruddy coals, and music awakens the gay dance and song, and luxury sates itself with every delicacy, there is unutterable woe in yonder garret and cellar; the woe of hunger, pain, and breaking hearts, which will breed, along with virtue and heroism, much despair, crime, and madness. What wonder that murder and suicides occur? What wonder if the age puts on the garb of vice and abandons itself to the Evil One? Will not the starving wretch clutch his neighbor's loaf? In the delirium of want will he not cry—even as the famished everywhere, cry out: "Bread or Blood." Oh! think not, regenerator of society, that there can be harmony or peace in the spirit, while the body is tortured by keen pain. Remember that Christ taught first to clothe and feed the poor. How can they feel that the earth is bountiful, and that God's love is over all, who are shut out from earth's bounties, and denied that human sympathy

and love which seems the truest expression on earth of the love of God?

I plead not for the idle, who may have work and can work, if they will, to earn bread; I plead not for masked beggars, who shamefully follow a vocation to which they are not driven by want; but I do plead for hundreds who are beggars in all but the act of beggary, to which sensitive souls do not, thank God, easily bend. They are the most terribly suffering and pitiable of the poor. They have, some of them, seen better days, and been reduced from affluence to poverty by misfortune; many, by that fatality which seems to pursue those who strive the hardest to see how much they can bear; many, by sickness; some, by sin, but comparatively few by acts which God would severely condemn.

Health and employment must be society's salvation for the poor; they are better than provisional alms. Give them these, and the prisons and penitentiaries will be almost tenantless, and crime and wretchedness will be in great part swept away. Oh! that an Astor, a Stewart, or a Vanderbilt, whose hoarded millions spent in workhouses and baths and libraries for the poor would have reared them a monument grander than the triumphal arch of the pyramids, had closed their accounts with God by decreeing their millions to the alleviation of their brothers, God's children on earth.

Poverty is the parent of crime. Do not doubt it, philanthropist and legislator. "The destruction of the poor is their poverty," says the Wise Man. It is the source whence spring nine-tenths of the physical and moral maladies that afflict mankind and curse our earth. Search the records of jails and prisons; trace the history of those who have been banned and branded, and see how, step by step, they were driven to the verge of the abyss—Poverty! It has made thieves, robbers, prostitutes, and murderers. It has made anarchists and atheists and disturbers of social order. It has convulsed nations and cast down thrones. Grim and terrible it has glared upon society, spreading blight everywhere in its path.

I repeat, poverty is the cause of crime; though, I freely allow, crime often causes poverty. But it is the office of benevolence to discover what can best promote the improvement of all classes of the community. Much is said of the unworthiness and ill-desert of the poor. Those who are too scrupulous to do good without a

charter of recommendation, may still find abundant exercise for their charities in the children of want and infirmity, of whom it cannot be said that vice and idleness brought them low. The deserving are least rarely objects of charity.

Still, we believe there is much to do, in the hope of reformation, among those whose poverty is the reward of their vices. The truth still remains, they are our suffering fellow-beings. In the instructions of our Saviour, we are not told, if thy brother hunger and is *worthy*, feed him; if he thirst, and is *deserving*, give to him drink. We find no rule of duty measured wholly by the worth of the object; but many founded on our knowledge, our abilities, and our common brotherhood in Christ our Lord, who spent His life in ministering to the poor, and of whose mission of "peace on earth," it was heralded as one of the unequivocal signs that the poor should have the Gospel preached to them.

V.

HAIL, COLUMBUS, HAPPY MAN ! *

“Thy fame rings down the corridor of centuries, and grows brighter with the flight of time.”

AMERICA honored itself in glorifying the memory of Christopher Columbus !

From the sacred walls of La Rabida to the eastern confines of the Pacific, from Manitoba to Cape Horn, the millions enjoying the fruitage of the discovery, paid loving tribute to the patience, perseverance, unwavering faith, and marvellous genius of the Genoese navigator.

The passage of four hundred years has but increased the fame of Columbus. His discovery of the New World is justly reckoned an epoch in the world's history second only to the birth of Christianity. It marks the inception of modern history. With it was born a new and grander civilization. From it sprung the greatest republic on earth, the Mecca of the oppressed of all lands.

When one reflects on the vicissitudes in the career of Columbus, the marvellous faith and religious fervor of the man shine resplendent. Scoffed at and rejected by his native city, its people now delight to honor him. In Portugal, place and person derided his schemes, yet he lived to witness the court's regret. In all his troublous days, the Church and its ministers were his comforters and supporters. Whether battling against mutinous crews, overcoming envy and treachery, struggling amid Atlantic storms, or when ignominiously bound in chains, his trust in God was as strong and fervent as when he raised the standard of the cross on the tropic shores of Guanahani, or when exhibiting trophies of the discovery in the court at Barcelona.

* From the *Omaha Recorder*.

It was eminently fitting that the Catholics of Omaha should honor the memory of Columbus. They did not seek to make the celebration exclusive, or draw the line on creeds. On the contrary, weeks before, the chairman of the managing committee notified Mayor Bemis of their purpose, expressing a willingness to take any part that might be assigned in a public demonstration. His Honor probably did not think the occasion worthy of an effort. It was not even brought officially to the attention of the city council. After a careful survey of the city, the mayor failed to discover any signs of preparation, and so informed the committee. Therefore, the duty of sustaining the patriotism of Omaha by publicly honoring the memory of Columbus, fell to the Catholics. That they performed the duty well does not admit of doubt. The Columbian festal season was ushered in very properly with masses in all the churches on the 12th, followed in the afternoon with a parade of the school children and delightful patriotic exercises in Exposition Hall. On the 21st, the various church societies and most of the school children united in a grand parade, with flags and banners unfurled, keeping step to martial music and enlivening drum corps. The day was an ideal one for a parade. The mist and frost of an October morning vanished long before noon, and at 2 P.M., when the organizations began to assemble, the sun smiled approval in genial rays.

The parade on last Friday was one of the finest ever seen in this city. It was distinctively a Catholic celebration, and was participated in by only the Catholic residents of the city, the Catholic societies, and the pupils of the parochial schools and colleges. The day was perfect, and all nature smiled upon the undertaking in a manner to gladden the hearts of the participants.

Promptly at 2 o'clock the grand marshal of the day, William M. Bushman, assisted by Dr. W. J. McCrann, Patrick Ford, P. M. Mullen, Wm. Maher, John Dougherty, and P. A. O'Keefe, as aides, started the column from Ninth and Harney Streets, and the parade, fully 6,000 strong, moved away without hitch or hindrance. The line of march was past St. Philomena's cathedral, from the steps of which the parade was reviewed by Rt. Rev. Bishop Scannell, Father Tighe, of New Jersey, Vicar-General Choka, and Rev. Colaneri, of Omaha. There was music—music by the bands, and music by the fife and drum corps, but none sweeter than the chimes of St. Phi-

lomena's bells, which ring only on state occasions. Every detail was carried out to the letter, and the thousands who witnessed the parade from the points of vantage along the line of march, pronounced it the finest that was ever seen in this city.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians, headed by Mr. S. J. Flynn, as marshal, and Messrs. P. J. Reilley and E. J. Dee, as aides, headed the procession, and presented a fine appearance. They wore the regalia of the order, together with the handsome souvenir badges made by the Poor Clare Sisters, and marched with the bearing of soldiers, keeping time to the strains of inspiring music.

Next came the parishes, under the leadership of Mr. Thomas Swift. They composed a large part of the parade, but some of the parishes did not turn out the full number.

The pupils of the Catholic schools, who immediately followed, were under the marshalship of Hon. Thos. Lowry. They made an especially fine appearance, as every little tot was resplendent in red, white, and blue. The boys who were large enough went on foot, while the smaller ones and the girls rode in wagons, carry-alls, and tally-ho coaches.

Following came the C. M. B. A., the Y. M. I., and the German, Bohemian, Polish, and Italian societies, who were represented in large numbers. Five divisions of Creighton University students followed, and attracted a large amount of public attention, as they marched with the bearing of so many soldiers, keeping time to the strains of martial music.

AT EXPOSITION HALL.*

The lecture by Rev. Father Tighe in the evening was a fitting close to the ceremonies. Long before the leader of the united choirs lifted his baton for the first notes of "America," every seat in Exposition Hall was occupied and standing room in demand. Close to 4,000 people were crowded into the building, and a more joyous, enthusiastic throng never roused the echoes there with hearty cheers. The fact that the duty of celebrating Columbus Day in Omaha was left to Catholics, formed a text for Father Tighe's address. He expressed amazement that Catholics should be alone in honoring the discoverer of America. He had travelled from New Jersey to

* Friday, October 12.

Omaha, a distance of fifteen hundred miles, and in all that vast territory Omaha was the only city in which the people, regardless of religious differences, did not unite in doing honor to the memory of Columbus.

From the first sentence to the close of the address, Father Tighe was in happy accord with his audience, and almost every sentence was vigorously applauded.

THE CHOSEN AGENT OF GOD.—COLUMBUS THE CHRIST-BEARER TO THE WEST.*

St Philomena's cathedral was thronged from chancel to vestibule with people, many of whom were non-Catholics, who were present to listen to Father Tighe, of New Jersey. The pulpit was handsomely draped with the American flag. We are pleased to give our readers a verbatim report of the masterful lecture on Columbus delivered on the occasion by the eloquent clergyman.

Father Tighe spoke as follows :

In the sepulchral chapel of the great cathedral of Granada, in tombs composed of delicate alabaster and adorned with devices of heraldic emblazonry, Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic sovereigns of Spain, clad in simple regal costume, sleep side by side, in the attitude of the long and happy union that glorified their reign and beautified their lives.

Looking through the "dark backward and abyss of time," these sad relics of departed majesty connect us with a period which, in view of Spain's decadence, seems more like some abstract dream of romance than a chapter of authentic history. For then Spain, the mistress of the seas, was near the zenith of her power. Then she spread her wings over a wide sweep of empire and extended the glory of her name even to the antipodes ; then her flag was first unfurled in Italy and Africa, to the awe and wonder of Europe ; then, in fine, it was that a new world, fertile, boundless, richer than the dreams of avarice, was cast into her lap—discovered just when the old was becoming too confined for the awakened intellect and enterprise of mankind.

The epoch which introduced the dual sovereignty of Ferdinand and Isabella was one pregnant with gigantic consequences to the world. The close of the fifteenth century was one of those peculiar

* Cathedral, Monday, October 15.

climacterics when signal revolutions take place both in the social and political conditions of mankind. The thrones of England, France, and Spain were filled by three extraordinary men, justly styled by Bacon, the Magi of Kings ; men who understood one another at a word, and among whom a community of interests and many coincidences of character cemented a good understanding.

It was, besides, an epoch of expanding intelligence ; paper, giving wings to the printed words, had emancipated knowledge and opened mines of learning hitherto confined to the court or the cloister.

The astrolabe, forerunner of the quadrant, and the needle, had, with magnetic power, drawn the creeping commerce from the coward shores, and the numerous fleets returned freighted with the germs of peace, wealth, and civilization ; the establishment of mail posts led to an easy and constant interchange of ideas, and international intercourse developed a diplomacy which, uniting Europe into one family, laid the balance of power which still exists and so much contributes to the preservation of peace throughout the civilized world.

Such was the character of the age when a child of destiny appeared upon the theatre of events, whose illustrious achievements were to enhance beyond belief the renown of his age, and shed undying glory on his name.

The life of Christopher Columbus is one magnificent tragedy ; the plot,—the discovery of a world ; the moral,—the vanity of human wishes, a good man struggling against undeserved misfortune, and sinking into his grave under the cold ingratitude of those whom he exalted and enriched by his genius, his courage, and his immortal enterprise.

This unparalleled drama opened with a splendid conception, not the child of accident, but of long-cherished and matured design ; the progress is impeded by delays and difficulties, until the spurns of patient merit are succeeded by the glory of the triumph. Once again the scenes are shifted, and from their odious coverts crawl forth envy, defamation, persecution ; and the hero, sore of heart, and chilled by the frosts of repeated disappointments, pines in gloom and misery, till death, a welcome deliverer, lets down the curtain on one of the grandest and most mournful careers recorded in human history.

Let us glance at some of the most striking incidents in the eventful life of this incomparable man.

Let us spread the wings of fancy and skim in thought the breezy surface of the blue Atlantic till we reach the mouth of the mighty Mediterranean. As the first flush of dawn tinges the sky, and sows the sea with orient pearls, we discern the outlines of the European and African coasts, with their bold projecting headlands and lofty mountains, peak confronting peak, like the fabled giants of antiquity marching up to battle.

Midway between the pillars of Hercules, the glorious sun,

“ Like God’s own head,”

rises from the calm waters and

“ Springs exultant on his grand career,”

lighting with his beacon fires the mountains of two continents. Along the Spanish coast range the green vineyards with cosy, pleasant cottages scattered among them, rising in lovely terraces far up the distant hills; while on the African side the bald, bleak mountains frown grimly down, without a tuft of green to relieve the aspect of sterility from the dark-fronted cliffs beetling over the sea to the sharp peaks covered with eternal snow, but all standing out with matchless sublimity of grouping. Lo! there stands Gibraltar, its summit like burnished gold, impregnable as time itself, rising 1,500 feet above the sea, as it stood when washed by the waves of the deluge, nay, for centuries oblivious in the dim mysterious past. It has looked down on empires lost and won; has felt the shock of navies in the throes of battle, and has been scathed by the lightning of heaven; but, like that

“ Tideless sea

Which, changeless, rolls eternally ”

beside its base, it stands itself unchangeable.

On our left, as we move on, rise the snow-capped mountains of Granada, recalling memories of Moorish and Christian valor in conflict on those lofty slopes; and on the right, stretches far away the sandy coast of Africa, telling its mournful story to the sea, sending its wail of lamentation across the waters, and, like Rachel for her children, weeping uncomforted, because they are no more.

Our good ship cleaves the same waters which long ago washed the thrones of Egypt, with her pyramids; Carthage, with her Hannibal; Granada, with her chieftains; Rome, with her mailed heroes; Greece, with her poets; Judea, with her holy city; while all around us, on the soft air, breathes the spirit of the classic world and the consecrated memories of the past.

The mellow sky of the Mediterranean is bending over us with its sparkling stars; the moon's silver sheen is spread upon the spacious deep, and the melody of the murmuring waters and soft sighing of the land-born breeze, are like spectral voices of the far-off olden time. We are sailing the same sea where had sailed the Rubicon Cæsar; Hannibal, with his invincible legions; Agricola, with his colonists; Peter the Hermit, with his bold crusaders; Paul, with his new faith; the young Corsican on his way to a new throne; and the most intrepid navigator of any age upon his bold path to a new continent.

We now gain a glimpse of the land of the orange grove and myrtle bower; the land where the olive springs from the bare mountain-side, and the vine shoots spontaneous in rich festoons from the generous soil; the land where the flowers wreath with chaplets fair the falling columns and decaying towers; Italy, whose fostering care draws noble life from senseless marble and makes dull canvas speak; whose magic tone infused in music, constrains the soul with passionate tears to own the power of melody; Italy, the land of heroes, and the birthplace of him whose monument is a hemisphere, whose fame is eternal.

C. Edwards Lester, U. S. Consul to Genoa in 1847, was the first American to fix the spot of the great navigator's birth. In the fall of that year, he and the Count of Syracuse started in the American war-ship *Princeton* for the Western Riviera of Genoa, one of the most beautiful shores of the world, and embarked at the town of Cogoleto, eighteen miles from the city. The sun, for some time buried behind a bank of clouds, burst forth with singular splendor, and flung a flood of golden light over shore and mountain, sea and city. Radiant among the verdant hills nestled the birthplace of the great hero, and, as the brave American tars caught sight of the scene of the famous navigator's childhood, their feelings gushed forth with powerful emotion, evinced in the ready tribute of their tears. There

lay Cogoletto, white and peaceful in the mountains, far up whose sides the hanging gardens and vineyards spread their verdurous mantle, and far above shone the heaven-kissing peaks, glistening like gold beneath the sapphired heavens. A strong, substantial structure, three stories high, forming an irregular pile without any pretension to architecture, and covered with the dust and shadows of five centuries, was pointed out as the childhood home of Christopher Columbus. All stand silent and uncovered before this monument of departed greatness, for they feel like men who stand on consecrated ground. Their inspection finished, the boat rolls out upon the water amid the loud swelling shouts and cheers of the villagers, and the gallant old commander cries: "Give the grand discoverer a gun for every State in the Union." As the giant gun on the bow pours forth its thundering salvos, the reverberations seem to shake the distant mountains, and as the dying echoes play among the hills, each peal, each sound, is like a voice, articulate with speech, and calling out from peak to peak and vale to vale, Columbus! Columbus! Columbus!

Just as the sun is declining to his Alpine home, the beautiful steamer enters the harbor of Genoa, and her return is greeted by shouts of welcome from the thousands of spectators gathered along the wharf and shore. The twilight scene is strangely beautiful. The shining orb of day sinks to sleep beyond the hills, and leaves behind his golden splendor, flooding the glacier peaks, the blue sea, the marble city, and the purple heavens. The chiming of the city towers send their vesper melody down to the bay, and warbling up the hills and from their awakened tops, the convent bells tone back from their guardian cypresses, half sad, half soothingly, as if each dirge-like sound were a requiem for Columbus; and from the distant beach each rolling wave boomed back, Columbus!

Every American's view of Genoa must be one of deep, absorbing, and tender interest; produced not by the mingled wildness and softness of the surrounding landscape; not by its luxurious climate and gorgeous palaces; not by the treasures of art with which it regales the fancy and gratifies the taste; but by the thrilling recollection that it is nigh the home and birthplace of the illustrious discoverer of our native hemisphere; of him to whom America owes everything, her civilization, her religion, her liberties, her illimitable hopes, and to whom the family of mankind owe more than to any other

mortal descendant of our common parents. And even if the old house were gone and left no wreck behind, would he not have gathered from the spot where it stood, some flower, or leaf, or pebble, as a precious memorial of the place? Nay, would it not be enough to have breathed the same air which he first inhaled; to have beheld the sea which nursed and matured him for his fearless march through the unknown deep; to have seen those mountains, the neighboring Alps and bordering Apennines, with whose spirits he was wont to commune; to have set foot in that consecrated land of heroes, at whose redundant fountains of light his youthful lamp was fed; to have been surrounded by those stirring associations which inspired him with the lofty but not unholy ambition of being great and good; which, perhaps, first swelled his glowing bosom with the mighty, the God-like aspiration, to give to mankind a new world?

Columbus loved the sea from boyhood, with that fond attachment, that irresistible yearning, which was born of the foresight success. Married to a sailor's daughter, he had learned amid the storms of Iceland and the rock-bound coasts of Africa, that practical seamanship, that capacity for observation of the elements, that witchcraft of knowledge which appeared all but superhuman, not only to superstitious sailors, but also to some of the most enlightened of his time.

An excellent cartographer, he at first supported himself by making charts, though sometimes engaged in commercial enterprise.

A vague idea, fed by popular credulity and learned speculation, based chiefly upon some poetical aspirations of the revived classics, was then generally prevalent, that a path of glory opened by the west to Asia, to far Cathay, the land of Prester John—a region of spice and pearls, barbaric pomp and gold.

The prophetic eye of Columbus pierced through the twilight which broke upon the long night of ages; the train of his innate impulses was fired, and when he had carefully satisfied his mind, conjecture became conviction to which he adhered, despite all discouragement, with indomitable perseverance and impliable tenacity.

How much of the instinct of the seer glowed in his own bosom he alone could tell; but in his character and his conduct he displayed such sanguine expectations of success that it seemed as if some partial revelation had been vouchsafed to him of the splendid results

which must of necessity follow the attempt to realize the divine impulses which had blazed up in his own soul like fire.

Columbus was a man of two ideas,—one, the discovery of lands ; the other, the conversion of their inhabitants to the religion of Christ. In view of the bitterness with which the character of Columbus is assailed by the illiberal and narrow-minded, just when the civilized world is preparing to do honor to his memory by commemorating, with due festivity, his high achievements, it is, perhaps, no more than due to his fame as one of the greatest benefactors of humanity to emphasize the pious spirit that ruled the man and imparted a religious halo to his fearless enterprise.

“Among Catholics the spirit of evangelization has always gone hand in hand with that of discovery ; and the expression of Champlain, that ‘the salvation of a soul is worth more than the conquest of an empire,’ is but the echo of the mind of the Church in every age. This same spirit has been felicitously alluded to by George Bancroft when he says : ‘The religious zeal of the French bore the cross to the banks of the St. Mary, and the confines of Lake Superior, and looked wistfully towards the houses of the Sioux in the valley of the Mississippi five years before the New England Eliot had addressed the tribes that dwelt within six miles of Boston harbor.’” This is the spirit of the Church in every age, and it was especially so when Columbus appeared before the chivalry of the Spanish court. “That he should have been zealous for the conversion of the lands he might discover, was to be expected from the spirit of the times in which he lived ; such motives were of the very atmosphere he breathed.” We see it in his personal piety ; in the name of his flagship, *Santa Maria* ; in the devotions daily held on board ; in the manner in which he took possession of the lands discovered ; in the names he gave to them ; in the language which he employed, considering himself as a messenger of the Gospel, making the prophecies of the Old Testament relating to the conversion of the Gentile applicable to himself, and constantly proclaiming, whether standing as a beggar at a convent gate, explaining his scheme of discovery to learned doctors and cosmographers, or pleading for countenance and support before kings and sovereigns, that he “was an ambassador of the Most High, chosen by His infinite goodness to announce the proposed discovery of the Indies to the most potent princes of Christendom,

that he might labor unceasingly for the propagation of the faith."

Mystical and religious, he considered himself an humble instrument in the hands of Providence to carry as the dove (which his name, Columbus, signifies), the olive branch of the Gospel to benighted worlds. This and his own honor were the pivots of his mind, and the religious sentiment, as Irving says, "mingled with his meditations," and imparted a celestial character to his claims. "Standing in the hand of heaven he read his contemplated discovery foretold in Holy Writ, and foreshadowed in the mystic revelations of the prophets." The ends of the earth were to be brought together; all nations, all tongues, all languages, were to be united under the banners of the crucified Redeemer; the Church's dream of universal occupation was to be realized at last, and every valley was to be filled, every mountain laid low; the rough ways made plain, and the crooked ways straight, that all flesh might see the light of God's salvation.

Such was to be the glorious consummation of his unexampled undertaking, which would carry the banners of the Gospel into the unexplored regions of the earth, bring the light of the true faith to them that sat in darkness and walked in the shadow of death, and gather all the countless tribes of men into one Christian empire under the dominion of the Church of Jesus Christ.

The seer-like certainty of his convictions; the simplicity and artlessness of his declarations; the imposing importance of his enterprise, and the glowing enthusiasm of his thoughts and ideas lent force and weight to his words, and dignity and loftiness to his whole demeanor. He treated with kings as one who could control empires; he conferred with sovereigns as one on a plane of equality; and after long delays and grievous disappointments, when his plans were rejected at Lisbon, he departed in disgust, the wide world before him.

Indeed, the intensity of his belief that he was the chosen agent of the Almighty to carry the purposes of heaven to their goal, bore him up against all misfortune, and no disappointment could dampen, no opposition could check the ardor of his pursuit towards his coveted aim. Yet, though regarding his impulse to discovery as divinely implanted; though considering his mind as illumined by the marvellous brightness of heaven; though deeming all who yielded him

service as informed by supernatural intimations,—and all for the fulfillment of Scripture concerning his stupendous discovery; nevertheless, all that was secondary to the cherished project which had so long laid aside of his heart,—the recovery and the restoration of the sepulchre of the world's Redeemer. This idea it was that dominated, nay, transfigured, the whole man; this it was that filled him with the spirit of the old crusaders, that made a knight-errant for the right and true in the world; and a like doughty cavalier ready to take the sword against the Moslem; this, in fine, is the purpose he meditated as far back as 1474, when he conceived his route to the Indies; which he clung to with the ardent hope of a lover all through life, and for whose realization he sought to make provision on his death-bed by charging his posterity to turn to account the prospective gains of his enterprise to the delivery of the Redeemer's tomb from the sacrilegious control of the Saracen.

As from the trend of imperfectly unknown shores and tides, from the mysterious indication of vague, untracked wilds, he could deduce a glorious certainty of hitherto undreamed continents; so, as an ardent spiritual discoverer, did he see with an inextinguishable faith the hitherto undreamed heights of spiritual glory which must be surely won by the path of exploration which God commissioned him, as he conceived, to point out to mankind.

Such were the lofty and disinterested motives that impelled him first to conceive, and then to carry into execution, his magnificent but hazardous undertaking.

Columbus, however, was not merely a religious enthusiast, incited to great exploits by the blind ardor and passionate rapture of a frenzied zealot or deluded day-dreamer. His high hopes and expectations were not founded upon air-built phantoms, but upon the rational conclusions of the thoughtful investigator and practical man of science. All his ideas and all his plans show unmistakably that his discovery was the outcome of the workings of his mind upon the geographic and scientific problems of his age, aided by the information furnished by seafaring men and the product of personal experience. His conclusions once fixed, he never wavered, never doubted, never hesitated, but spoke with the confident assurance of an astronomer, who, from mathematical calculation, points out a conjunction of the heavenly bodies thousands of years before the event occurs.

Long years of patient study lent confirmation, "strong as Holy Writ," to his pre-established convictions and carefully formed theories. He neglected no opportunity to increase his information, and spared neither toil nor time to enhance his knowledge on every point that bore upon his pet project of discovery. He made himself familiar with the cosmography of the ancients, as well as with the science of his own day. The theories of Ptolemy, the descriptions of Strabo, and the voyages of Marco Polo, he conned and studied the best portion of a lifetime. Plato's opinions regarding the imaginary island of Atalantis; Aristotle's statement concerning the existence of Antilla, a great island in mid-ocean, discovered by the ancient Carthaginians; all legendary Spanish lore about the island of Seven Cities, so called because seven bishops who fled from Spain at the period of the Moorish conquest had built cities thereupon; and every point of knowledge bearing on these theories, he was intimately conversant with; all these suppositions he passed through the crucible of criticism, and set the value of his cool judgment and ripe scholarship upon their likelihood or improbability.

Besides rendering himself fully acquainted with the geographical and historical science attainable in his day, with the writings of the Fathers of the Church, and the pages of the inspired volume; he interrogated the heavens and the stars, and sought out astronomical data to strengthen his own theories and corroborate his opinions. What was that theory, whose verification immortalized his name and disclosed a new hemisphere to the wondering world?

The investigations of Columbus led him to infer that the earth was a circumnavigable sphere, composed of land and water, of which at least one-third had never been discovered by mankind. This supposition being accordant with the truth, he rightly reasoned that by a direct course to the west, he must, of necessity, arrive ultimately at the eastern extremity of the Asiatic continent. He felt a serene security in the truth of this theory, and knew that nothing but the hand of accident or the designs of Providence could defeat his plans; but wafted along by the propitious breezes of heaven he was persuaded he must find land west of the Canaries or the Azores, then the most westerly terminus of maritime enterprise.

He was furthermore confirmed in his opinions by speculations based upon a study of the maps of Ptolemy and Marinus of Tyre.

These maps were in many respects misleading and delusive. Cartography in our day is based upon facts previously ascertained to be correct; but in earlier times the facts of locality relating to the known world were duly described; but conjecture and imagination helped largely in aiding scholars to trace what they conceived to be the unexplored regions of the earth. Ptolemy traced the countries about the Mediterranean with a comparative degree of correctness; but beyond the limit of familiar frontiers, and the visited portions of the earth, he fancifully represented impenetrable swamps, vast tracts of deserts, and an outlying sea of dark and sultry waters. He recognized, however, the sphericity of the earth, and marked off its circumference in degrees, whose total sum was just 3,300 miles short of actual distance as determined later.

Paolo Toscanelli, a celebrated Florentine scientist, with whom Columbus maintained correspondence, calculated that it was but 4,000 miles from Lisbon to Cathay (Manze), and held the feasibility of arriving at the western frontier of Asia by sailing a westerly course.

Toscanelli's figures computed the earth's circumference at about 25,120 miles, a little in excess of the truth.* He stretched the coast of Asia all the way round to California, and considered, consequently, that the ocean which lay between and washed the shores of Europe could be traversed by a fearless navigator like Columbus.

Columbus rejected Toscanelli's figures and built his calculations rather upon those of Ptolemy as more correct, though he held his own theory regarding the width of the Atlantic and the distance to the Indies. His deductions led him to suppose that, assuming the circumference of the earth as 21,700 miles nearly, he would have to sail not more than 2,500 miles to reach the island of Zipanga, or Japan, off the eastern coast of Asia. The coast of Asia was by him extended to the 70th degree of longitude, about the centre of the Island of Hispaniola.† All who admitted the sphericity of the earth believed that a westerly course from Spain must conduct the mariner to the eastern coast of Asia; but it never entered the wildest dream of imagination that a whole continent, almost equal in extent to the

*The writer knows all authorities are not agreed upon these figures.

† What is now the 97° of longitude west of Greenwich, corresponding to the meridian, say, of Lincoln, Neb.

old, lay between these distant shores. Had Columbus believed that the real distance from the Canaries to Japan was 12,000 miles, he in all human reckoning would never have undertaken such a voyage. His two errors, therefore, are, in some sense, responsible for his great discovery,—one was the imaginary extent of the eastern continent, suggested by Toscanelli and increased by Columbus; the other, the limitation of the earth's circumference to 23,500 miles; both contributing to render feasible the great scheme of evangelization of the inhabitants of the East, and the enrichment of the Spanish treasury from the fabulous resources of the Indies, which occupied the mind of the intrepid navigator and inspired him to commence a voyage without parallel in the history of the human race.

Nor do these errors of judgment, by no means surprising in the infancy of geographical science, detract in any degree from the real merit of his mighty discovery.

His marvellous voyage was undertaken hardly more in a religious than scientific spirit; he had a scientific theory to demonstrate,—the sphericity of the earth,—and he hoped to prove it practically by sailing round the globe. He believed, with Roger Bacon and Toscanelli, that the earth was globular in form, and this faith which was in him he would establish to the confusion of the incredulous by going from Spain to Cathay and returning by the Mediterranean. Mark Twain sneeringly observes that Columbus had not much labor to perform in the discovery of America; he had but to sail straight ahead and would bump against it. The thing was to find a man who had the genius to conceive, the skill to plan, the courage and the indomitable perseverance to effect such discovery. It has been acutely observed by Mr. Bellamy, and it is a just and elegant reflection, that the undertaking of Columbus was the more meritorious in that he did not sail to find a new continent, but to prove, in support of a preconceived scientific hypothesis, the rotundity of the earth, by a perilous and trackless voyage across the circumference. No one before his day dared to demonstrate a scientific theory by sailing upon an unknown and unexplored sea of darkness. This, together with his lofty religious aims, constitutes the glory of Columbus, and has set upon his brow a wreath of fame, the noblest ever given to mortal man; that has placed him upon a pinnacle of greatness among those immortal and illustrious geniuses who are not born to

die. "His idea," as Irving observes, "was the conception of his own genius; quickened by the impulses of his time, and aided by those scattered gleams of knowledge which fell ineffectually upon ordinary minds."

Among these gleams of knowledge were those indications of land to the west, which were borne by the waves towards the European shores. Trunks of pines of gigantic dimensions; reeds of immense size like those supposed to flourish in India; branches of trees unknown to the inhabitants of the eastern hemisphere; strangely shaped boats which were doubtless Indian canoes; curiously carved wooden figures, wrought without aid of iron tool or instrument; and more startling and convincing than all, the bodies of men not belonging to the Caucasian family of the race,—all were eagerly seized upon by the active and prying mind of Columbus as proof of his long-cherished theory; and thus, with a rational hypothesis, supported by science and strengthened by facts, which careful analysis had sifted from popular rumors and fanciful traditions, he set out with that exultation of spirit and hopefulness of heart, which to the end of his life marked the character of this extraordinary, supermortal man, to wrest from an unwilling world aid and assistance for an experiment, which before its achievement was deemed mid-summer madness, but which, when accomplished, was hailed less human than divine. Such is the history of man. And to their eternal honor be it told, were it not for the friendly offices and practical sympathy of a Catholic priest, a Catholic archbishop, and a Catholic queen, Columbus, instead of giving to Leon and Castile a new world, might have faded away in hopeless obscurity, and died in grief and dejection, had he passed, unnoticed and unwelcomed, the convent gate of La Rabida.

There is a Franciscan convent at St. Maria de Rabida—it stands to this day, and should be carted stone by stone to the Columbian Exposition; an unknown stranger presents himself at its portals to beg, for sweet charity's sake, a cup of water and a crust of bread for his little boy. That stranger is Christopher Columbus. Juan Perez de Marchena—honor to his name and calling—had been confessor to Queen Isabella; he became, no doubt, by the agency of Providence, a second father to the boy and a patron to the parent. The prior's attention is arrested by the stately port and intelligent de-

meanor of Columbus. He listens to his absorbing history; learns his wonderful plans, and not unskilled himself in science, he grasps the importance of Columbus' mission, and prepares to second with the ardor of conviction the navigator's efforts to realize the hopes and dreams of a checkered lifetime. Furnished by the influential prior with commendatory letters of an urgent and flattering character, he repairs to the court of Ferdinand and Isabella to plead his cause before the Catholic sovereigns of Spain. Their majesties are interested; their curiosity is piqued; their love of glory is aroused; but the magnitude of the enterprise staggers, while its nature and possibilities confound them and outreach their understanding. Columbus is referred to a council of divines at Salamanca, who were commissioned to consider his claims and pronounce judgment upon the cause he advocated. The beautiful convent where the conclave met still stands, having escaped the ravages of the French and corrosions of time. The traveller may still tread through spacious halls where the arguments of Columbus were rebutted by the teachings of Augustine and Lactantius, and the texts of Holy Writ. Some, to their credit and foresight, supported him with enthusiasm; others thought him a reckless adventurer or a simple visionary; and the great man was silenced by the majority, who pronounced his plan vain, impracticable, and unworthy of support. Columbus returned to court rejected, but not cast down. His earnest self-confidence, his enthusiastic devotion to his idea, obtained the respect of Isabella, whom Irving has justly styled one of the purest and most beautiful characters known to history. She holds out encouragement to the petitioner; there was sympathy in their kindred minds; she bids him bide his time, and meantime provides him with a home and maintenance. After seven long and weary years of oft-repeated pleading,—years of promises, ending in chilling disappointment, years of hope deferred,—Columbus is crossing the bridge at Pinos, retiring forever, sore and sick at heart, when once more he is recalled. The faithful prior had come to plead in person with the gentle Isabella in behalf of his despondent friend. The appeal is answered with success. Noble woman; her name is inseparably intertwined with the glory of America. "I will undertake the enterprise for mine own crown of Castile," she cries, "and will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds."

Columbus prepares for the voyage, when the sorrows and disap-

pointments of fifty-seven years of life had already laid their burden upon his shoulders. After much delay and difficulty in securing crews, he embarked in three wretched caravels upon his dangerous exploit. What a fearful launching into the unknown deep that was, we, in these days of easy navigation, fail to understand. Sailing out upon a dim and soundless sea which no man had ever traversed, whence naught but tempest-tossed fragments had ever come to civilized shores, the desponding crew might well bid the living world farewell. And as they left the lessening shore, till their sails seemed but a dot upon the horizon to those who stood upon the strand and waved in vain the tell-tale hand, many a heart felt heavy, many an eye grew dim.

You know the story of that adventurous voyage, which began on Friday, the 3d day of August, and ended on Friday, the 12th of October, 1492.

The bright sun rose cheerily and before the piping blast the little caravels rode gaily over the summer seas, and doubtless many a mariner, with heart of hope, blessed in prayer the blue ocean, the bright sky and God's all-favoring air.

Still out they sail upon the watery waste, past unknown tides and seas where

“ So lonely 'tis that God Himself
Scarce seemed there to be.”

The very winds that waft them from home appear to bar their return again. Their faithful guide, the needle, declines its wonted task ; clouds take on the shape of headlands ; and the mirage of the deep mocks their land-sick fancy, and blasts while it excites their hopes. On the very verge of discovery they rise in mutiny, clamor to go back, and threaten the sore-tried admiral with a grave within the deep, should he withhold compliance. Columbus staked his life upon the cast ; failure is dishonor worse than death ; he soothes, he threatens, he coaxes, and one day of trial is granted. One day, but for the commander what agony and suspense ! Through the long, lonely hours he stands upon the prow, keeping the night-watch, and communing with the stars and with God. Sleep has forsaken his eyes, and rest, his weary limbs ; but still there he stands, sweeping the horizon with his eagle glance, straining his tired eyes towards the west, till at last they catch the faint flicker of a light—'tis land. O !

blessed light ! O happy land ! To him alone was reserved the first sight of this new world—the eternal monument of his renown.

The great mystery was unlocked ; the silent ocean yielded up her secret to the mind of man ; and he, the despised and disheartened discoverer whose life was in jeopardy but an hour before, was worshipped as a demi-god by his mutinous and rebellious followers, who now beheld in him a being of princely dignity, the dispenser of fame and fortune, and falling at his feet

“ They blessed the wondrous man.”

It was, perhaps, worth all the trials and disappointments of the past,—that joyful moment of hope proudly realized ; of faith made perfect in vision ; and as the rising sun reveals the verdant land just beyond the crystal waters, the little band, attired in festal dress, embarked upon the shore with their swords unsheathed, and their cross-emblazoned banners fluttering in the breeze. I seem to see them now, those pioneers of civilization in the new world ; see them as they first alight upon the virgin soil, stooping down in reverence to kiss the sod and thank the great Creator. I see them, and seem to hear the voice of the high admiral, calm, sweet, grateful, and resonant, as he pours forth his prayer of gratitude and praise :

“ Lord God, Eternal and Omnipotent, who by Thy sacred word has created the sky and the earth and the sea, we bless and glorify Thy name and praise Thy majesty. How honored are we, Thy humble servants, that through us Thy name may be known and Thy Gospel preached in this the uttermost part of the earth.”

Thus did the first discoverers seal this continent for Christ ; thus the first act of the first men who trod our soil was an act dedicating and consecrating it to the service of God ; and as they arose from bended knees they took possession of the land in the name of Isabella, the Catholic Queen of Spain, and named it San Salvador, after Christ our Saviour.

The policy of Columbus was marked by lenity and mildness ; he displayed good faith, humanity, and justice in his transactions ; he sought to conciliate the natives, and respected their women and their chiefs, by whom his kindness was never forgotten, as shown in the touching and beautiful fidelity which marked their friendship towards him.

But alas! for this elysium of the sea; this arcadian land of eternal spring. Alas! for these simple, virtuous people, these kind and hospitable men, these groups of beautiful women, who came forth from the palm groves like dancing Dryads from the woods, with ever smiling faces and melodious songs from morning until evening to welcome these heavenly visitors. Their dreams of new-found bliss were of short duration. But it is ever so; the simplicity of barbaric life meets extinction rather than elevation before the march of civilization.

Columbus, however, returned to Europe without a blot upon his name, a reproach upon his conscience, or a single drop of blood upon his hands. His homeward journey is harassed by a hurricane. Dark clouds overcast the sky; fields of fleecy scud pass in whirling eddies overhead,—through many dark days there is no cessation of the elemental strife;—of

“ The eloquent storm pouring forth its wild voice
Upon the night, grand, sublime, and terrible;
And the electric blazon of the clouds,
And the vibrations of the frightened sea,
As mast and shroud answer to the thunder-shock.”

His thoughts at this trying moment are set forth with the simplicity of greatness in his journal; they turn fondly back to his two boys at Cordova, and his feelings are more concerned with the salvation of his unfortunate crew than with his own loss of fame and glory.

At length he reaches Spain, and lands like a spirit from the dead, among whom he was long since numbered.

His progress is a glorious triumph; his sovereigns seat him in their presence; his lofty bearing marks him as a hero; his gray hairs tell of trials and perils; his name is the theme of every tongue; cities, towns, and villages empty themselves that every inhabitant may cry: “’Tis he, Columbus!” But short the glory of Columbus. One short month was the honeymoon of his fame. Such is the instability of human praise; such the ingratitude of man.

The closing years of this great man’s life form, as I indicated, a thrilling tragedy. The sorrows of his youth were but the presage of the grief that clouded his declining days.

On the second voyage he becomes the butt of calumny and the

mark of detraction. "Absent, envied, and a foreigner," as he said himself, he falls a victim to petty spite, and the evil geniuses who, wanton in official insolence, effect his recall. Shame and persecution; the desertion of his own trusted followers, and the broken pledges of his sovereign, Ferdinand, are the only recompense of his great discovery.

By the order of the arrogant minion who supplanted him, Boabdilla, he is carried back to Europe a prisoner, and though old and venerable, in chains and fetters. With a disdainful indignation, he refuses to have this badge of servitude and humiliation removed; he would let the world behold his disgrace, and even after they were stricken from his limbs by the outraged sense of public justice, he preserved them as memorials of the reward his services received, and they "were hung in his chamber, buried in his grave."

The tender-souled Isabella, his friend to the last, soothes his wounded spirit; and he that could brook disgrace and endure imprisonment falls subdued in tears at her feet.

The great admiral departs on his last and most disastrous voyage; and after suffering all the miseries of destitution, sickness, mutiny, and shipwreck, he returns buffeted and worn out, broken in mind and body, to find himself forgotten and unwelcomed by all. To add the last drop of agony to his sorrow-brimming cup, he finds his generous patroness, his only friend in the wide world, the gracious Isabella, on her death-bed. Forgotten by his king, and left in his old age "naked to his enemies," he pleaded in vain, that having slaved for his sovereigns as if to gain paradise, he was a homeless beggar after his unselfish service of twenty years. Left in an obscure home to die in poverty and loneliness; forgotten and forsaken by all, he never learned the greatness of his discovery, while the new world which he had brought to light was named to perpetuate the honor, not of himself, but of another.

His death occurred at Valladolid, on the 20th of May, 1506, in the seventieth year of his age. His last hours were calm, peaceful, and happy, and he that discovered one world here upon earth, looked hopefully forward to the discovery of another,

"Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

But even his bones have been denied that rest (the last prayer of Shakespeare). They were removed to Seville, thence to San

Domingo, and finally, in 1795, to Havana, where they were but little noticed or honored; so that he who was forlorn and friendless in life, seems hardly less so in death.

Columbus seemed ever the sport of accident, by which in our ignorance, I suppose, we understand the mysterious workings of Providence. Like Moses, he never beheld the land of promise to which he had guided others. The vision of glory he beheld from afar seemed ever to vanish like a poet's dream, or like some ignis fatuus which tantalized, while it beckoned him on.

Had he not changed his course on his first voyage on the 7th of October, to W.S.W., he would have made the Floridas, and given North America to the Spanish crown; and had he not on the 12th of November turned E.S.E., he would have carried the banners of Spain into the Gulf of Mexico, and perhaps peopled the continent, not with the Anglo-Saxon, but with the Latin race.

Four hundred years have gone by since his advent on these shores, and after 400 years the day of the triumph is at hand. His judgment in the justice of posterity is to-day vindicated, and his fame is secure evermore. No man born of woman has ever been accorded the honors which, like a garland of grateful remembrance, are laid upon his tomb to-day. To-day his memory shines forth from the tomb with unclouded brightness, and the glory that seemed to shun his mortal course in life blazes around him with effulgent splendor in the grave. To-day all claims of prior discovery are swept aside, neither Dane, nor Norseman, nor Celt, nor any other aspirant whatever, is considered as sharing the laurels or dividing the fame which is the inheritance and crown of Columbus forever. To-day many nations feel honored in claiming him for their own, and here in these United States, more than sixty millions of those whose creed he professed, and whose faith he first planted on the shores of this continent, all rise up with one voice and one accord to hail the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of a new world, and to pass down upon the breezes of undying history to the latest posterity the renown of him whom all future generations will delight to honor, as, on each succeeding centennial of his immortal discovery, they will unite, as we do now, to bless the name and revere the memory of Christopher Columbus, the Christ-bearer to the new-found Western World.

VI

THE MISSION AND PROGRESS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

DEDICATION OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY CROSS, HAR- RISON, N. J.

THE cross is the symbol of Christianity. Christianity is a fact, and that fact is the Catholic Church. Men come to Christianity through the Church, and not to the Church through Christianity. It is the Church that makes Christian believers, and not believers that make the Church. To know the nature and constitution of the Church is, then, the supreme study of the Christian.

The history of the Church, with sorrow be it said, is in great part a history of heresy. But "it must needs be that scandals come." In the wide domain of heterodoxy, no novelty is now possible. From Genesis to Revelation every doctrine has been impugned; nay, the entire system of religion has been by turns accepted, controverted, denied, and rejected. Upon the stormy shores of sin the waves of passion, the winds of pride, and the fires of feeling have rioted for ages, and the gorgon heresy has raised his hydra-head to battle with the bark upon the waters. But in the midst of the clouds and darkness, clear above the clamor of the storm and the roar of the moral tornado, a voice is heard, clear, sharp, electric, imperative, as of yore, crying, "Peace! be still." "Fear not, little flock, for it hath pleased your Father to give unto you a kingdom." "Great God," exclaims the Royal Prophet, "Thou hast put on praise and beauty; Thou hast clothed Thyself with light as with a garment; Thou hast stretched out the heavens as a vast pavilion; Thou hast made the clouds Thy chariot, and Thou walkest on the wings of the wind; Thou hast founded the earth on its own basis, and the deep,

like a garment, is its clothing. The mountains here ascend, there the valleys sink down between the hills to receive the plenteous waters which Thou hast commanded to flow for their refreshment." "The Almighty stood," says Habacuc, "and measured the earth; He looked and dissolved the nations, for power and strength are in His hands. He touched the trembling hills, and they were instantly wrapped in smoke; the ancient mountains burst in pieces; the rocks melted away like wax, and the pillars of the heavens were forced from their foundations. For the ways of the Lord are in the tempest and the whirlwind, and clouds are the dust of His feet. The hills and the lonesome mountains shake under Him; the flower of Lebanon fades away; the beauty of Basan and Carmel perish; the earth, the world, and all that dwell therein, sunk down in the presence of the Lord of Hosts, in the presence of the God of Jacob." "I heard," says St. John, "as it were a universal voice; and it was the voice of every living creature in the heavens, and on earth, and in the sea. And they cried out with one accord, 'Glory and honor, and benediction and power and empire to God and to the Lamb, forever and ever.'" Who shall not fear the Lord, and who not magnify Thy name! And who shall dare to overturn the works which Thy hands have wrought!

"Pride makes heresy," says Abelard, "and heresy, which is the spirit of Antichrist, dissolveth Jesus and wageth war upon the Most High God." "By that sin fell the angels; how then, shall man, the image of his Maker, hope to win by it?"

It is something severely sad to stand upon the highways of history and scan the figures of the fiery heresiarchs, as, panoplied with the armor of iniquity, they go trooping by in the panorama of the past. Since the Roman legionaries drew their lots therefor, how many madcaps, spawned by heresy, have sought to rend the seamless coat of Christ?

In the forefront of the line were those who taught that our Lord's humanity was a phantom,—a chimera. A Christ, burdened with a body, but a Saviour without a human soul, was the absurd fiction of Apollinarius. The arrogance of Arius made Him a God-kin, far inferior to His Father. Some, on His Divine, desired to implant a human personality. Others proclaimed for Him a single will, while more confused and denied the duality of His nature.

The votaries of voluptuousness, pilfering the philosophy of Plato, would found a republic, where each citizen would enjoy the privilege of inability to point out his father; the fanatical followers of the Persian Magi foully conceived a code of morality whereby they might marry the mothers that bore them; and finally, to the Albigenian heresiarchs belongs the immortal infamy of giving worship to a god wed to a brace of fair women.

From the corruption of the heart and the vanity of the mind originates this eagerness to propagate new systems, the tendency whereof is to slacken the reins that curb the irregularity of our appetites, and restrain the impetuosity of our passions. Solomon tried mirth, and it was mad; wine, and it was folly; yet he grew dissolute before he glided into idolatry. We lose our innocence before we laugh at our catechism.

Vanity is one of those foreign ingredients sown in the soil of our nature instead of original justice. It stimulates the purblind philosopher to erect the banners of error upon the ruins of truth. It loves to pursue untrodden paths, and think apart from the multitude; and it often prefers the notoriety of vice to the obscurity of virtue. "Vanity," says Montaigne, "is the mother of all the sects and systems."

Most men pique themselves upon the singularity of their opinions, and the freshness and originality of their views, and even while they disclaim the notion, pride or vanity is the spring of all their performance. Pride impugns the truth of God, and is the prolific parent of heresy. Minds defeated in dissecting a fly, must arraign the ways of Omnipotence, and sound the unfathomable ocean of religion, where the smallest atom that swims on the surface baffles the sharpest scrutiny.

Of the aberrations of the human intellect in the sphere of religion, the preponderating portion, if not all, are born of the misconception or confusion of two elementary ideas that pervade the universe,—unity and multiplicity. In the one God are three divine persons; in the human soul, three faculties; in the individual man, two parts. Every society has many members; every tree bears many branches, every flower is formed of many petals, and every molecule of matter comprises many atoms.

The confusion of these simple ideas is the misfortune of modern philosophy, or rather the proud pretensions of sciolism.

With Giordano Bruno and Teutonic thinkers, some expunge the idea of multiplicity, and, teaching that God is the only substance, they fashion the prodigious fabric of Pantheism. Others, placing multiplicity in the foreground, the members before the body, the universe before its Creator, lose the conception of unity entirely, and with it the idea of a living personal God; and these are the founders of the ignoble edifice of atheism. All-God is the God of the one; no-God is the God of the other.

Failing to apprehend the unity of God, it is no great matter for marvel that the second school of sciolists misconceive the substantial unity of His Church; and so far from regarding her as one, treat her as an aggregation of individuals, in her nature and constitution, void of any congenital principle of cohesion and unification. Every spirit that dissolveth the Church, dissolveth Jesus, and is not from God, but Antichrist.

The Church of God is not a mere aggregation of individuals bound together by the sole considerations of brotherhood, or by pursuit of kindred aims and purposes, or by similarity of sentiment, taste, and feeling. These prevail in some degree, but they are consequent and secondary. The Church of Christ is before all else, a living, acting organism, of which the members are the body, Christ Jesus the head, and grace the generative principle of life. Her source of life is in her own centre, and all spiritual life springs from the Holy Spirit energizing and fecundating the vitality of the Church, as the God-appointed channel of all grace and truth. Upon this irrefragable fact is founded the force of St. Cyprian's axiom, that he cannot have God for his father who has not the Church for his mother. God's first creation was the material world by nature; His second creation is the Church in the order of grace.

The Church is, therefore, prior to all her children; they are from her, not she from them; they live in her, not she in them; and she is the fount of spiritual life unto all begotten of her through the Holy Ghost. She calls them unto life; she nourishes them at her own bosom; she feeds them with the bread of life, and the milk of God's children; and she conducts them, when they have attained the full stature of the manhood of Christ, to the mansions of immortality. Why expand this thought? To point the fallacy of those who hold that the Church is composed of many congregations which

may come and go, change and alter, divide and separate, deteriorate and reform without lesion to religion and suicide to the Church. The Church is simply the extension of Christ's Incarnation to every living creature, as the Incarnation in itself was the alliance of the Godhead with our common humanity. Christ came from Mary; the Church came from Christ, and regenerated humanity is born of the Church of God by the divine action of the Holy Ghost in the sacraments, or the channels of salvation. Separation from the Church is consequently fatal to all spiritual life; heresy is religious suicide, and he who divides the Church, or denies her doctrines, dwells in spiritual death. The Church is the Spouse of Christ, and the fruitful mother of all the faithful.

As Christ loves the Church, so does the Church love her children. From the cradle to the grave, from morning's rosy manhood till the pale starlight of declining days is quenched within the tomb, she guides, she guards, she governs, that she may give them in unsullied integrity back unto their God. The prayer of Christ is the prayer of the Church: "Holy Father, keep them in Thy Name."

I have seen a mother watching the slumbers of her infant offspring. The dying cadence of that murmured song; the breathless stillness which succeeds the music; the gaze, now fixed in fondness on the child, now turned to heaven imploring future blessings on its head, express to every feeling heart the intenseness of maternal love. I have seen a mother hovering around the couch of her sick child. That instinct of affection, that enduring tenderness and patient love may vie with that inspired charity whose divinest character is that it suffereth long and is kind. That anxious, that troubled, yet watchful eye, who that has beheld it can forget? I have seen the gladness of a mother's joy. It beamed in smiles on her reviving offspring, like the cheerful light of day upon exultant Nature. I have seen the anguish of a mother's grief. That self-centred look, that wild and wandering gaze, that wintry smile of one who sat like Rachel weeping for her child and would not be comforted, because it was no more.

But as the love of Christ transcends all human love, so does the love of Mother Church surpass the love of all the mothers of mankind. Learn to love her, for the love of her is the love of Jesus Christ.

Love is the seed of grace; grace is the seed of glory. Now is the time of the seed; the harvest day shall be soon; and when the reapers are done, the golden sheaves shall be all gathered in; and all the lovers of Jesus, and the lovers of Mary, and the lovers of Christ's Spouse, shall rest forever in that far-away land, in the realm of the King in His beauty. And every true lover shall bask in the bliss that maketh bright joy for the Angels; and shall pillow his head in the peace which sheddeth sunshine on the Saints, and shall drink of the wine of the new life, and taste of the honey made by the God-hand; and shall sing the songs that awake the sweet melody of Zion's land; and shall repose on the bosom of Jesus, and feel the breath of His cheek and the thrilling touch of his welcome kiss, and shall "stand by the side of the Good Shepherd, and hear the soft call of His voice on that day when the flock shall be told for the last time, and the number made full for eternity."

Now as love is the seed of grace, so love is the law of life; for love is life, and life is love; but love and life both proceed from unity. We live, and move, and have our being in God; for God is life, and God is love, and God is unity. The world at creation's dawn drew its being from unity, the creative act of unity; unity is its final cause, its term and destination; as the rays of light outspreading from the sun, and refining the vapors of the air, ascend through the ethereal element to seek repose in the bosom of the luminary that gave them birth.

The essence of the Christian life is charity, for charity is the golden bond of union. Love is union; hatred is death. When the unfettered mind shall soar beyond the starry pavements of paradise, faith shall be dissolved in vision; when hope shall have attained its object, it shall expire in the arms of joy; but charity shall flame forever, shooting in the white light of heaven from the unclouded splendor of the Lamb, for charity is God.

By the natural order of God's providence, it is decreed that union with the Church shall be the indispensable condition, as it is the fountain spring of grace and spiritual life, for the Church of God is one,—she is the living link of unity. She is one, as if she belonged to one clime or country, and not many; as if she dwelt in one house, worshipped at one shrine; as if she spoke with one mouth, and possessed one heart, one soul, one mind, one head, the Lord Christ

Jesus. And that unity we shall in vain pursue outside her consecrated pale. Where in this wide world, where under the shining sun of God, shall the eye of man behold it but in the bosom of Christ's Spouse?

Consider them all; in fancy's magic mirror behold all the schools of philosophies that flourished since time began to flow; review all the sects, the schisms, and conventicles that ever wore the garb of God's religion, and let reason make reply, to which of them all belongs the illustrious, heavenly title—UNITY. History, reason, revelation, the voice of ages and the voice of God, reply in tones of thunder—To the Catholic Church of Jesus Christ. Her vast and imposing structure, planted on the God-founded rock of Peter, touching the four corners of the globe, facing the rising and the setting sun, and looking to the North and to the South, to the East and to the West, rises in majestic proportion and imperial beauty, and her Apostolic dome, rearing its head to the stars of God, joins her multitudinous parts together in a firm and indissoluble union; and like a city seated on a mountain, she reveals herself to the eyes of all mankind as the one true Church of the eternal God.

She is the ladder of Jacob, reaching from the surface of the earth even to the highest heavens, Jesus Christ Himself leaning on the top, and the angel ministers of grace ascending and descending with vials of peace and mercy to mankind. And this glorious counter-sign no other association may dare to claim, for it is the signet of the Saviour. No work of human policy can wear the badge of the brotherhood of Christ. And never shall she surrender that royal standard of the cross. As an ensign she will unfurl it in every breeze that blows; she will let it float from Peter's pilot-house forever, and as its divine folds spread out over every land and every sea, to the admiration of her friends and the consternation of her enemies, she will point to the indestructible foundation of ancient faith, consolidated by the inseparable bonds of fraternal and charitable union, whereon she rests, and exclaim to the whole world and all that dwell therein, "Undivided and indivisible, indefectible and imperishable, peerless and alone,—I, like God, am one!"

The Church is a living organism, invisible in her principle of life, but visible in her external organization, in her outward body. Plants grow, but their vital principle is unseen by human eyes. Man lives,

but sees not his soul. The Church lives, but the vital germ that operates throughout the organism is not visible to the scrutiny of the senses, for she lives by the life of the Holy Ghost, who abides with her forever. But as she is endowed with an interior, so is she with an exterior, or visible unity. She has, consequently, one centre of authority, one visible Ruler, one Supreme Head. Unity is vital and necessary to the Church, and the visible Ruler is necessary to unity. Peter is the successor of Christ, the primal fount of unity. The Pope is the successor of Peter, the Supreme Head of the Church and the Father of all the faithful. Peter holds from Christ; the Pope holds from Peter, and all the faithful, priests, bishops, are in communion with the Church and with Christ through the Pope. *Ubi Petrus, ibi Ecclesia*. Where is Peter, there is the Church. No Pope, no Church; no Church, no Christ; no Christ, no salvation.

This doctrine does not exclude from salvation those who, through no fault of their own, are outside the external or visible communion of the Church. In virtue of good faith, they are attached to the soul of the Church, and thus within the reach of God's redeeming grace. No man is condemned, guiltless before God.

From the time of the Reformation down to our own, it has been the aim and spirit of the secular arm to overturn the Pope's supremacy, and pull down the Papal constitution of the Church. But "in vain doth the heathen rage and imagine vain things. He that dwelleth in the highest heavens shall laugh at their empty schemes, and turn their councils to their own confusion, for it is written: Behold, the Lion of the fold of Judah hath conquered, with a strong bite he hath broken the iron bars of the gates of hell and trampled death to destruction." Still they decry the arrogance of the Roman court under the insane delusion that it seeks to demolish the secular authority. It is the story of the age-long strife. It is renewed with increased vigor in these latter days. It is the House of Humbert against the Patrimony of Peter. The Quirinal is overshadowed by the vault of the Vatican.

Tear down the tiara and every civil crown will crumble to dust ; crush out the Pope if you can and every republic will perish.

We seek not to defend upon all sides the conduct of every Pope that sat in the chair of Christ, and we dare not deny in the teeth of history that some sought to handle the sword of Paul, no less than

the keys of Peter. But exceptions give force to the rule; and take them all in all, from Peter to Leo, they stand forth in the great temple of time, matchless and unique, mighty men of God—leaders and lovers of the whole human race, the salt of the earth, and the light of the world.

Granted, then, that ambition on the side of churchmen contributed to turn the tide; granted, that human passions poured forth their volcanic fires to cloud the bright sky of religion; grant all that is claimed, the fact is not to be falsified that the Reformation was born of ignorance, suckled in sin, and fostered in the lap of red-handed rebellion against the rightful authority of Rome.

The Church, therefore, is now, as she has been from the days of Christ, the unalterable foe of ignorance, and the unwearied advocate of education. She loves the light, because she is from above, descending, like God's morning star, from the eternal light that shines in the bosom of the Godhead.

Man is not born a man, but he comes forth a child, and while he remains in childhood we treat him as a child. As it is with the stages of man, so it is with the courses of civilization. The Church must work upon the world as she finds it. She would make it better, brighter, holier, and more happy; but if her efforts art to be stamped with success she is compelled to conquer it according as it comes. And she makes herself all to all, to gain all to Christ. All despotic and absolute governments look with suspicion on the advancement of the people, and are jealous to distraction of liberty and education. Tyrants tremble before the tribunal of truth; despots shrink at the sound of liberty; oppressors cringe in the blazing light of the watch-fires of intelligence.

It is sweet to rest under the crook of the Church, for the government of the Church is the government of God, stooping down to lift up the lowly, to lead on the blind, to rescue the strayed, the fallen, and the lost. The Church tells her children to beware of the world, and yet, as Christ with His Apostles, she would not take them out of the world, but get them to live worthily therein. Since she came forth from the silence of the catacombs to plant the cross upon the capitol of the Cæsars, her children have never been more in contact with the secular side of life, and never more exposed to the withering influence of infidelity and irreligion. The proper education of

her children must now be the paramount purpose of her existence, not even secondary to saving souls, for the one of necessity implies the other. The tendency of the present time runs towards insubordination, under the false name of independence. The principle of private judgment in the domain of dogma has shaken the foundations of authority. Men to-day, more than ever, are imbued with the critical spirit, and wish to subject all things, even divine truth, to the measure of a shallow understanding. Too proud to submit to the simplicity of the Gospel; too puffed up with the empty conceits of a false philosophy, and too skilled in the sophistries of an arrogant and self-sufficient science, they are not to be allured to religion by the simple announcement of precepts and mysteries beyond the finite ken, but must be reasoned into the knowledge of religion. They must be taught to unlearn the false, and then to learn the true. The simplicity of belief in the truths of religion, as it existed in former ages, will no longer do; the knowledge of understanding must be conjoined. This is as it should be, for, as St. Anselm observes: "We should be guilty of criminal negligence if, after having believed, we did not seek to know the reason of our believing. Nowadays it is difficult for the teachers of truth to command obedience and respect, unless they are well furnished with proper weapons from the arsenal of reason and the armories of science and philosophy. Now, if ever in the history of man, his reason is active, aggressive, and alert; and now, if ever, men feel the force of Augustine's axiom that we cannot believe, unless we believe rationally. It is a healthy tendency. Religion presupposes man to be a rational creature, for revelation rests on reason, and the Church always flourishes with most vigor in an atmosphere of light and intelligence. A secular newspaper recently expressed its astonishment at the freedom of discussion allowed in the Church, as evidenced in some late unhappy controversies. What folly!—as if Catholics held their faith by closing their eyes, and shutting out science and learning. The Popes were always the patrons of science and literature, twin flowers of Christian civilization. Theology shines best by the light of history; science is the handmaid of sanctity; knowledge is the fulcrum of religion.

The Church, therefore, in the present as in the past, holds, as a paramount necessity, that all her children should be instructed to

the highest limit of their capacity, and, more especially, in all that pertains to the groundwork of faith—that faith which is the science of salvation. She demands from them the docility of children, but she desires to develop in them the ripeness of understanding that reflects the minds of men. Only by the unifying process of education can she mould her multitudinous members, composed as they are of so many nationalities, with such multiform tendencies, prejudices, antipathies, and temperaments, into one, that they may be one in her, as she is one in Christ, and as Christ is one in the heavenly Father.

But where shall all these investigations and inquiries end? Are there no limits to the boundless excursions of the reasoning faculty of man? Are men to reason themselves out of religion, like Anaxagoras of old, who said: “As to the gods, I know not if they exist”? Have we fallen upon evil times? God forbid! I, for one, have a better opinion of my time and country. I would fain believe that religion must daily strengthen its hold upon the mind, and the better faith is understood, the more will its teachings be respected and observed. Knowledge is the foundation of love. The Catholic Church has never commanded more respect throughout the world than to-day, and never have the prerogatives and the influence of the Sovereign Pontiff been more appreciated than at this present hour, when temporal princes are invoking his mediation in international disputes, though it seems not without a color of probability that the august head of the Church may be an exile from the providential see of Rome, or that the venerable Pontiff’s chains may soon be clanking in the halls of the Vatican.

But to place her hand upon the coveted prize of ascendancy, the Church must adapt herself to the exigencies of the times, and must, in her external economy, so direct her course as to mould the materials, which she meets in her progressive march, into her own image and likeness. What, then, do I say? Is this novelty of doctrine? Nay, not so. The Church is unchangeable in herself, in her doctrines, and in her truth; for truth is one, truth is God, and is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. “There is,” it has been well said, “a progression not *in* religion, but *by* religion.” But the Church has to fashion the civil, social, and political orders according to her mind and genius. The secular spirit, and the secular order,

has always been at war with the supernatural constitution of the Church. More or less, it shall be ever thus.

Men forget this, who cherish halcyon views of accommodations and *modi vivendi* in which all friction and antagonism must forever cease. Men forget this, who think the Church must not form the world, but be formed by the world. New prophets have arisen to tell us that the old order is passing away, and that we are to face a new society, in which the unity of Christianity shall be broken into a thousand fragments by national divisions and national churches. They affirm that the Church must reconcile itself with American progress, and never dream that American progress must reconcile itself with the Church, and that it is as absurd to speak of Americanizing the Church as of Germanizing it. They would circumscribe what God has made universal. But the cry of Americanism is as fallacious and heretical as the cry of Gallicanism, which the universality of Christ's Gospel cast out from the beginning, as nationalism foreign to the breadth and comprehensiveness of Christ's all-redeeming love. We can no more Americanize the Church than we can denationalize America. The Church knows no Jew, no Latin, no Teuton, no Greek, no American, no Saxon, for the elevation of all national types to the higher and uniform type in Christ Jesus, means the effacement of all national divisions in the religion founded by the Son of God, whose kingdom was not of this world. Some look upon the Church as a vast organization composed of many nationalities, held together, like the great empires of the world, formed of many kingdoms, by checks and balances, powers and forces, in which nations shall play their several parts. But no matter what the government the Catholic lives under, he regards not the civil authority as the basis of his Catholicity, but holds his Catholicity as the basis of his citizenship. All Catholics have the same motives for civil allegiance and respect for civil authority; all have the same rule of conscience; all have the same example and command of a divine Redeemer to obey the rulers who have been set over them, duly invested with authority. But, because we are Catholics, we are none the less Americans, and the Catholic Church may indeed rejoice that, as she has probably never found a civil order in which the natural rights of man are more respected, so she has never found one more concordant with her own constitution and

more apposite to her mission of saving souls than that which she has found in that glorious republic whose flag waves over the heads of free and unfettered men. From the day that she came forth, armed of God, she has had to confront institutions inimical to her mission, and governments at variance with the purpose of her existence upon earth.

The Pharisees destroyed the spirit of the Mosaic economy and strangely perverted the law; the Sadducees denied the doctrine of future immortality, and in conduct and belief they resembled the Epicurean herd, whose only thought was, "Let us eat and drink." They dreamed that a Messiah was to come as a temporal deliverer to subvert the odious supremacy of Rome, and on the ruins of the empire to establish a throne, to exalt the nation to such a height of glory and dominion as David and Solomon had never seen in the ecstasies of prophetic vision. National pride, aspirations of ambition, tenacity of ancient tradition, so tragically exemplified in the blood, famine, pestilence, crumbling walls and sinking ruins of the consecrated temple of Jerusalem, all made stubborn resistance to the reign of the new religion. Nor were obstacles of less consequence to be surmounted in Republican Rome. The religion of paganism everywhere prevailed. No war was proclaimed without the sanction of auguries and the solemnities of sacrifice; the sacred fire burned on the altar of Vesta; the mystic ancile was still regarded as the palladium of Rome; and the sybilline books were consulted as the oracles of truth. Household gods presided over the domestic hearth, and Pontiff and Flamen were men of venerable years and powerful influence. Poetry had besides covered the naked deformity of a fabulous mythology with her glittering mantle; and painting, her sister art, had adorned the temples of the gods with the embodied ideas of divinity and beauty; tradition had handed down the ancient belief through long lines of ancestors for 700 years, virtuous and renowned; and certainly the religion of the ancient Romans was well calculated to overpower the imagination, to conciliate the passions, and to blind the eyes of the understanding to the holy light of truth. Gods, moreover, were founders of the cities; Terminus marked the boundaries; the land was the property of the patricians; social despotism prevailed; man was a cipher, for State absolutism held undisputed ground in the ancient Græco-Roman civilization.

When the Apostles were summoned before the Sanhedrim to answer for proclaiming salvation in Christ, one of the wise men in the conclave made this memorable utterance to his countrymen: "Ye men of Israel, take heed what you intend to do as touching these men; for if their counsel be the work of men it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it." Had Gamaliel, the preceptor of St. Paul, who remitted to the decision of time the question of the divine origin of Christianity, but lived for 30 years longer, he would have seen it promulgated, not only through India and Greece and Asia Minor; not only in the imperial city, and the household of great Cæsar, but in climes where the Roman eagle never spread his pinions, and where the Macedonian lion never roared or left the traces of his footsteps. Had he seen the last days of the last Apostle he would have seen the Jewish worship banished from the ancient temple and a Christian church on Mt. Zion within sight of the magnificent monuments of nature which had witnessed the death and ignominy of its divine founder. He had seen the vast majority of the inhabitants of the Roman world, in spite of popular hostility and governmental policy, reduced to the obedience of a religion that received into its bosom the imperial acolyte, grasping in its unarmed hand the sceptre of dominion, and setting its sandalled foot upon the war-surrounded throne of the Cæsars. Thus did Rome rest in the embrace of Jesus Christ.

The civil history of Rome is a dazzling record of events, the most stupendous and brilliant actions, together with an exertion of enterprise and power limited only by the impotence of nature, and the contracted boundaries of the worlds of discovery. Of all this political grandeur nearly every vestige is blotted out; a few faint memorials are all that remain. Her vast empire is apportioned among her former vassals; her provinces are the kingdoms of barbarian princes; the forum that rang with the highest efforts of human eloquence is a deserted common; the palaces of the Cæsars are but a pile of rubbish; the eternal city survives chiefly in its ruins; so that Pius Antoninus might take his stand on the capital of Trajan's column, and like Caius Marius on the ruins of Carthage, view with saddened eyes their splendid desolation.

The raving bacchanal, the sensual devotee of Venus, all went down to dust before the splendor of the cross, because there was to be but one fold of Christ.

Cicero, in a wild burst of eloquence, looked forward to the day when he should join the divine assembly of the spirits of the illustrious and beloved who had gone before him. The common people were invited hopefully to lift their vision to those Elysian fields so rapturously pictured by the proudest of the poets, as a bourne where the atmosphere was purer, and the fields far fairer; where a brighter sun and brighter stars illuminated a scene of perpetual enjoyment and undisturbed repose. Public opinion, at whose frown even virtue shrinks and before whom brazen-fronted vice flies dismayed, vented all the venom of its voice against Christianity and affixed the stigma of indelible disgrace upon the act of its profession. The father dragged his own child before the Praetor for cherishing sentiments of favor for the proscribed religion; and, like another Brutus, sacrificed his life upon the altar of paganism's perjured priesthood, for the imaginary welfare of his country.

And yet, in an enlightened period, when the horizon of the literary world was still ablaze with the departing glories of the Augustan era; when the schools of pagan philosophy were more patronized than ever; when the cultivation of the arts and the study of the sciences were so widely prevalent in Egypt, Greece, and Italy, twelve fishermen, members of an ignorant and despised community, who had never frequented the groves of Academus, nor trodden the gardens of the Lyceum; twelve men robed in pilgrims' weeds, and armed with pilgrims' staffs, came to preach at Athens and Rome a strange doctrine of severity; and in the face of long-seated prejudice of opinion; in the face of reproach and calumny; in the face of absolute exposure to contempt, infamy, and death, to set up the hated standard of a new and unpopular religion. When Socrates, though aided by his Daemon, could throw no light on the destiny of man; when Plato could conceive no definite idea of divinity; when Aristotle, Zeno, and all the sects were lost in a labyrinth, without a clue, and without a sign, these unlettered vagrants stood forth undismayed and unwearied, as the chosen vessels of divine illumination, "to justify the ways of God to man," to unfold the schemes of divine Providence, the unsearchable mysteries of the Omnipotent, and the resplendent glories of God's redeeming love.

What power but that which called the stars together, when they

obeyed with trembling, saying, Lo! here we are; which to the sea hath said, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther," and it broke its swelling waves upon the shore; which fixed the sun in the firmament of heaven, and poured its flood of radiance upon the yet unpeopled regions of the earth; what power, in fine, but the power of the Most High God, could, by mere force of persuasion, establish a religion which, after the lapse of 1,900 years, still remains the comfort of the ignorant and the delight of the learned; the consolation of the sorrowing and the joy of the fortunate; which has survived the attacks of its enemies and the defection of its friends, through periods of alternate luxury and barbarism, through changes and revolutions, through the decay of dynasties and the fall of empires, itself alone unshaken and untouched; through the discoveries of science, and the improvements of the arts, and the vagaries of the human mind—itself alone incapable of change, alteration, or improvement.

Is not this renovation of the face of the earth; this restoration of the moral and intellectual world; this resuscitation from the death of pagan ignorance to the life of Christian liberty, light, and love, as sublime a revelation of power as that which was seen when the Saviour stood by the sepulchre at Bethany and Lazarus came forth at His call from the gloomy cerements of the grave?

Not in the ebullition of an insane enthusiasm, like Mahomet, rushing forth with impetuous force and overpowering might from his native peninsula, offering to the conquered idolater no terms but Mohammedanism or death, and to the captive Christian, no option but the Koran or the sword; not murdering recusants with iron-heeled atrocity, razing cities to foundations, and ravaging countries with fire and sword, till not a blade of grass grew, and the hillocks no longer smiled with the beauty of the vine, and the fields no longer curled with the ears of corn; no; but by the power of the Holy Cross of Jesus Christ; by the aid of the omnipotent arm of God; by the tears, by the sighs, and by the sweat of a suffering Saviour; by the grace out-gushing in plenteous streams from the side of a crucified Redeemer, and fertilizing the whole world with the good seed of the Gospel, the religion of Christ was destined to triumph over paganism and idolatry, and like a beautiful vine, to stretch its tendrils to the remotest corners of the earth, that there might be one

sheepfold and one Shepherd who laid down His life that every valley might be filled, the crooked ways made straight, and the rough ways plain, and all flesh might see the salvation of God.

But if state supremacy in Rome was hostile to the Church, the individualism of barbarism was a still more insuperable barrier to the march of her heavenly progress. Here were turbulent passions to subdue, an exaggerated notion of personal liberty to counteract, a haughty and imperious aristocracy to temper and tone down, and a degraded peasantry to elevate to the Christian conception of true manhood. The rapacity and arrogance of feudal barons and the condition of a cringing clergy did not improve the facilities for conversion.

Nearly all the modern civilizations, as the ancient before them, have stood towards the Catholic Church in the relation of opposition. Open or covert, hostility marked the attitude of the medieval civil powers, which, in the current century, has been translated into positive aggression and defiance. Both the social and the political standards, under most civilizations, have run counter to the unity and authority of the Church; but under the starry banner of the greatest, and perchance the last great republic of the world, the Catholic Church shall doubtless behold her mightiest triumphs and most glorious conquests for the faith of Jesus Christ. Here she finds a social condition, founded upon legal equality and natural right, upon which she can build unimpeded the supernatural structure of religion. Here she finds a political order, which, though not in active alliance with religion, places no embargo upon it, but leaves it free and untrammelled. Here she finds a field providentially prepared for her divine action upon mankind, favorable to her growth, and congenial to her spirit and constitution.

In Europe, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, absolutism triumphed everywhere, and erected upon the scanty liberties of the medieval period a temple of tyranny, in which, although the light of literature and the splendor shone with exceeding brilliancy, especially under the French monarchies, nevertheless correct ideas of popular liberty were never more confounded and contemned. But lo! even while these priceless principles of natural right and justice were scorned in the continental countries, in England, France, Spain, and Italy, on the hither side of the Atlantic, amid the pri-

meval forests and the untrodden wilds of the New World, the most advanced theories of human right and human freedom were proclaimed, defended, and accepted, with enthusiastic ardor by an obscure and despised Democracy, as the new political creed of a people destined by God to transcend the bounds of more than imperial power and greatness. Yes; proclaimed here upon the ocean-washed shores of the New World, a liberty which was not unrestrained license, or rampant individualism; a liberty which was not unfriendly to peace and right and justice; a liberty which could brook the restraints of law and was not inconsistent with authority; a liberty, in fine, whose end and aim was unity and authority; a liberty for just and popular government; a moral, civil, federal, constitutional liberty, which all would cheerfully defend with their "lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," as the palladium of a lofty, generous, and high-minded people.

This liberty is the corner-stone of American civilization, for it combines two principles which are usually in conflict in most commonwealths—the spirit of freedom and the spirit of religion. By the founders of our Republic the time-consecrated institutions of the Old World were put aside; the barriers of aristocratic society were broken down; the ancient modes of government were discarded, and the laws and institutions of effete monarchism were relegated to the background, and a new order established, in some essential respects dissimilar to any which had hitherto appeared in the world. In the moral order our great law-givers asserted the rights of conscience and the claims of liberty as consistent with the supremacy of the divine and natural law, but in the political order they proclaimed the maxim of personal independence, which was at the same time jealous and tenacious of authority.

Civil liberty gives admirable scope to the exercise of man's rational faculties, and the largest independence compatible with social security and order is more favorable to religion than the most powerful despotism exerted in behalf of the Church. The Church knows that she has nothing to hope for from kings and emperors, for whose alliance she has always paid a perilous price. She is, therefore, contented with the measure of freedom which she enjoys under the American commonwealth, for she knows that the empire of religion is never more safeguarded than when, upheld by no other arm than

the arm of God, it reigns with loving liberty in the hearts and consciences of her children. The Church lives and works by grace; grace supposes nature, and nature supposes civil, social, and political liberty for its exercise and development. Hence, of this liberty the Church has been the historical expounder and defender.

The great principles of natural right, of justice, equity, equality, and personal freedom, were not born of the incomparable brains which guided the destinies of the infant Republic, but were incorporated into the Constitution of the country by men who had adopted the teachings of the wisest of mankind,—teachings which had been enforced with all the acumen of penetrating genius and intellect, by the theologians and social philosophers of the Catholic Church at every period of her history. An examination of the Federal Constitution, and a comparison of its fundamental provisions with the doctrines of the Church, will evince the fact that this wonderful concordance could arise only from principles flowing from one common fountain, and as the Church was prior to the Republic, that fountain was the inexhaustible treasure of her divine teachings.

The State has always been rated by the Church a Christian institution established for the common good, but to her it is a matter of indifference whether the government be regal or plebeian, feudal or federative, democratic or monarchical, so long as its management be conducted in accordance with those principles of right and justice which take their origin in the law of God.

And, thank God, these are the principles which our governmental founders made the basis and the groundwork of the States of this Republic. Here the individual is not sunk in the supremacy of the State, as in the Roman Empire; and here the State does not lose its identity in the exaggerated importance of the individual, as in the barbaric principalities. Here are no despotic monarchies to steal away the souls of enslaved subjects; and here are no privileged classes, no purse-proud aristocracies to grind the face of God's poor, and to turn the lip of scorn and the malignant eye of pride upon creatures fashioned by the hand of the same God, from the same common clay. Here is no paternal patronizing government sustained by the fawns and cringes of the courtly sycophant; but here is a popular and acknowledged sovereignty rooted in the hearts and affections of an admiring people. Here are none doomed to degrad-

ing servitude; but here all are blessed with the ennobling light of liberty.

Under the starry banner of the great American Republic the Church has, consequently, a field for zealous endeavor which has never been presented to her since the days of her foundation, and for this reason the Sovereign Pontiff turns his eyes towards the Western world with tender interest and hopeful expectation. Her marvellous growth and development, from being half a century ago numerically the weakest community professing the Christian religion, to the most powerful and flourishing at the present hour, comprising one Apostolic Delegate, one Cardinal, fourteen Archbishops, seventy-three Bishops, nearly ten thousand priests, and ten millions of faithful members, gives wonderful promise for the future, and bids fair to predestine her to become the grandest and most extensive portion of God's kingdom upon this earth. Here the Church's growth is as inevitable as the flow of time. Here she can lift her heavenly voice to the listening ears of men who are concerned with maintaining those inalienable rights which, God-given and God-guarded, are the prerogatives of freemen; to the ears of men who are not phantoms, or ciphers, but recognized factors in the body politic. Here, too, it is in her power to repel those ancient calumnies of ignorance and tyranny which from age to age have been alleged against her; and here she can show to the world that she loves nothing better than light, and fears naught but darkness.

The service of the Church is a reasonable service. Blind, unreasoning obedience forms no part of her theology. She always furnishes the motives for the obedience and subjection she demands, for with her the rights of nature and the just rights of man have ever been supremely paramount.

Then what prevents that Americans should be attracted towards a Church which, as she first gave to the world, so has she always defended those precious principles on which the superb structure of American liberty was founded? Identity of principles should beget similarity of thought and action. The relation between the civil order, as founded in the Constitution, and the moral order, as supported by the Church, is one of harmony and adaptation. Why may not those bonds be more closely cemented? Why not look hopefully forward to the day when men shall behold a far more perfect

unison and equivalence between Church and State, and a more perfect order of Christian progress than any the centuries have witnessed? The greatest Catholic intellect that has yet appeared upon this continent believes it to be the mission of the Church to reconcile liberty with authority; and Archbishop Ryan deems it to be, to combine unity with multiplicity, which, in the moral order, is the same as that of the Republic in the civil: *E pluribus unum*. But whichever formula be correct, where shall be found that unity and authority without which liberty is a delusion, and multiplicity a name, which is essential to all government, and to maintain which Americans poured out life and treasure with eagerness and joy—where shall men find its exemplification and fulfilment, without impairment of individual liberty, and without negation of civil authority, outside of the Catholic Church?

Independence inclines men to be self-willed and self-opinionated. Freedom of thought, like freedom of action, is peculiar to democracy. The consciousness of equality begets insubordination, but at the same time it seeks unity, simplicity, and impartiality in the powers that govern society. Political views are easily transferred to the realm of religion, and as men look for unity in the political order, so are they led to seek it in religion; and it is easier for them to conceive that there should be no religion at all than that there should be many, or, as with us, one for each day of the year.

Hence, though it unfortunately happens that men in democracies are little favorable to religion, yet as soon as, by the action of grace, they obtain sufficient interior illumination to dispose them towards religion at all, they feel a powerful propensity towards the Catholic Church, and though awed by her doctrines, are charmed by her discipline, authority, and her grand and matchless unity.

Again, the Church is no alien on these shores. Her history here runs parallel with the civil history of the nation. She wants not to Americanize herself, but she wants all her children to be Americans. The vast majority of Catholics are now all American in thought and purpose, in hope and aspiration. In the vanguard of civilization stands America to-day. She is in the forefront of the fight. She is the civil mistress of the world. She courts war with nobody, and there is none for her to fear. Her progress is ever onward; her face is towards the morning star. She is endowed with all the elements of success.

She has French activity, British endurance, Italian intellect, Spanish chivalry, Irish bravery, German pertinacity, and the unique gift of genius and enterprise characteristic of New England. She hates despotism; she abhors Cæsarism; she dreads centralization. So does the Church, for these governments are deadly foes of both Church and State, religion and society.

The Church must flourish, for she is untrammelled here. She has no party affiliations. Her fortunes are not linked with any government or any party. Such entanglements were forced upon her in the past. History has recorded the result. She wants no more of such alliances. Catholicity, with Catholics, is no test of political preferment. Catholicity has no recommendation but its truth, no claims but its merits, no demands but "a free field and no favor." Despotism militates against the Church; the Church for religion's sake, and humanity's sake, takes her stand as the unalterable foe of despotism. When she struck the shackles from the limbs of the nations, then, and then only, men revelled in the sunshine of freedom, glowed with renewed hopefulness and life.

The Church is not committed to any nationality. The national spirit is repugnant to her heart, inimical to her genius, destructive of her unity, the principle of her growth. No nationality, then, is needed here, but that which is the nationality of Americans. Men are not, indeed, to forget the instincts of the heart, and cease to love the spot of their birth. But they are to learn the highest patriotism for the land of their adoption. "Not that I love Cæsar less, but that I love Rome more." All must submit to the process of assimilation and absorption. It is manifest destiny; it is eternal fitness in the law of national development. Each day carries on the work of unification. The American population comprises the best constituents of the European nationalities, all rapidly amalgamating into one homogeneous people, distinguished by a lofty spirit of independence and an invincible love of liberty.

We have two characters to maintain—that of citizen and that of Catholic. The one involves the services which we owe to society, including the functions of public servants and the duties of the governed towards the laws; the other takes cognizance of those religious obligations imposed by God, and referred to man's final end and future destiny. These two are distinct, as to laws, government,

and authority. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's."

They are, in their nature, separate, and, to use the old comparison, like two parallel lines, which, by the smallest inclination, lose their identity. The two orders are in concert and correspondence; not in subordination or dependence, rendering reciprocal support like the State and Federal governments under our Constitution.

The civil ruler has the right to command, but as his authority is purely temporal, it cannot, without sacrilegious usurpation, extend to the domain of the spiritual.

But Christ gave His Church authority over all her children. Men may be born kings or emperors, but they are not born Christians, nor do they become such until they are incorporated into the unity of the Church by the sacrament of Baptism. Over them she claims authority, but such authority only as Christ gave to her as the spiritual mother of mankind when He said: "All power is given to Me."

To the domain of temporals that does not extend, save so far as temporals are necessary for the independence of the Sovereign Pontiff and the support of religion. In matters temporal, the Church always recognized the civil jurisdiction even over herself, and Jesus Christ Himself wrought a miracle to pay tribute to a heathen emperor. The Church commands obedience to the civil power, for he that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God. And were the Pope (I make the allusion with all reverence) to command resistance to the civil authority lawfully constituted, Catholics would say, we respect the keys but not the sword of Peter. When a pusillanimous king laid his crown and kingdom at the feet of the Pontiff, it was a Catholic, Archbishop Langton, and Catholic barons who rose up to resist the man, who, unmindful of the nature and sanctity of his office, abused the Papal prerogatives. If some sought to depose sovereigns, it is satisfactory to remember that this doctrine was repudiated by Pius the VII. in his letter to the Irish bishops in 1791.

"Who is here so base that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended." Therefore, we must identify ourselves with our country; reverence its laws and institutions, and accept them with loyalty of mind and heart, so long as they do not in-

fringe our liberties or invade our conscience. We should have a pride in the grandeur and glory of the American commonwealth, and should cherish its fame and honor with unfaltering devotion. The rising generations have the future in their hands, and in proportion as they understand the civil order, and the genius of the country, in the same proportion can they benefit religion. There are stout hearts, luxuriant genius, fiery activity, ardent zeal, among them. They need care and guidance. They are, many of them, drifting into indifference, often the fruit of unkindness and neglect. Give them scope and encouragement. Don't chide their inexperience, and pluck the flower of hope from their young hearts—hearts as yet sympathetic with naught but what is beautiful and real around them; do not frown upon those upturned faces—faces as yet unprofaned and fresh from the mint of nature. Teach them obedience, teach them loyalty, teach them patriotism and devotion to their country. Here they have to live, and here they have to thrive. This country is their country; its laws, its liberties, and its glory are their birthright and inheritance forever.

Catholics do not always command that respect and confidence which they should. Why so? Because they have been pusillanimous and faint-hearted. Because they have not always lived up to the teachings of their holy faith. Because they do not always respect themselves. As the world helps those who help themselves, so it respects those who respect themselves. Why should Catholics always be hewers of wood and drawers of water? Fire of intellect is not wanting to them, neither strength of arm. If they are not undisputed masters of more of the broad acres of this Republic, it is because the sense of acquisition has not been properly developed, and they have been deficient in thrift, economy, and industry. Are Catholic electors purer than those of other religions? Have they never tampered with the sacredness of the ballot? When

“ Infamous venality grown bold
Writes on its bosom, ‘ To be let or sold,’ ”

have Catholics always spurned the damning bribe? Rum has been classed with Romanism and Rebellion. Have Catholics, in their individual capacity, given no ground for the charge? We abhor fanaticism, and we have no sympathy with those who indulge an in-

discriminating denunciation of traffickers in liquor; but we do affirm that if the greed of gold lead a man into a phase of business which, however it enriches him, impoverishes and demoralizes thousands, better to live in rags, to die in penury and loneliness, and be buried in potter's field, than to finger wealth which comes to its possessor laden with the curses of broken-hearted widowhood, and wet with the scalding tears of famished, homeless orphans.

The Catholic Church is the hope of America. The spirit of true Americanism is the spirit of Catholicity, which is as broad as humanity, as comprehensive as the race, and for this reason the Church is, and will be, a great fact and factor in American civilization. The influence of the hierarchy grows apace. The Bishop is a civil administrator, as well as a spiritual ruler, and he holds in his hands the title-deeds of property aggregating hundreds of millions. The effects of his office extend even outside the pale of his own communion to those who are arrayed against the Church in force of political prejudice or social policy. The incomparable discipline of the Catholic Church; her stability, even as a temporal institution; her order, her government, and her conservative policy amidst change, friction, and agitation in the social order, are every day exercising a salutary, if unseen, influence upon the character of the American people.

The most ardent admirers of the Republic have regarded with apprehension the complex and conflicting elements, the party jealousies, the sectional divisions, and the religious differences which abound in the bosom of the commonwealth; and very recently the cry of alarm has been raised in consequence of occurrences which are the natural outcome of the vast varieties of character, so distinct in form and feature, and often so antagonistic in thought and sentiment, which have their home in America.

Should the spirit of sectionalism ever succeed in estranging the people of the North from the people of the South, or those of the East from those in the West, Americans might deplore what Daniel Webster deprecated, and might "see the sun shining upon the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; upon States discordant, dissevered, and belligerent, and upon land drenched, it might be, in fraternal blood." Should the spirit of liberty overleap its proper bounds, and common rights and privileges give birth to

insubordination and defiance of authority, Americans might say farewell to that peace, that protection and prosperity which now they prize as the apple of their eye and the tendrils of their heart. Should the spirit of religious rancor, engendered by the blind bigotry of sectarianism, ever exercise potency or sway, extermination would be the calamitous result, and what is now religion would become revolution, chaos, anarchy, and disorder.

That equality which is the birthright of every citizen; that liberty of opinion and freedom of expression which men enjoy in everything; that independence of character which marks the very tread and visage of those born upon American soil, is both a blessing and a bane. It is, indeed, a glorious inheritance, and would always be as beneficial in its effects, as it is divine in its origin, were it not for the corruption of human nature and force of human passion. But, alas! man is still a child of clay; his virtues are tinctured with the slime of which he is compounded; his wisdom runs to folly, his liberty to licentiousness, and he who was fashioned in the sweet similitude of God, walks the ways of sin and follows on his toilsome journey, a frail and darkened image.

But is there "no balm in Gilead," "no divine physician" here? Where is the remedy? Not in the exercise of parental authority over those who brook no restraint. Not in the operation of law, when the law itself is ignored. Not in the process of enlightenment, for those who choose to follow the darkness. Not in the institutions of democracy; there liberty runs riot. Not in the abridgment of liberty—God forbid.

Some power is required to tame the unruly ardor of the passions, to teach the laws of duty and the love of country, to fuse incongruous and discordant elements into a harmonious whole—to do this some power is demanded of higher origin and more harmonizing influence than police regulations, or the arm of the civil code.

That power is the Catholic Church. She can defend our land, our liberty, and our civilization against these ripening dangers. To the zeal and wisdom of the divinely chosen ministers of God a scheme has been unfolded and a mission assigned. The clergy of that Church, "the heirs of the first pilgrims of the Cross," have come to seek their inheritance. They have come to glean the harvest of the New World, and claim the continent for Christ. The record of

the services they have rendered; the example they have given; the Gospel which they preach; the loyalty and devotion which they exhibited—these constitute the claims which they set forth to demand a hearing, and taking neither gold nor silver, seeking neither power nor emolument, they come as the barbingers of peace and unity, to bring the boon of authority and liberty, the bulwarks and basis of the State, by teaching to every man that wisdom which maketh wise unto salvation. They come to mould the minds and hearts of men to the laws of heaven and humanity; to blend all into one brotherhood, and mould all, under the influence of the Church's heavenly hand, to the highest character of citizenship and Christian manhood. They come to shed upon all the gladdening rays of God's holy Gospel, and succor and support man's fallen and degraded nature. They come to draw from the precious legacy left them by the Lord Jesus Christ, that code of morals, that spirit of discipline, those unchangeable canons of conduct which alone can restrain the impetuous ardor of the passions, curb the sallies of perverse inclinations, check the social disorders that afflict society, and captivate the heart of the savage as well as the mind of the philosopher. They come to teach the exercise of prayer, the practice of morality, the value of purity, the sanctity of marriage, brotherly love and tolerant charity, and the laws of obedience and responsibility for governors and governed. Enlightened by the sad experience of the Church in Europe, they look upon the emancipation of the Church from State control which obtains in this land, as a sure indication of the permanent progress of both Church and State. And they know that, *as far as the laws of God allow*, the outward economy of religion must be engrafted upon the national character, and must, as far as possible, reflect the laws and institutions of the land, and not oppose them.

It is one of the extraordinary attributes of the Catholic Church that it is adapted to all governments. Across the ocean both republics and monarchies recognized her rule and professed her creed, and here, too, the day will come when the great democracy of the New World will admit her merits and her influence. They come, likewise, to proclaim her peerless and impregnable unity. That unity it is that has enabled her to be the largest community that lays claim to the Christian name; that has extended her glorious

empire over both hemispheres' of the world; that has produced her marvellous and irresistible march along the centuries; that has carried her triumphantly through sorrow and oppression, enduring the cross and despising shame, like the thorn-crowned King who rules her destinies. It is this unity which empowers her priesthood to preach with authority the good seed of the Gospel; which calls millions from idolatry and ignorance into the light of the one true faith; which creates the unshaken allegiance of her followers to the rock of Peter; which, by its vivifying spirit, has enabled her to surmount all persecution, to cast aside the bandages of mourning, to shine in the full-orbed splendor of her mission, and to come forth in this new hemisphere, arrayed in majesty and beauty, the one, universal, incorruptible Church of the God of glory and His eternal Son, Jesus Christ.

That Church seeks no government support, and no national endowment. Government assistance means government dependence, and such dependence is the ruin of religion. The Catholic hierarchy in the United States love their liberty, rejoice in their independence, and know the power which their present status gives them for advancing the interests of religion and benefiting society. As the ambassadors of God they follow on their saintly way, beacon lights of sanctity and civilization, approved of earth and registered in heaven.

"To guard the religion of this young Republic from annihilation; to curb the turbulent passions of a fierce and impetuous, but proud and enlightened democracy; to reduce to harmony and order the discordant and conflicting elements of the greatest and most extensive country of free government that the sun ever shone upon; to crystallize the sympathies, the sentiments, the hopes and thoughts of the whole American people into one incomparable and magnificent temple of morality and religion"—this is the mission of the Catholic Church in America.

That Church has manifold claims upon the American Republic. She furnished the fathers with the true principles of civil and religious liberty. Their proclamation of individual freedom was but the echo of Pope Alexander the Third's words, when, in the twelfth century, he declared that nature had made no slaves, and that all men had equal rights to life and liberty. Thus it was that here on

the virgin soil of America the star of constitutional liberty rose as the harbinger of the new day, though as it first gleamed above the horizon its chaste light was colored by the mists and exhalations of the morning.

The Constitution of the United States is a Catholic document. It embodies the great Magna Charta wrested from the tyrant John by Archbishop Langton on the plains of Runnymede, the right of representation to justify taxation taught by Pope Zachary years ago.

Nothing came from Europe but a free people bearing the seeds of liberty which they had gathered from the granaries of the Catholic Church. Like the perpetual fire in the Sanctuary of the prophet of sorrows, the light of faith and the fire of freedom burned in the land of Calvert, but from its feeble flame the torch of constitutional liberty was lighted, which now floods every corner of our land with its benign radiance and genial glow.

But as they were the heralds of religion, so the Catholic clergy were the pioneers of civilization in this land. Bishop Lynch, of Charleston, some years ago startled the world by the announcement that there was a pre-Columbian history of our continent in the archives of the Catholic Church. America, called Great Ireland, was discovered by St. Brendan in the sixth century. It may be that New England bishops can claim sees from Bishops John and Eric, who in the middle ages built churches, shed their blood, and founded the Catholic Republic of America before a Puritan set foot on Plymouth Rock, and before a Plantagenet or a Tudor wielded the sceptre of an Alfred or an Ethelred. In 1494 Father Boyle, twelve priests, and 150 Catholics planted the Cross of Christ on these shores. From those days onward they came to gladden the New World with the light of the Gospel, even while they perished like the leaves in Vallombrosa's vale. There was one of them, who, at the call of duty, left his order to rule the nascent American Church, the illustrious Archbishop Carroll, of Baltimore. His word was as a two-edged sword cutting keen and trenchant like a Damascus blade. Many stole his arrows, but few could bend his bow. With an eye blazing like crushed diamonds, a will imperious as the mountain storm, an intellect burning with the volcanic fire of intelligence, a heart broad as humanity, comprehensive as the race, and a hand moved by destiny and upheld by God, he planted the tree of the

Cross of Jesus Christ so deeply in the soil of this continent that it shall stand forever, until the last throb of the pulse of time, as the symbol of God's sovereignty over the confederation of these States, as the seal of Christ's redemption, against all the assaults of hell, to the whole American people.

Shall we be less courageous than our predecessors? Shall we, through supine neglect, or cowardice, permit the prize to be borne from our grasp? Behold, the time speeds quickly, the last days are at hand. We are the spiritual husbandmen of Jesus Christ; the heart of America is our field of labor; Christianity is our cause and God is our commander. The harvest is ripe and heavy, but the gleaners go not forth to gather the golden grain. Shall we not put our hand to the plow, and shall we forbear our toil? No, while the doorstones serve for pulpits, and while our tongues are unwrenched from our mouths, we must not cease to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation, to preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and to hurl the damnation of God upon the head of him who seeks to uproot religion on the soil of the Republic. A new age is upon us, not of persecution, but of trial. The Church is about to be sifted, the wheat from the chaff; the first to be gathered into the garner of God, the second to make fuel for fire. Now it is to be proved who are Christ's and who are not; and who will follow with their Christ to Calvary, and who, saving their lives, shall yet lose them. A few centuries may witness more than we now dream. What a privilege it will be to live when Catholicity shall be received as the religion of this Republic, and when all shall be actuated by the same principles of faith that governed Christ and His Apostles! I behold before my mental eye visions of peace and happiness which the Catholic Church is to convert into blessed realities. But no, they are not dreams or visions, but realities as surely to be experienced in fullness, as the towering oak is to grow when I see the acorn planted, or the man, when I behold a child.

We have here a grand and beautiful country. So extensive a State has never, perhaps, been endowed with institutions so favorable to the common good, to all the arts of peace, to national growth and prosperity. The Egyptian civilization was carried into Greece, and Grecian civilization was, in turn, transferred to Rome, and by her conquering arms was borne to the banks of the blue Danube, to Gaul

and Britain, when Cæsar descried the white cliffs of Albion, and sought to add the laurels of the western island to his famous conquests. Rome had a noble destiny; the destiny of Britain was grander still; but the splendor and magnificence of the mission of the United States will cast into the deepest shade the achievements of the nations of antiquity, and eclipse the glory of every other modern people.

The supremacy of the people, under God, is here everywhere maintained. The laws and institutions of the land are upheld with patriotic loyalty and devotion, and though European despots had predicted the early decline of the Republic, now, after more than a century of national existence, checkered by the ravages of two deadly conflicts, the institutions of democracy give no sign of decay, and flourish in their original vigor and integrity. European nations, almost without exception, long for change; the thin edge of the wedge of democracy has already entered England; other states seem to stand on the verge of a volcano; some may soon labor in the throes of revolution; discontent, unrest, and hungry expectation may disturb the minds of the masses, and give cause for general alarm; but here we are at peace, and enjoy all the rights of liberty under the undisputed reign of law. Our form of government engages the admiration, and our Constitution the adhesion of an intelligent and freedom-loving people. Our vessels' keels cleave every wave, our sails are furled in countless foreign harbors, our enterprise is borne to every clime. Every man here has the ownership of himself. He is free to enjoy the results of his labors, to declare the convictions of his mind, to share in the making of the laws, and in selecting the rulers of the nation. And we are a God-fearing people. Religion is neither proscribed nor supported by the government, but fixed in the enlightened convictions and graven on the receptive hearts of a people who, with the first illustrious President of the Republic, believe that, aside from morality and religion, the foundations of a State are laid on yielding sand, which is constantly overrun by the waves of social convulsion, or the blood-red waters of revolution, anarchy, and ruin. Our progress is without parallel or precedent.

Not long ago, our vast territory beyond the Mississippi was an immense waste, where the rank vegetation grew unbidden, and the prairie wolf roamed unscared. Not a single mark of civilization of

our modern type anywhere appeared, nor a monument erected by the skill and contrivance of the hand of man.

But the destinies of a nation are not guided by the star of blind fate, nor the hand of accident, but by the unerring and controlling government of the all-ruling providence of God, and under His protecting care we can trace the path of our country's progress, and follow the steps by which God has conducted her to the lofty summits of her grandeur and her glory.

Soon, very soon, indeed, the memorable quarter-centennial year, the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of this Republic, will be here and gone; and when it has become an epoch of the past, our beloved country will have entered on a still brighter period of her ever-onward and glorious march. Long and earnestly has this time been looked for; fondly has it been anticipated; and when it shall have come, grandly will it be celebrated.

Were it permitted the indomitable Genoese traveller, who in his fancied passage to far Cathay, discovered to mankind another world, to be present at the festivities and rejoicings of the year 1893, how smilingly would he behold the thrifty and prosperous nation spring up as if by magic in the land in which he planted the Cross of Christ four hundred years ago. Would not the immortal Washington and his compatriots, if looking on the scene, see in it an almost perfect realization of their hopes and dreams, when struggling to establish the liberties of their country?

America's progress, during the last one hundred years, in all the arts and sciences, in the cause of human freedom, in civilization, and in Christianity itself, is the marvel of the world, and must be an object of admiration, not alone to those who glory in the title of "civis Americanus," but to every enlightened mind who has acquaintance with her history.

The colossal world-exhibition, to be inaugurated and perfected in the great city of Chicago, in commemoration of this progress, as well as of the discovery of the continent, is a project worthy of the American people, and will, we make no doubt, be so conducted as to present another proof of the genius and enterprise which they possess. The tact and energy of those who conceived it will not suffer it to fail, but will carry it to a successful and glorious issue. The good results thence to come are beyond all present computation. And how magnificent the sight in the city of Chicago!

In the vast and imposing buildings which will be constructed, we shall see displayed in endless variety, not only all the products and manufactures of America, all the monuments of Yankee genius and American mind, but those likewise of every nation on the face of the green globe. Machinery so complicated and useful, so wondrously constructed as to dim by comparison the triumphs of human skill in ages past; works of art whose grandeur will baffle all powers of description; there will be seen, in rich and varied profusion, all the productions of nature, side by side with all the inventions of highly cultivated art.

Will not the contemplation of this display be a powerful incentive to renewed endeavor, and will it not teach new lessons of enterprise and industry? Will it not stimulate the already proverbial activity of the American people, and give a fresh impulse to every field of endeavor among the awakening and semi-civilized nations of the East, who now owe a mighty debt to the emulation evoked among them by commercial contact with the people of this country? Will it not conduce to the establishment of that harmonious and fraternal feeling, the dream of optimistic philosophers, which, it is expected, must one day exist among the nations of the earth? Let us at least indulge that hope.

Let us rejoice in the forthcoming celebration of the discovery of this land. Let us rejoice that an international exhibition will be held; for we, who are Catholics, who glory in the triumph of our holy Mother, may feel a pardonable pride in the part she has played in the marvellous history of this country. To us it must always be an inexpressible satisfaction to remember that the corner-stone of the great fabric of American freedom was quarried, cut, and placed securely in its place by Lord Baltimore and his little colony of Catholics, when they proclaimed, defended, and first reduced to living practice the sacred and priceless principles of civil and religious liberty. To them, in great measure, belongs the honor of paving the way to make the Republic the highway of freedom, the home of manly independence, the asylum within whose wide-embracing walls the down-trodden and oppressed of every clime have found shelter and security from the persecutions of fanaticism and intolerance.

Remembering her glorious history upon the shores of the New

World, so closely blended with the civil history of the nation, the American people will discern that she is not the enemy, but the true friend of progress, and the most powerful ally of civilization in the Western world; that she is the soul and inspiration of art, and the foster-mother of light and liberty.

No international exhibition can be held in this or any other land in which the splendors of the Catholic Church will not shine like the stars in the firmament.

But all is not happiness and prosperity in this favored land of ours; all is not liberty of conscience in this liberty-loving land of ours.

The American people, it is true, are, in the main, virtuous, and they are generally generous and just; and they sometimes suffer their judgment to be beclouded by the mists of bigotry and intolerance. It is true that America, as a nation, has never flagrantly violated the holy principles of religious freedom; and yet, there are those upon her soil who regard us with suspicion and distrust, and who are aiming to deprive the Catholic Church of her sacred prerogatives, and her children of those inalienable rights to which they have established their claim by their unswerving fidelity to her laws, and their gallant services in her defense when the implacable foe threatened ruthlessly to destroy her.

Be it ours to remove this unfounded prejudice from the minds of our fellow-citizens, to extirpate it from the land and banish it forever. Let us perform those duties which are incumbent on us as electors in the State and as members of the Church, with God-fearing diligence, and we shall contribute not a little to the accomplishment of this end, so "devoutly to be wished." Let us endeavor to let our light so shine before men, that, being overpowered by the influence of our example, the rectitude of our conduct, and the purity of our lives, they may soon perceive their false conception of our tenets and principles; and, having cast aside all bigotry and prejudice, they may come to regard us with feelings of fellowship and love, and finally be led into the companionship of that faithful flock which has but one fold and one Shepherd.

VII.

THE SONG OF SALVATION.

OPENING OF AN ORGAN, ST. MARY'S CHURCH, HOBOKEN, N. J.

"O LORD GOD, Almighty King, Thou hast made heaven and earth and all things that are under the cope of heaven." God is the primeval Author of all things. "He spoke and they were made; He commanded and they were created." At the formation of the universe His Spirit brooded over the chaotic deep. His voice rang through the vast and yawning void, thrilling every pulse and artery of time, and commanding order from tumultuous Babel, and the song of heavenly harmony evoked by the fiat of the great Creator's call will sound through the radiant archways of the world till time shall be no more. The sun which He has made to cheer our sight by day will shine for cycles yet to come; through hoary ages the silent stars will shimmer in the vault of night; the lordly rivers will roll with perennial motion from their sources to the sea; the swift revolution of events and the changes of the seasons will proceed in their perpetual round till the world shall, at length, decay with age, and a new heaven and a new earth shall then succeed. But amid these wonderful changes of the visible creation, God in His glory shall ever shine with undiminished light in one uninterrupted permanence of eternity. "In the beginning, O Lord! Thou didst found the earth, and the heavens are the work of Thy hands. They shall perish, but Thou shalt remain; they shall grow old as a garment, and as a vesture Thou shalt change them, and they shall be changed. But Thou Thyself art the self-same, and Thy years shall not fail."

God alone is eternal and unchangeable. There is nothing permanent under the sun. Change is the condition of finite existence. The bud opens to let out the rose; the acorn shoots into the oak;

the seed springeth up into the flower; the smiling babe becomes the chattering child, and the child expands into the thoughtful man.

Development is the law of life; progress is the fruit of humanity. Development is growth, and growth is a vital act. Human growth is along the lines of humanity. It corresponds with nature and its environments. On one side it is in the limited and finite order, in that it is mutable, variable, and progressive. On the other it is in the uncreated and eternal order, in that it depends for continuous existence upon the unchangeable life of an eternal principle in whom all things live and move and have their being.

To live is to correspond with our environments; to correspond with our environments is to use them, to subdue them, to make them subservient to the necessities of our being. When man first issued from his Maker's hand, he was clothed with the control of his faculties and dominion of the earth. "The earth He gave to the children of men." Man is, therefore, the maker of his destiny; he holds his life in his hands.

The moment the new-born child awakes to the consciousness of existence, he finds himself in a world whose laws and forces seem to be in contradiction to his nature. How grand, how majestic is man! How weak, how impotent! Under one respect the Darwinian hypothesis has foundation in fact; life is a struggle for existence. Man has not the strength of the lion; the fleetness of the deer; the endurance of the dromedary. Time was, some think, when he lived a painful and laborious life, making his home in caves, clothing himself in skins, or, may be, as an aboriginal savage, he squatted in morasses, lurking for bestial or human prey, and glaring fiercely under his fleece of hair which reached to his loins and hung about him like a matted cloak.

But as a means of self-protection, he possesses liberty and intelligence. By the well-directed exercise of his God-given powers, he acquires a knowledge and mastery of the world around him, and by the exercise of his liberty he changes, modifies, and reconstructs it for his use and benefit.

By the labor of his hands he arrests the growth of deserts; fells opposing forests; levels obstructing mountains; fills yawning chasms; builds pathways over streams; constructs habitations for shelter; provides raiment for the body, and effects those prodigious

transformations which claim the praise of civilization. He measures the space in which he moves; counts the objects which pass before his vision; observes the action and the properties of bodies; resolves matter into its first elements, and creates the physical and mathematical sciences. He wrests her secrets from the womb of Nature; pierces the gloomy caverns of the under world; breaks down the barriers that oppose his progress; draws the lightning from the clouds; converts the raindrops into the awful energy of steaming vapor; alters air with dynamic force; summons all the powers and energies of Nature to execute his bidding; and then scrutinizing the principles and laws that govern his industry, he generates the noble science of political economy.

In the exercise of his intelligence he observes the social character of his nature, sees that he maintains relations with his fellows, and besides the useful and the necessary, he perceives the ideas of right and justice, property and government, and constitutes the State for the enforcement of legal rights and duties, that the peaceable exercise of liberty and reciprocal equality may be maintained. Nor is this all.

When an enchanting landscape, mountains of lofty and harmonious proportions, grateful and intoxicating odors, brilliant and variegated colors, melodious and rhythmical sounds strike his senses and appeal to his imagination, he forms the notion of the beautiful, commences æsthetic culture, and builds from the world of Nature a world of art, in which he seeks to reflect the hidden glories of divinity itself.

Nay, if endowed with a soul attuned to Nature's harmonies, he finds the nectar on which his spirit feeds in the petals and volutes of the flower, in the umbrageous stillness of grotts and caves, in the purling of silvery streams, in the bright orbs that shine in the firmament, in the vermilion-tinted sky, in the salvos of the rolling thunder, in the blue haze of distant mountains, in the bright verdure of the valleys, in the waving of the grain-fields, in the bleating of the flocks, in the lowing of the kine, in the glow-worm's twinkling light, in the pearly dewdrops, in the pattering of the rain, in the driving sleet, in the rainbow's dazzling hues—in all the myriad sights and sounds that cheer, elevate, purify, and ennoble the great high heart of humanity.

He finds it in the sighing of the breeze, the moaning of the night-wind, the rushing of the tempest; in the surges that lash the rock-bound shore, the repining of the forests, in the night-fowl that complain to the moon, in the tenderness of twilight, in the fair and beauteous cheek of dawn, in the diamond light of day, in the color of the rose, the perfume of the violet, in the sweet-scented breath of May, in the brown and russet vesture of October, and the ermined and crystalline robes of Winter. He beholds it in the noble figure of man—the flash of his genius, the fire of his intellect, the strength of his arm, the skill and cunning of his hand, his courage, his intrepidity, his valor, and his enterprise. He beholds it in the graceful form of woman, the glory of her carriage, the majesty of her movement, the lustre of her eye, the damask tint upon her cheek; in her patience, her endurance, her tenderness, in the all-conquering power of her devotion, her faith, her hope, and her love. He beholds it in lofty aspirations, superhuman motives, sublime impulses, valorous and chivalrous deeds, self-sacrifice, self-renunciation, and all that makes for the grandeur, nobility, and dignity of humankind and the glory and honor of the race.

Such are the phenomena on which the soulful child of Nature feeds, like the fabled god on Ambrosia; these manifold forms, sounds, colors, odors, sentiments, feelings, aspirations, furnish him with sensations of exquisite pleasure, lofty inspiration, inexpressible delight; yes they delight, but do not satisfy the soul; for how can the dewdrop quench the sun, or the brooklet overflow the sea?

In the very constitution of humanity are revealed the cravings of a higher nature; the deathless aspiration of a soul which no terrene delights can satiate; an impulse, a tendency to a boundless, pure happiness which time-born things may indicate, but never can bestow. When the soulful child of song tunes his lyre to duplicate by expression the delights his sensibility receives from the spirit of beauty about him, it is because his enthusiastic aspirations discern in the distance something unattainable under heaven's dome. Perennial and immortal in the heart of man burns an unquenchable thirst which can be allayed only in the crystal springs of Paradise. Like a flash of light in the darkness of the tempest, amid the storm and gloom of this lower sphere man gains a glimpse of the glories beyond the boundaries of a fallen world, and so incessantly sighs for

the gold-bright light of God, and frantically struggles to grasp the infinite, supernal loveliness whose entrancing joys gush forth, in salient streams, from the fountain of felicity itself. This is the hope which springs eternal in the human breast. Whenever painting, poetry, sculpture, music, song, and those beauties which are intrinsic to the essence of the nobler arts, passionately and uncontrollably stir the finer feelings and emotions of the heart, then the soul is transported beyond itself. As the flush of dawn heralds the glory of the day, the human beauty is a hint or a reflection of the divine, and with a cry of wild, impatient longing, sad because unsatisfied, joyful because expectant, the soul stretches out the intense energy of its efforts to picture, to conceive, nay to grasp, at once and eternally, the balmy bliss, of which, on earth, we catch but faint and transient gleams. This divine Ideal, it is, that imparts to art the power of touching and moving the human heart. It is the animating soul which makes exanimate existences instinct with an incorporate life and beauty, and robes, with an ethereal and refined loveliness, the material things of time.

By the influence of music, more than by any other power, perhaps, the soul obtains the vision of that supernal essence it longs so much to see. It feels, under music's magic spell, itself upborne to the rosy atmosphere where beauty dwells full-orbed, unclouded and divine. We seem to feel that from an earthly instrument come cadences that fall from earthly harps in heaven.

“ Seated one day at the organ,”
 I was weary and ill at ease,
 And my fingers wandered idly
 Over the noisy keys.
 I know not what I was playing,
 Or what I was dreaming then,
 But I struck one chord of music
 Like the sound of a grand Amen!”

Man was made for heaven. All things tend according to the impulse of their first creation. Bodies gravitate towards the centre of the earth; the soul aspires above. Man's impatience will not rest. He longs to place his finger upon the primal Spring of being; to seize the motive power that rolls the suns and lights the stars; to bathe, at once, in dreams of seraphs; “to become twin brother

with the angels"; to feel the flashing of their wings, to clasp them in his embrace; to sing the songs the angels sing,—to mount, strong, radiant, glorious, into the ethereal essence of supernal Beauty. In the effort to reach out his arms to the realms of rosy joy, his imagination bodies forth forms and sounds which reflect beauty even more than the beauty of nature or of art. It is the soul picture of the Creator. Without it art is folly, nature is chaos. Its hues are all of heaven, and religion alone can limn its features. Chained to the concrete conditions of sense, man sees but multitudinous forms of an outward world, but in the sunlight of religion he discerns the cause of all the forms, forces, and perfections of the creation around him. Beyond the world of art, of industry, of nature, and of fancy man must conceive a God. A world without God is an incomprehensible enigma; a God without a world is to man a myth.

"Thou art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see,
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee."

When the pious pilgrim goes forth at eventide of Summer to gaze upon the lovely features of the landscape, will not instructive thought flash athwart the beautiful expanse to God:

"Beautiful world shining around me,
Manifold, million-hued wonders confound me;
From earth, sea and starry sky, meadows and mountains
Eagerly gushes life's magical fountains.
Thou quick-teeming world though scoffers may blame thee,
I adore and worship the God who hath framed thee."

When as a bridegroom in his bridal chamber man goeth to commune with nature "in the cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour, to meditation due and sacred song," he finds

"A tongue in every flame
And hears a voice in every wave."

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is a society where none intrudes
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.

I love not man the less, but nature more,
 From these our interviews in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the universe and feel
 What I can ne'er express and cannot all conceal."

There is a sweetness in the morning air upon the mountain-top,
 when the sun bathes with light the roseate sky, and

"The morn her sunlit steps
 Adorning sows the hills with Orient pearls."
 "I love upon the mountain-top to watch the sun
 Spring from the ocean-bed, with joyous leap,
 And start exultant in his grand career."

We behold Him who formeth the mountains, created the winds,
 and walketh upon the high places of the earth, not only when the
 torrents leap, and the whirlwinds roar; when abyss calls unto abyss
 in the voice of many waters; but also when the zephyr softly mur-
 murs, and the streamlet whispers low,—

"Combined with the gentle minstrelsy of the grove,
 The song of birds,—the distant waterfall,
 The leafy whisper of the wood, the hum
 Of insect life,—rude sounds! but yet they come
 In likeness of vibrations musical.
 And thus the poetry of common things
 Awakes a spiritual verdure in the heart
 And sends up the dew of thought to God."

The slightest reverberation of the air is like the archangel's voice
 calling, not to the dome

"Where crumbling arch and column
 Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
 But to that Fane, most Catholic and solemn,
 Which God hath planned.
 To that Cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
 Whose quenchless lamps, the sun and moon and sky,
 Its choir the winds and waves,—its organ thunder,
 Its vault the sky."

Pause and admire the sapphired heavens, smiling with the love of
 its Creator, and listen to the heavenly music when the "vocal gales

blow soft to him whose spirit in their freshness moves." To wander through the leafy wood when the "early pipe of half-awakened birds" sounds vibrative upon the ear, is to feel that each warbling note is a summons to the vanishing silence of the night and the motion of the morning to join hands in prayer and salutation to the Lord of light and life. But when gurgling rill, roaring torrent, sighing breeze, rushing wind, feathered vocalists, and the whole choir of creation blend their voices in melodious concord, how soul-filling is the burst of harmony, as the atmosphere's loud-swelling organ peals forth its invocation and calls all the sons of men to the worship of their Maker.

"Ah ! me, what hand can touch the string so fine ?

Who up the lofty diapason roll

Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,

Then let them down again into the soul ?

They breathed in tender musings through the heart ;

As when seraphic hands a hymn impart :

Wild, warbling nature all, above the reach of art."

The perception of God in the natural world, but distinct from His works, is the foundation of natural religion. But natural religion, in the abstract, cannot satisfy the soul. 'Tis not enough to contemplate forms of beauty; to listen to sounds of music,—man must find expression for the feelings and emotions of his soul. He must hold converse with his Creator and pay worship to his God. It is of the essence of fruitful ideas to find their realization. The rites of religion and the symbols of worship are the development of the religious sentiment. Man has senses no less than soul; and his whole being belongs to God. Worship is to natural religion what the State is to primitive society; the world of industry to the world of nature what art is to beauty. The world of worship is superior to the ordinary world, in that its distinctive purpose is to unite man to God by vivid images, expressive symbols, attractive forms, pregnant ceremonies.

No worship finds favor with God but that which springs from the heart. "These people honor Me with their lips, but their heart is far from Me." The prayer of the contrite heart yields more pleasure to God than the incense of smoking holocausts. But while the prayer of the pure heart alone pierces to the throne inaccessible,

the external splendor of divine worship is not inconsistent with the ordinances of the Almighty.

Every heart feels the sensations that affect the soul when some object strikes the senses pleasantly or powerfully; how majesty and grandeur inspire awe and reverence; how music influences the whole frame of man.

“ Oh, there's a holy calm profound
In awe like this, . . .
'Tis a solemn voice from heaven,
And the soul, listening to the sound,
Lies mute and still.”

For such reasons did Jehovah pay particular attention to the exterior dignity and ceremonial part of the Jewish worship, whose pomp and magnificence exceed those of all other religions, and from all nations did people come to witness the grandeur of the temple and the splendid solemnity of the service.

The Catholic Church, sensible of the glorious God she adores, surrounds the homage she pays to Him with all possible solemnity and neglects nothing in the regulation of His service which adds dignity to her august worship and infuses into the breasts of His children the fear and love of their Creator. Every candid mind will acknowledge something captivating in the liturgy and symbolism of the Church. Said a Protestant to me not long since: “I was never more surprised and pleased than when your predecessor explained to me the beautiful significance of the mural decorations in the Church.” Even unbelievers have been singularly struck at witnessing the grandeur of the ceremonial of the Mass, and were constrained to confess that it excited within their bosoms sentiments of devotion and reverence of which they deemed themselves incapable. How impressive and how solemn it is in the large cathedral when conducted with all the solemnity that the magnificence of her ritual, the richness of her ornaments, the splendor of her vestments, and the brilliancy of her golden vessels, gleaming with the lustre of the myriad lights about the altar, impart to the service of the Church! Strangely constituted must that man be who derives no elevation of soul from the imposing spectacle of Catholic service on a great festival like Corpus Christi.

The absurd rigorists in religion who would banish these aids to

piety and worship as unmeaning or useless pageantry, have never learned to appreciate the magical effect of external observances upon the minds of men. The eye is an open avenue to the heart, as teachers of history have long since discovered. "Never did I witness," says a Protestant in Rome, "the ceremony of procession, the long line of priests in sacred robes, the crowds which precede and follow them in religious silence, the multitude prostrate upon the ground. Never did I hear the grave and pathetic music of the solemn chant and sublime anthem without the strongest sensations of devotion, and without the tribute of a tear." "Suppress the sensible symbols of religion, and the rest becomes a metaphysical gallimatia, as varied as the variety of men's imaginations."

The Church of Christ is not of the world, but it is in the world, and it has a human as well as a divine element. The Church is composed of men and she operates on men, and, to some extent, she is limited to the conditions of human existence. If men were angels, and the Church an altogether invisible and supersensible agency, she would make all her communications of truth in a manner adapted to such modes of existence. But men are corporeal beings, and depend for their knowledge entirely on their senses, which are the windows of the soul, for, as the philosopher affirms, nothing exists in the intellect which did not first exist in the senses. Man is a compound of body and soul, and acts according to his nature, which philosophy again expresses by saying that action follows the nature or being of a thing (*actio sequitur esse*).

The Church, therefore, is not purely spiritual, because man is not pure spirit; nor wholly intellectual, for man has a heart; nor altogether rational, for man has feeling, emotion, and imagination.* But what men feel, that they do and must express. Voiceless love is lifeless love. "Behold, my beloved speaketh to me." Love has a language. Ceremony is the language of religious love. "Ceremony is born of love, respect, reverence, adoration."† St. Teresa would die for a single ceremony of the Church. True worship is both internal and external, and proceeding from the integral man, heart, mind, soul, and senses all concerned, it elevates the whole man, through the symbols of art and nature, towards the divine Ideal he longs to see, enjoy, adore. By this adoration the soul undergoes a

* J. L. Spaulding, *Essays and Lectures*.

† *Ibid.*

spiritual transfiguration. "Its face doth shine as the sun," and its "garments become white as snow." It enjoys a foretaste of the supreme felicity, and all but seizes that inexhaustible treasure of bliss which glows in the bosom of divinity. It "pants and longs to come thither," where its joy shall be always full; where it will be always fresh; where it will be always present; where no pain, no grief, no solicitude, nor any evil can approach; where naught but the sound of gladness shall be heard, and naught but what delights shall be ever seen; where joyful canticles of praise shall forever charm the ear, and the light of God Himself shall be an unfailing source of joy and transport to the soul, and where the burning throne and the effulgence of the Lamb thereupon, shall inspire new flames of seraphic love and fresh ecstasies of joy within the heart, through the perpetual duration of the heavenly kingdom.

But God's kingdom upon earth, whose coming was heralded by the songs of angels, will continue in this world to sing the praises of that God, whose glories she shall chant forever, in the city of redeemed humanity, with the children of Israel and the daughters of Zion, in the land of the light, in the everlasting realms of the King of Heaven and earth. Her existence here below is but a preparation of that which is to come, and with an ecstatic prescience of her glorified condition in the mansions of immortality, she continues to admonish her children in hymns and spiritual canticles, to prepare for the glories that are to be amid the sweet songs and perennial joys of Paradise. The bride of Christ will take the cithara of David to soothe the troubled spirit of man's unruly passion, and solace the sadness of the human heart by the grateful melody of her sacred songs. With the royal prophet she calls upon "all nations, all people, all tribes and tongues"; she calls upon "sun, moon, and stars, wind and tempest, frost and dew, to praise the Lord because His mercies are great and endureth forever." "Let them sing to Him a new song whose praise is in the Church of His saints. Let them sing to Him in chorus; let them chant to Him with timbrel and psaltery. Sing ye to the Lord; sing to our God upon the harp. Who covereth the heavens with clouds and prepareth rain for the earth. Who causeth the grass to grow upon the mountains, and herbs for the service of men. Who giveth to the beasts their food, and to the young ravens who call to Him. Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem! Praise thy God, O Zion!

Because He hath strengthened the bolts of thy gates. He hath blessed thy children within thee. He hath placed peace in thy borders and filled thee with the fat of corn. Praise ye the Lord in His holy places! Praise ye Him in the firmament of His power! Praise ye Him in His mighty acts! Praise Him for the multitude of His mercies! Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet! Praise Him with psaltery and harp! Praise Him with timbrel and choir; praise Him with strings and organs; praise Him on high-sounding cymbals. Let every spirit praise the Lord! Amen! Alleluia!"

The Church recognizes the power of the senses over the heart and character, and she knows that of all the senses, that of hearing has most potency upon the soul of man. "Faith itself comes by hearing." Hearing is the most spiritual of all the senses. To this sense the musician is indebted for the wonderful effects he produces over the mind and heart of man. "Let me make the songs of a people," says the philosopher, "and I care not who makes their laws."

That harmonious correspondence of sounds, which, though not especially directed to the intelligence, has yet the power of exciting so many lively feelings and emotions in the soul, is addressed to the heart by the medium of hearing, the delicate vibrations of the sound playing upon the tympanum of the ear, and sending the spiritual breath of music through every chord and fibre of the soul.

The influence which music bears upon the moral and intellectual life of man is sufficient to entitle it to the attention of all lovers of the true, the good, and the beautiful. So strong is the tendency of music to elevate and ennoble the heart and mind, that an acquaintance with the science has always been associated, not only with culture and refinement, but even with honor and virtue. It is not strange, then, that so much has been said of music, or that it should have been so highly cherished by all people, even the rudest and most unrefined. Hard it is, indeed, to imagine a person for whom music has no charms, and into whose soul its power cannot penetrate. Of such an individual we instinctively recall the words of the prince of poets:

"The man that has not music in himself,
And is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
His spirits are as dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted."

Classed among the fine arts, and holding, perhaps, the highest place among them, music is worthy of a rank in the curriculum of every educational establishment. The student, thus educated, can find sweet pleasure in the strains of Nature's melody, and discover beauty where other eyes are blind, and other ears are deaf. To him

"There's music in the sighing of the reed,
There's music in the gushing of the rill:
There's music in all things, if men had ears,
The earth is but a music of the spheres."

To him

"There's not the smallest orb which he beholdeth,
But in his motion like an angel sings;
Still choiring to the young-eyed cherubim;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst the muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

All peoples have sought to give voice to the feelings of their soul by the sound of song, and to lighten the burden of their sorrow by the language of melody. The sad heart is healed by the magic breath of music. Indeed, if this divine art were susceptible of no higher influence than to take the sting out of adversity, and furnish the dejected and disappointed with sweet solace when overburdened with grief, men would still have sufficient motive to cultivate this charming woe-beguiler, and give thanks to gracious heaven for blessing them with such compensation for the ills that beset life's thorny pathway. Dark and irremediable is the despair that overhangs a people when the "cold chain of silence" is thrown around their songs. When God threatened dire vengeance upon the people of Israel, He said that He would make them orphans, and would leave Jerusalem a widow; but the cup of their misery was filled up when He seemed to paralyze their faculty of speech, and render mute and dumb the breath of melody that inspired the life of the nation. In the dark days of their captivity they hung their silent harps upon the willow boughs, and sat down by the sad waters, pouring forth the despairing plaint: "How can we sing our songs in a strange land?"

The music of a nation is an index to the national character. The weird, minor music of Ireland pathetically symbolizes the fallen con-

dition of her ancient glory. Beautifully does the bard typify the nation's grief, in his touching address to the much-loved harp, whose strains he once gave "to light, freedom, and song":

"Sing, sad harp, O, sing to me,
 Some song of ancient days,
 Whose sounds, in this sad memory,
 Long-buried dreams shall raise.
 Sing some lay of vanished fame,
 Whose light once round us shone,
 Of noble pride now turned to shame,
 And hopes forever gone.
 Sing, sad harp, thus sing to me
 Alike our doom is cast;
 Both lost to all but memory,
 We live but in the past.

"How mournfully the midnight air
 Among thy chords doth sigh,
 As if it sought some echo there
 Of voices long gone by.
 Of chieftains, now forgot, who seemed
 The foremost then in fame,
 Of bards who once immortal deemed,
 Now sleep without a name.
 In vain, sad harp, the midnight air
 Among thy chords doth sigh,
 In vain it seeks an echo there
 Of voices long gone by.

"Oh ! couldst thou call the spirits round,
 Who once in bower and hall
 Sat listening to thy magic sound,
 Now mute and mouldering all:
 But no: they would but wake to weep
 Their children's slavery;—
 Then leave them in their peaceful sleep;—
 The dead at least are free.
 Hush, hush, sad harp, that dreary tone,
 That knell of Freedom's day :
 In listening to its deathlike moan,
 Let me, too, die away."

How magical the effect of music in awakening the domestic affections and stirring all those tender impulses of the heart, which by

their unhindered play surround the family circle with a celestial halo, and make man's earthly home as beautiful as heaven.

“ Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall !
Though few now taste the unimpaired and pure,
Or tasting long enjoy thee ! too infirm,
Or too incautious to preserve thy sweets,
Unmixed with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup.”

But when these infelicities have by their sullyng breath marred the untarnished purity of earlier marital joys, what can charm away the genius of discord like the mighty spell of music? What can comfort the sad-hearted and cheer the toil-worn like the sweet strains of some ancient, well-known melody? What can cement the bonds of social love, soothe the aching heart, enliven the weary mind, aye, soften and refine the harshest and most rugged nature like the talismanic touch of song?

On the field of battle, where death roams wide in his withering power; where the cannon peals like crashing thunder; where the lightning gleam of the death-fire flashes all along the lines; where shot and shell fall like tempestuous hail upon war-worn battalions, and comrades pillow their heads upon the gory ground, what can lift the drooping energies and fire the sinking soul with renewed hope and spirit like the sound of the bugle blast? The drum beats to the charge and summons the disheartened troops to rally once again to meet the advancing host; and with kindling eye, and lip of pride, and stern and stately tread, and flushed brow defiant of death, the intrepid veterans press on, as the inspiring notes of the martial music fall upon their ears; press on, as their staggering souls are strengthened and their drooping energies revived by the soul-kindling melody, to perform prodigies of valor, to pierce the severed hosts before them, and then

“ Contention, like a horse,
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.”

What power can “create a soul under the ribs of death” like music's thrilling touch? It lays its fairy wand upon the corpse-like

past and breathes and acts in the living present. Tell me you who have long been separated from the scenes of your boyhood's dreams and duties, what uncontrollable thrill, what wild, soul-bursting emotion is that which fills every chamber of the soul at the sound of the old familiar song which you sang with the free-hearted and careless joy that dwells alone in the paradise of early years, when the earth is all beautiful, and the world is all fair, because the heart is all innocent and pure. Ah!

“ That strain again; it had a dying fall:
Oh! it came o'er my ear like the sweet South,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor.”

Let the philosophers say what they will, we would live life over. “ Sweet as remembered kisses after death ” are the “ days that are no more.” But music bids them live again! The woodland glades, and the shady dells where boyish footsteps roamed, grow green again, and the waving trees and rippling streams that lulled our roving eyes to slumber, once more sigh and gurgle in dreams of the former time, as we seem to hear the music of the Sunday chimes and the loved sound of the village bell in these native shades, from which with tears and sighs we parted long, O! so long ago!

“ Good heaven what sorrow gloomed that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away,
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers and fondly looked their last;
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain,
For seats like these beyond the Western main
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.”

The scene has changed since then; other times are come; new faces gathered round; new friends are found; but the sweet-voiced tone of music bids the old ones live again. The old song is again sung;—the song heard from the ploughman in the fields; from the smithy at his toil; from the dairy-maid milking her cow;—aye! from the mother who bore us at her breast in the budding-time of childhood; and the low-roofed cottage rises before the vision once more, and the hedgerows, and the flower-beds are in bloom again,

and the churchyard where our father's bones are laid, and where we doubtless dreamed our own would mingle with the dust, all come from the halls of death and rise from oblivion by the power of music's necromancy.

“ Sweet notes, they tell of former peace,
Of all that looked so rapturous then;—
Now,—withered, lost !—Oh ! pray thee cease,
I cannot bear these sounds again.”

Aptly the same poet, the true child of song, Thos. Moore, sings:

“ When through life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes, we used to love
In days of boyhood, meet our ear;—
Oh ! how welcome breathes the strain,
Wakening thoughts that long have slept,
Kindling former smiles again,
In faded eyes that long have wept.

“ Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of Oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours.
Filled with balm the gale sighs on,
Tho' the flowers are sunk in death,—
So when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in music's breath.

“ Music ! oh, how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell,
Why should feeling ever speak
When thou canst breathe her soul so well ?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,—
Love's are even more false than they;
Oh ! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray.”

Such is the omnipotent power of music, that we may allow the poet's fancy to be not far removed from truth, when he said that

“ Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded depths to dance on sands.”

Nor that beautiful sentiment from the author of the "Fair Penitent":

"E'en rage itself is cheered with music;
It wakes a glad remembrance of our youth,
Calls back past joys, and warms us into transport."

In the temples of the living God, when the mind is distracted by the memory of earthly things, or oppressed by the weight of indolence or tepidity, how powerful, how efficacious are the choir and the organ in fixing attention, elevating aspiration, and exciting devotion. Are not the sounds which proceed from the chantry a faint echo of the homage which the Almighty receives in perfection from the shining seraphim who sing the old, eternal song beside the sapphire throne? "And I beheld," says St. John, "and lo! a lamb stood upon Mt. Sion, and with him an hundred and forty-four thousand having his name, and the name of his Father written on their foreheads. And I heard a voice from heaven, as the noise of many waters, and as the voice of great thunder; and the voice which I heard was as the voice of harpers, harping upon their harps. And they sang as it were a new canticle, and no man could say the canticle but those hundred and forty-four thousand, who were purchased from the earth. And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the living creatures, and the ancients, and the number of them was thousands of thousands. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them: I heard all saying: 'To Him that sitteth on the throne and to the Lamb, benediction and honor and power and glory, forever and ever.' And the four living creatures said Amen. And the four and twenty Ancients fell down upon their faces and adored Him that liveth forever and ever."

Music is the language of heaven, and melody is the joy of the redeemed children of God. No marvel, therefore, that the Church, God's kingdom upon earth, should make music tributary to the worship she renders to the Almighty.

"The songs that flowed on Zion's hill
Are chanted in God's temple still,
And to the eye of faith unfold
The glories of His house of old."

From the dawn of Christianity, music had a share in her impressive ritual, and for many centuries it remained almost the exclusive property of the Church, at least, regarded as a fine art; and whatever beauty or grandeur glows in the great masterpieces of later times, they owe their inspiration and charm to the influence of the Church. Her Ambroses, her Gregorys, her Augustines, assiduously cultivated the art of music, and employed it when spreading the good tidings of the Gospel, as an efficacious means of winning souls to God. But as music, like every other art, may be perverted, she always strenuously set her face against that sensual and degrading music, which, departing from the simplicity of Gregorian or Palestinian composition, has a tendency to lower rather than elevate the soul. The finest productions of the human mind, the most soul-filling and inspiring, are the work of the genius of the children of the Catholic Church. Who can listen unmoved to the music of the Masses, to the plaintive strains of her *Stabat Mater*, or the thrilling, awe-inspiring tones of her *Dies Irae* thundering from the majestic organ in the startled ears of men the righteous rigor of God's judgment, when

“That awful day, that day of ire,
Shall wrap the Universe in fire,
Foretold by seer and prophet's lyre.”

“It rose, that chanted, mournful strain,
Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain;
'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,
Such as when winds and harpstrings meet
And take a long, unmeasured tone,
To mortal minstrelsy unknown.”

Listen to the music of her bells:

“Those evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth and home and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime.

“Those joyous hours are passed away,
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

“ And so ’twill be when I am gone,
 That pealing chime will still ring on,
 And other bards will walk these dells,
 And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.”

Is there any sound more solemn than that of the church bell? How its tones vibrate through the chords of the soul! Tossed about upon the sea, the sailor boy hears in fancy the sound of his village bell; and if, after years of travel, he returns to his native shore, to find the old faces gone and the loved voices silenced in the tomb, they all spring from the lonely couch of death, and once more are seen the pious worshippers wending their way along the paths and across the fields, to kneel in their accustomed places, when the brazen-tongued monitor announces the beginning of the Holy Mass.

When from the horizon sunset’s glorious hues are gradually fading, and Hesperus shines forth within the heavens as if it were the lamp of Nature’s sanctuary, how impressively tolls the Angelus bell at the twilight hour, as unseen choirs, floating on viewless wings, blend their voices in chanting the Doxology.

“ Sitting all alone, Sunday afternoon,
 With a quiet light through my pleasant room,
 How the silence speaks! What a world it tells,
 Or perhaps it is the music of the *bells*.

“ Yes, yes, ’tis the bells! List, list, how they ring,
 And the mellow tones rise, as the brazen tongues sing;
 Some of them loud, and some of them low,
 Wide-mouthed and iron-throats, hear how they go.
 The air is all music, and far in the sky,
 The echoes all fainting and tremulous die.
 Sitting all alone, silence in the air,
 Listening to my heart, little silence there;
 Only in whispers are voices heard there,—
 Sometimes ’tis passion, sometimes ’tis prayer.
 Methinks that the heart is a belfry of chimes,
 Rung by good angels, or bad ones betimes.

“ For mournful music floats, then soothing, tender notes,
 Again a tinkling air, like laughter of a fairy.

Then sobbing tones,
 Like broken moans;
 A minor strain
 Like Autumn rain;

One bell sounds a knell,
 Then silence.
 Sitting all alone, listening to the din,
 Church bells on the air, heart bells within."

If there is anything that adds solemnity to the sacred services of religion, it is the voice of the deep-toned, resonant organ, speaking, as it were, the thunders of Jehovah to His people.

"Over his keys the musing organist,
 Beginning doubtfully, and far away,
 First lets his fingers wander as they list,
 And builds a bridge from dreamland for his lay,
 Then as the touch of his loved instrument
 Brings hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
 First guessed by faint auroral flashes sent
 Along the wavering vista of his dream."

Yes, the organ is like the voice of God speaking in the majesty of its power,—the power of that omnific word which "spake and there was light," which called the stars together and they obeyed with trembling; which was heard amid the thunders and lightnings of Sinai, and which, as it once poised the foundations of the earth, hung the firmament with stars, and imparted motion to the machinery of universal nature: so shall it continue to govern and direct all things to their appointed ends, till the consummation of the ages shall be fulfilled, humanity redeemed to God, and the reign of Christ Jesus be established forevermore in the four-square city of the heavenly Jerusalem, where the sound of joy and rapture shall incessantly ring from battlement to battlement and from jasper wall to jasper wall.

That reign which was first announced by the song of salvation sung by celestial choirs as it broke upon the Shepherd's ears upon the hills of Bethlehem; which comprehends the vast expanse of immensity; which embraces every intelligence and every grade of being; which reaches back to the throne of the Omnipotent when the sons of God first broke forth in joyful melody; which extends forward through all the circling infinities—that reign will never end, but will only put on the bloom and freshness of perpetual youth when the crowned millions of the blessed shall assemble around the throne of the Last Judgment and the blast of the archangel's trum-

pet shall sound through the wide universe the startling tidings that time shall be no more.

Till that day be at hand the dominions of the Son of God shall gain new acquisitions and constant enlargement, and every rising sun that gilds the heavens shall behold some new trophy laid at the feet of Him who died amid the gloom and desolation of Calvary. Nations now groping through the darkness of a moral midnight, and struggling for the coming dawn, shall bask in the sunlight of the Gospel, which shall flash its lustre on their minds and illumine the path of humanity's progress. The seeds of that everlasting kingdom which were sown upon the hillsides of Judea shall bear fruit in every land, and shall grow like the cedars of Lebanon and the tall pines of Hermon, till the tree of Christianity spread its branching boughs over all the earth and all the generations of men be gathered together in one faith and one hope of eternal life and glory.

Then shall the glory of the Gospel shame the pride of earthly life and power, and the empire of wickedness shall dissolve before its searching and consuming rays. And the subjects of Christ's kingdom shall flourish as the lily in the beauty of holiness and truth, and shall become multitudinous as the stars of heaven or the sands upon the seashore. And the blood-stained banners of the Crucified shall be upborne by invincible Christian legions and shall bear down with irresistible force upon the dominions of the Evil One, to hasten the triumph of that day when the strongholds of unbelief shall crumble under the chariot-wheels of God's faithful army, and "all shall know the Lord, from the least to the greatest." And all the nations of the earth shall sing the song of the Messiah's victory and shall proclaim with jubilation that the Lion of the Fold of Judah hath conquered forevermore. And the Bride of Christ, the Church of the everlasting God, shall praise the Lord of Life "with hymns and spiritual canticles," and shall celebrate "with psaltery and harp, with timbrel and choir, with cymbal and organ" the final accomplishment of redemption and crowning triumph of God's elect in the realms of eternal joy. Shining in the majesty of her moral empire over human kind, and clothed with resplendent garments of celestial beauty, she shall march on with ever-increasing power and ever-

glowing splendor "until the bursting echoes of a world redeemed, borne off upon the gale and brought up upon the breeze, shall revive the recollection and realize the burden of the hymn of Bethlehem; for the shoutings of the last harvest shall be the song that sowed the seed, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."



ADDRESSES.

I.

ADDRESS TO YOUNG MEN.

DELIVERED AT ST. PETER'S CHURCH, JERSEY CITY.

I HAVE the honor to speak to you to-night. You are in the bloom of youth, and the flower of manhood. You are at a most interesting, and, I may add, a most critical period of your life;—at what I may call the cross-roads of your career. The education of Telemachus was confided to the goddess of Wisdom, Minerva, and the goddess, under the guise of an old man, led the youth from land to land in search of his father, teaching him meanwhile the divinest precepts. At length they reached a place where the roads met; then, telling Telemachus that he must now choose which road he should follow, and suddenly dropping the garb of the old man, the goddess, clothed in the perfect beauty with which she sprang full-armed from the brow of Jove, stood for a moment before the entranced and dazzled gaze of the youth, and then vanished forever from his view.

This myth, my friends, can teach you a salutary lesson. Let that junction of the roads serve as the crisis of your lives, and that crisis, I think, has come, when most of you are beginning, or about to begin, your life-work in the world. Listen to me, then, while in Christian love, I say a few things of interest to you.

Let me, first of all, impress upon you the needs of an education to fit you for the post of life you occupy. Cherish not the vain delusion that has blighted in the bud so many careers full of rosy promise, that education was ended with school-days, or the conclusion of college life. Every day and every hour of life should carry to the harbor of the mind some new argosy freighted with the golden fleece of new-found knowledge. The great men of the world

are self-taught; and among the galaxies of genius that shed light upon both hemispheres, few, indeed, have been illumined by the lore of college halls, or academies of learning. Every man is the architect of his own fortune, and practical scholarship, which alone can win the guerdon of success, must be the fruit of living, personal experience.

While the difficulties of education are great, and its wants innumerable, certain rules are readily at hand which may be an infallible guide to all in work which none may decline.

Variety of character is as great as that of countenance, and successful education consists in the adaptation of suitable influences to mould such character and appropriate knowledge to direct it. Study, then, study deeply and exhaustively your own character, and find the influences that are beneficial; select your life-work and seek untiringly the knowledge that befits you to fulfill it.

Nothing can be accomplished without adherence to principles that shall be uncompromising; principles that will not bend, and cannot be contravened. Such principles are based on truth. Truth, then, must be the goal of every aspiration. Truth is the philosopher's stone you seek. Truth is the only alchemy that transmutes with the gold-bright light of heaven, the rayless night of human life. Truth cannot be belied, beheaded, or crucified; she is unconquerable as the hills; the eternal years of God are hers. She glistens like the dewdrop; she glows like a star; she sparkles as a fountain; she rushes like a river; she sings like an angel, and charms like a song from far-off spheres, where seraphs make divinely vocal the green hills and verdurous valleys of the land of sempiternal light. Learn to know the truth; hug it to your hearts; press it into the fibres of your being; wreath it around your life; it alone has power to heal, to help, and to save. "The truth shall make you free"; free with the freedom wherewith Christ has made you free.

Education must be true. Though physical and intellectual education are needful, moral education must hold the first place, for the body, on which depend the former, will wilt and wither and mingle with the dust; but moral uplifting is required, that whenever this frail tenement shall sink and become a brother to the clod, the soul may be ready for reception in that "house eternal in the heavens, that home not made by hands." When the heart and the head are

alike calling for instruction, let the heart have the first lesson, that it may be the better guide and steady the giddiness of the head.

The principles of benevolence, integrity, and humility,—that humility which has much to learn and is not incompatible with independence and manly self-respect,—should be ever kept in view, and every effort should be made to raise the character to that standard: I told you you were made for truth; therefore, you must be humble, for humility is truth. Shun pride. Pride is the fume of mean and selfish hearts. Pride is the vice of fools, and the cap-sheaf of their folly. “Pride goeth before a fall.” “Every man that humbleth himself shall be exalted, and that exalteth himself shall be humbled.” Said the proud king of Babylon in his heart: “I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; I will lift myself above the heights of the clouds; I will sit on the mountain of the covenant on the side of the north, and I will be like unto the Most High God.” Vain and impious, O Lucifer, thy boast. Thy pride shall be lowered into hell. Thou shalt be pulled down from thy towering greatness. The name of Babylon shall be blotted out. Under thee the moth shall be strewn, and the worms shall be thy covering.

A spotless lily, by the streamlet’s side, bathed its snowy petals in the morning dew, and laughed with joy when courted by the summer’s sun. Turning her glorious eyes upon her radiant form, she cried: “How beautiful am I above all I see around me. Peerless and unrivalled, I shall bloom alone. The cold and silent dew I shall expel from my embrace, and the red-faced sun I shall not suffer to touch my virgin brow.” Poor, foolish lily; thou shalt perish of thy pride. For the dew thou sipped at morning, and the sun thou kissed at noon, were the nectar of thy life, and now that these are gone, pale lily, thou shalt languish, thy beauty shall fade fast, and the number of thy days is cast, for thou art doomed to die.

Man is such a foolish flower. Glowing with the beauty which God’s grace engrafs upon his soul, he swells with pride against his Maker, and in an instant he falls from his estate—falls

“Like the angels, from Heaven to Hell.”

Fix you principles, then, my friends, for principles make character, character makes life, and life makes the measure of being and beatitude. The true end of life is to know the life that never ends. You

must make your own heaven, or dig your own hell. But when we reflect that the natural tendency of our steps is perverse, to a marvel;—that the very goodness we boast, is often the result of accident rather than right purpose; that self-complacency and the world's opinion are often the foundation of our most applauded actions, then unwavering principle becomes the only hope, the bower-anchor of the soul to hold it for virtue, peace, and heaven. Without principle conscience will be dead, or if alive, its life will be but languid, and its voice hushed. The sway of passion; the bias of prejudice; the electric fire of excitement, or the power of evil influence, will be so many refluxing currents carrying the soul down the stream that leads to shipwreck and disaster. Even in life's springtime, when the heart is still fresh and kind, forgotten will be the fervency of a father's benediction and the unutterable yearnings of a mother's love. There is no security for the rectitude of conduct, to one who has no fixed principle—no unvarying standard, no touchstone of truth and duty.

Duty, do I say? What is duty? What is it but what God has commanded, and it is duty because He has commanded it. And what has He commanded? To be true to our nature, and to ourselves, to our fellows, to our God. Duty, then, is God's will working in our lives. Duty is in being that which God has made us to be,—sharers of His divine Sonship, bearers of His image, wearers of His crown.

The idea of duty is inherent in our being—part of our own nature. From that idea we can never entirely escape, since we can never wholly unmake ourselves. That idea is in us and about us, above us and below; it follows us from the cradle to the tomb, aye, and even beyond the star-emblazoned battlements above, where duty is discharged in love supreme and everlasting.

Duty is the law of life, the spring of action, the end of man and the measure of reward. Duty makes the man; shapes the saint, carves out the hero, and glorifies humanity.

Cultivate true gentility of heart; let the heart be right, and the conduct cannot be far wrong. There is a gentility that is only skin-deep; fair and smooth without, but within all full of moral mildew. It is an affection of pre-eminence, begotten of imbecility and self-conceit, and falsely christened gentility. It mistakes the shell

for the kernel; the shadow for the substance; the semblance for the reality. It is a parlor plant, reared in a scented atmosphere, watered with maidens' tears, and sunned in virgins' smiles. Trained under chosen tutors, it swells and tumefies till it fancies itself made of porcelain pottery, while the rest of mankind is made of the common clay. It is the mere bodying forth of a principle—the outgrowth of a spirit which says to one's brother: "Stand by, for I am better than thou."

I do not decry true gentility, founded on grace of spirit and elegance of manners, and proceeding from right motives; nor do I deny the utility and necessity of distinctions in society. I am no iconoclast, no leveller, no apostle of absolute equality. But while we pay due attention, and concede all allowance to the claims of those gradations and differences which are inherent in the constitution of society, it is well to call to mind the time when all arbitrary and accidental distinctions shall cease and be forgotten, when we shall dwell in a society where honor shall be theirs to whom the honor belongs.

Young gentlemen, you have escaped from your nonage, and many of you are soon to go out from the guidance you found under the mantle of a mother's kindness, and under the shelter of a father's hand. When you leave the paternal roof you shall find yourself in a peculiar, and perhaps a painful situation. Like a cloud-break in a summer sky, the world will burst upon you with cyclonic suddenness and fury. It is a deceptive guide. It dazzles, it captivates, it charms; it cannot make you happy. You cannot gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles. But beware! the world is a specious liar, and an arrant hypocrite. Its goods contain not the worth they show; bright and beautiful to the eye, they, like dead sea fruit, turn to ashes on the lips. Every rose holds its hidden thorn; every sweet its bitter; every honey-bee its sting. You are young; you are ardent; you are sanguine and impressionable; you are the kind of which dupes and gudgeons are made. You have been long at school; or have lived in comparative retirement and had little intercourse with others. You are unpracticed in the ways of the world. Future character and destiny will depend on first impressions and earliest influences. Some of the most distinguished men of Church and State stood once, like you, at the cross-roads of life, and the type of

their character was formed by causes which were silent and unobserved. No human arithmetic can calculate the responsibility that rests upon you at the present period of your journey.

Young men, ahoy! the rapids are below you. Steer steady, pull a strong oar, bend down to the work, or the life-boat of your soul, like a sailless ship upon the vast sea of God's grace, will be dashed to fragments upon the merciless rocks and quicksands of temptation. "He that loveth danger shall perish therein." Shun temptations lest they lead you into folly; folly into crime; crime into ruin, destruction, irrecoverable, unchangeable, eternal.

Fear not if Christ be with you, for Christ is light and life and hope to them that fear Him. If Christ be for us, who shall stand against us? God and one make a majority. Christ is the power of God unto salvation. High above the lashings of the tempest, and the roar of the storm, comes the voice of Him who calleth through the long lapse of ages, shrill, sharp, electric, as of yore, saying to the winds and the waves—Peace! be still!

Be sober and watch. Inscribe sobriety and temperance upon your banners, and you shall march the highway of success. I hate fanaticism and hypocrisy, but I look on the wine-cup as the goblet of hell filled with the potion of perdition. It has wrecked more lives, blighted more homes, broken more hearts, "than wars or women have."

The Angel of Night looked down upon the silent streets of a great city. By the wayside in a narrow, desolate alley, lay the wreck of a human being, once bearing the image of God, now degraded and lost, stamped with the impress of a demon. Bending over him stood the baleful spirit who had been his tempter, and who now rejoiced in the anticipation of his final triumph. With wild exultation he exclaimed: "The work is done. A star of the first magnitude is fallen; but Lucifer, son of the morning, fell, and he, too, has fallen. What an angel he might have made; he would have added lustre to the white-robed host, but he will never join them now—aha! aha! Well do I remember when I first gave him the bright wine-cup and bade him drink and be merry. I told him it would gladden his heart, give color to his cheeks, elasticity to his steps, and vivacity and inspiration to his genius. His father bid him beware,—his mother prayed for him; but I drew him on faster

and faster into that vortex where he must inevitably sink. Ah! how I rejoiced when the day came that I guided his trembling pen as he wrote, 'Mother, my mother, cease to pray for me, for thy doomed accursed child.' How quickly she faded away like a snow wreath, and even while she passed to the pearly gates of God's holy city, the consciousness of his own dark destiny came over him like a sea, and he groaned in wretchedness unutterable. 'There is no change for me,' he said. 'I weary myself looking forward to ages yet to come and with tasking this immortal mind to conceive of an eternity. I see no end; no gleam of hope; my thoughts, unsatisfied, return upon themselves, and oh! must this be forever?'"

The Angel of Death passed upon the night wind. The silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken, the pitcher was shattered at the fountain, and the wheel broken at the cistern. The demon again stood by his victim, and as he wove for him a winding-sheet of drifting snow, his laugh of exultation rose out upon the storm:—"Aha! he is mine forever and forever."

Young men, I charge you, fling away ambition. By ambition I do not mean the laudable desire to accomplish something noteworthy in the walks of life, nor the effort to leave behind a name that shall be held in reverence for shining service to humanity. But I mean that vain and vaulting ambition, that selfish and sordid seeking for applause which is bought so often at the expense of others, and which does not hesitate to ruin and destroy that it may rule and reign. The hard conditions of life to-day, the closeness of competition in every art and trade, the spirit of over-reaching and excelling that obtains, intensify the struggle, and too often call forth those baser faculties of craft, deceit, and duplicity, which govern so many of the sons of Adam.

Much has been said of the spirit of enterprise that is abroad through our land, and in the opinion of many it is the chief glory of the age. It is loudly hailed by them as convincing proof that the world is in full march towards the high end of its existence. But this universal motion; this incessant agitation; this independence of thought and casting of ancient opinions and authority; in fine, this determination to know, and this enlargement of mind which affects that we must understand all things for ourselves, and no longer jog round in the same dull circle that our fathers did,—all this is hailed

as the harbinger of a new and glorious era in the history of humanity. I hope it may be so, but I have my fears. Against the spirit of enterprise, when rightly directed and controlled, I have no demurrance to make, but only praise to bestow. It is the natural activity of man and ought not to be suppressed. But there is in man a principle of permanence as well as progress. The mind cannot throw itself forward till it has some vantage ground, some standpoint from which to make the effort. No man can leap without a foothold. Where no chance is allowed for the mind to survey and collect its forces and gather new strength, serious evils must follow of necessity. Reason runs riot when it loses the ballast of authority. The result is constant change, but we cannot live in constant motion—we need rest as well as exercise.

But the spirit of enterprise of which I speak seems to be passing by rapid transition into a mere passion for change—a morbid craving for novelty. Its effect has been to divert men's attention from those social, moral, and religious principles which constitute the true ground of happiness, and to direct it towards outward circumstances and to turn all their powers and energies towards the attainment of those things which win distinction in this world. There is a rush for fortune and for fame; a growing contempt for the old, and a strange thirsting for the new; for distinction, now it seems, is found in things unheard, unseen before, and men seek to falsify the sage who fancied there was nothing new beneath the sun. Ah! but what is fame? Is it a name written on a monument?

The battle-men come with sandals of iron and mark their pathway with fire and slaughter, and when the work of carnage is done, they chisel their own names on lofty pillars, fondly dreaming such trophies to be fame. But the ages slowly creep upon the conqueror's heel, and the grass grows upon his tomb, and like surges that shriek to the storm, the waves of time beat upon the granite shaft and it crumbles to the dust, and the names of the world's proudest heroes fade from the memory of man.

Make for yourselves a fame that shall flourish forever; write your names in the Book of Life, and see that your deeds are cherished in the all-retaining memory of God.

II.

ADDRESS ON THE DAY OF THE DEDICATION OF A CHAPEL AND ACADEMY.

DELIVERED AT THE OPENING OF ST. ALOYSIUS ACADEMY,
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

A VERY simple but agreeable function falls to my part in the service of this day. I am here, most joyfully, at the call of those religious who rule the admirable institution in which we are assembled to give voice to the gratitude that fills their souls upon this hallowed day—gratitude, the expression of which is more gracefully left to others than uttered by themselves.

While, however, the chief part of my performance is to tender the profound thanks of the good Sisters to those numerous benefactors whose golden generosity has enabled them to raise this beautiful tabernacle to the God of hosts, I still believe I shall not trespass upon the limits of your patience, nor the bounds of propriety by some passing reference to those thoughts which naturally suggest themselves upon this interesting occasion.

What special significance has the dedication of a chapel in an institution of learning, such as that presided over by those holy women who have devoted the undivided loyalty of their hearts and the unabated vigor of their intellects to the education of the children of this city? It means, my friends, the triumph and vindication of true Christian training over that spurious system which relegates religion to the background and eliminates the idea of God from the curriculum of study. It means the solemn nuptials, the inseparable marriage of religion and culture, and it proclaims the God-sent truth that education, in its rightful acceptation, can have no place in any system of training which is not moulded by the hand of religion and guided by the Spirit of God.

The Spirit of God and the spirit of the age are too often found, alas! to stand in opposition and in deadly conflict. The spirit of the present age, with regret be it told, is, in many respects, foreign to the spirit of the Gospel. To measure the pathway of the sun in the heavens; to trace the courses of the stars; to read the secrets of the sea and explore the wonders of the under world; to construct shining monuments of material prosperity, which shall defy the tooth of time and mock the inroads of decay, this, my friends, is the ruling ambition of the age and the dominant tendency of the times in which we flourish. Governed by this gross desire, and absorbed by these material pursuits, the sons of men have closed their eyes to those nobler aims and lofty spiritual concerns which alone are worthy the consideration of creatures whom God has gifted with the royal faculty of understanding, the heaven-born light of intelligence. Thus plunging downward in their mad career they find, too late, alas! like that abandoned genius whose mind was a garden of mental luxuriance and moral desolation, and who was himself the most sorrowful example of the condition he so feelingly described, that

“The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain,
The shore to which their shivered sail can never stretch again.”

When morality is derived from knowledge and instruction; when the Gospel no longer sheds its gladdening and enlivening rays on the creations of the mind; when art seeks no inspiration from the genius of religion, and science wanders in a sombre sphere where the star of revelation never shines; when men erase the name of God from the page of history, and strive, though impotently, to blot out His finger-marks upon the fair face of nature, what result shall reason fear and wisdom apprehend, but the downfall of all human hopes, the blighting of those blessings upon which is founded the only felicity that can enhance the value of life and dignify the nobility of living upon earth.

As a perpetual protest against those deluded teachers who would exclude religion from the schoolroom and banish God far from the realm of human learning, this chapel has been erected and this day dedicated to the God of our fathers and the God of our children.

The pious educators of our youth, who with infinite pains and

labor have reared this noble academy, to promote the interests of a higher education, a broader and deeper culture for the rising generation, are not insensible to the fact, that whatever we glory in to-day, whether in refined taste, elevated morals, or luminous intelligence, springs from the garden of Christianity, as flowers from their native soil.

Christianity, my friends, is the light of the world. Like the sun of morning falling on some mighty city, and gilding roof and battlement and spire with its burning rays, but deepening by contrast the obscure alley and the dark dens of vice and profligacy; even so has Christianity shed its brilliant beams on the citadels of virtuous civilization, and cast into the gloomy shades of contempt and abhorrence whatever of foul or base has defiled the temple of human history. All that is now cheering to the eye or attractive to the taste owes its origin and its advancement to the benign influence of Christianity. Such has been its presaging brightness; the twilight of its opening day; but what then shall it be and what appearance will our world put on when it has reached its full-orbed splendor? The past is the best guarantee for the future; and how many of those wondrous temples of the mind upon which we plume ourselves so much, do we owe to an influence, of which in this age of pre-eminent achievement, we little suspect, or even dream? Literature has, childlike, sat at her feet and learned her noblest lessons. Literature was ever the disciple of Christianity. Every truth that enriches her broad domain, every principle of philosophy which is not the effusion of some dream-sick fancy, she has caught from the reflected rays of revelation; and all those finer feelings and ennobling sentiments, that, like so many blessed stars, cluster round the great central truth of immortality, are the boon which Christianity has bestowed upon her handmaiden and her daughter. Art and science have borrowed their brightest hues from the genial glow of faith's holy fire, and never did the sculptor's chisel draw life and beauty from the cold and deathless marble, save when religion warmed his heart and hand, and never did the painter make the silent canvas speak, but when he dipped his pencil in the glowing tints of heaven. In the cradle of Christianity charity and benevolence had their birth, and she is the prolific parent of every idea that enlightened humanity, and every principle that has yielded service to the race. Rectitude of conduct, integ-

richness of life, nobility of character, the high ideal, the lofty aspiration, the purifying and ennobling sentiment, and all that sweetens the cup of human existence and scatters flowers on the path of life, are born of her genius and moulded by her influence.

Behold, then, why here in this institution of learning, the sanctuary and the altar stand out in bold relief by the side of the classroom and the study hall. When the matin chimes announce the dawning of the day, the students shall come here to prefer their silent prayer in invoking the favoring smiles of Providence upon their labors, and when their tasks are done, here they shall assemble to chant their Maker's praise, and thank Him for the successes, wherewith He has crowned their toil. God is with them here; He reigns among them by that wisdom, and rules them by that light, which cometh from above. Here the star of religion shines upon them, and they cannot go astray; for unto them a path shall be opened, and a way wherein to walk, and it shall be called a straight way so that fools shall not err therein.

I congratulate the Sisters of Charity upon the consummation of their work. This is a joyous day for them, or rather a red-letter day in a calendar of glory. I bid them joy to-day. They have toiled long and wearily; they have persevered most patiently, and they have crowned their arduous labors with the bright garland of success. The material edifice is finished; the mental fabric will soon begin to rise in beautiful proportions and grandeur of outline. In this nursery of education shall be trained many fresh young hearts to virtue and to heaven; and as the plant receives form and character from the skies above and the air around, so shall they go forth from the religious atmosphere of this house, girded with the armor of proof, bearing a two-edged sword, with one edge to put to flight the temptations of prosperity, and with the other to meet and conquer the trials of sorrow and affliction.

I felicitate the Sisters, then, as the true conservators of Christian education. I honor them as the glory of their sex, the queens of society in every work of piety and benevolence, but I tell them that they do a still grander service to humanity in keeping alive and active that system of instruction which God alone can inspire and Catholicity maintain. "I thank God," says the celebrated Dr. Hodge,

of Princeton, "that He has preserved the Roman Catholic Church in America to-day true to that theory of education, upon which our fathers founded the public schools of the nation, and which has been so madly perverted." Yes, Dr. Hodge ; and why should it be otherwise ? Who can teach by divine authority but the Catholic Church ?

III.

ADDRESS TO YOUNG LADIES ON GRADUATION DAY.

DELIVERED AT JACOBS' THEATRE, HOBOKEN, N. J.

YOUNG LADIES :

It would task the imagination to conceive a position more honorable than that which falls to you on this felicitous occasion. Your feelings at this hour are those of rapture and delight. I almost envy you your joy. You have parted with the past, and your eyes are towards the future. Your dreams and expectations are big with hope and buoyant with rosy promise. You are young—you are just entering the happy morning of life, and with exultant hearts are looking forward to the career that lies before you. You are felicitating yourselves upon a period of past successful toil. And you do well. You have undergone your probation, have met the final ordeal of your academic course, and acquitted yourselves with credit to the Sisters and honor to the institution whose children you are. The crowns you have received, the prizes you have won, the medals you have taken—all bespeak your assiduity and your acquirements, and give you the right henceforth to be numbered among the scholars of the land.

You ought to be—I am sure you are—I see it in your glowing faces—supremely proud and happy.

All here present are your friends. Those who love you as the apple of their eye, as the tendrils of their hearts—those who love you with all the fidelity of home and the ties of kindred, are here to enhance, if possible, the gladness of this occasion.

Here, too, are those faithful Sisters,—consecrated to their task,—who have given the undivided loyalty of their hearts, and the undi-

vided vigor of their intellects, to the work of education,—here are they who have watched over your advancement with tireless concern, with tender solicitude and anxious care; here they are to show their fidelity to the end.

All are to give you honor, to felicitate you, to tender you their fervent congratulations, and to indulge the pleasing hope that the successes which crown your academic course are only an earnest, a foreglow, of the greater triumphs that await you in the broader fields of activity, in the great arena of life, upon which you are so soon to enter.

I predict, I asseverate, you will not soon forget this night.

Other triumphs, I hope, will await you—future efforts, I trust, will be crowned with the shining signet of success—you will become happy, prosperous, and honored; or though, God forbid, adverse fortune will greet you as you descend through the valley of the years; yet whether you tread the thorny paths of adversity or walk the smiling fields of prosperity, whether in joy and exultation, in sadness and depression, the memories of this night will steal back upon you—the trials and triumphs of the old days will rise in the path of recollection, and with them, perhaps, may also come a feeling—how shall I describe it—“a feeling of sadness and longing

“ That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only,
As the mist resembles rain.”

Yes; a feeling of regret, which, as another poet expresses it:

“ Ne’er tell me of glory serenely adorning
The close of our days, the calm even of life;
Give me back, give me back, the wild freshness of morning,
Its smiles and its tears are worth evening’s best light.”

But, alas! there is no beautiful alchemy of thought, no power of necromancy, whereby we can live life over.

“ There are gains for all our losses,
There are joys for all our pains;
But when youth the dream departs
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.”

And so, dear friends, do what you will, the past can live for you no more. The faces that you know even better than your books, may never be forgotten; of the friendships formed, within your quiet Convent walls, the golden links may never be unlocked; the gold-gleaming vistas that rose before your youthful vision, and fed the hungry hope of girlish expectation, may often recur amid the varied scenes of life, but none of these things can ever bring back the quiet, peaceful days that close for you amid the smiling approbation and the hearty plaudits of your friends on this memorable night. Yes; the radiant sun will shine, the showers of spring and summer will fall, the storms and snows of winter will ride upon the air, but the tender grace of the days that are dead will never come back to you.

I am not here to preach to you upon this joyful day; I am not here to sadden your thoughts with gloomy retrospections of the past, when your hearts should be aglow with rosy anticipations of the future.

And yet I should ignobly fail in my duty to you, with whom I have maintained such pleasant relations, did I not seek to impress upon you the obvious and necessary lesson, that time is passing on.

Oh! then let me impress upon you the value of time. "*Carpe diem*," says the pagan poet. Seize the fleeting moment. It, and it alone, is yours. Wander oft in fancy amid the wrecks and monuments of time; read the epitaphs of the hours and learn the moral.

" We take no note of time,
But from its loss—to give it then
A tongue were wise in man."

Each moment is a warning orator. Each hour is a preacher divine in power. Oh! the value of time! What is value? It is the purchasing power of anything. It is its fitness to be exchanged for something desirable to have. And what can you exchange for time? Eternity, my friends. *Tempus praeteritum nunquam revertitur*?—"Time past never returns." It is with time as with childish innocence; it is with time as it is with a mother's love. Its full value is never known until it is gone—gone forever.

The time is come when no gentle hand is applied to the shoulder of every sluggard, and the stern words uttered in his ear, "Awake,

thou that sleepest." The world is rolling on with the velocity of a declining body near the close of its career, and those who would aid the moral and spiritual renovation of mankind must be wide awake. And who have more to do with it than women? To the progress of this reform they already owe their privileges, their dignity, their elevation. Look at the slavery and degradation in which they are held when the light of the Gospel does not shine, and see if you have not sufficient motive to labor for the promotion of Christianity and its attendant blessings. It is the hand of woman that brings up heroes. It is in the nursery that the Christian and the gentleman, no less than the warrior and the statesman, are fostered and developed. The moulding hand of maternal skill is charged with fearful responsibility. But the promise of the blessing is given to fidelity. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

It will fall out to you, no doubt, to take some share in the work. For this are you graduated to-day; for this have you provided yourselves with moral and mental equipment during long and toilsome, and I hope fruitful, years. I would fain think you equal to the task.

My own sentiments (otherwise I should not think it a duty and privilege to address you) do not coincide with those who seek to trace a broad distinction between the sexes on the score of mental force; who brand with imbecility of mind, and an original inferiority of intellect, the members of the gentler sex. But whether this be so or not, it will be the special province of your sex to be the attractive centre of the domestic circle. *There* will be your sphere of usefulness and interest. The graces, virtues, and accomplishments which you labored so assiduously to acquire, these will be the ornaments of your character, these your weapons of defense, these the magician's wand to dispel the cheerless desolation of the desert world around you. And I know you will be true to your sex. Who can suffer and endure like you? Who, when the specious suitor changes into the unfeeling husband, can take her lot with unrepining patience, and meet the world with smiles of seeming cheerfulness, having learned the art

"To bleed in secret, and yet bear the smart."

Whose mild influence controls the follies, and whose tenderness, at the risk of personal blame, can shield the faults of the wayward brother? When sickness strikes him down, what eyes are dim with weeping, what cheeks pale with watching? What hand administers the cordial, and smooths the pillows? What form glides round the bed with the quiet care of a mortal, yet ministering spirit? Whose tear soothes dejection? Whose smile calms the ruffled temper? Whose patience bears all infirmities? Every man, unless he be born in a desert island, will answer, woman's. Let man take his claimed supremacy, and take it as his hereditary and inalienable right. Let him have for birthright and dower, sovereignty in science, pre-eminence in philosophy, in learning, arts, and arms. Let him wear the ermine, the lawn, the helmet unchallenged, and wield, unrivalled, the sword, the pencil, and the pen. Let him be supreme in camp, and cabinet, and council;—to woman still belongs a goodly guerdon of which no power can deprive her.

To acquire over the unruly temper of man, a mighty influence for good; to manifest a faith that never fails, and a patience that never tires; to exhibit a devotedness that can sacrifice, and a courage that can suffer, to be true when all are false, and firm when all is hopeless; to watch with an eye that never sleeps, and care, that never changes the dear objects of your regard; to think, to act, to suffer, to sacrifice, to live, to die for them,—these shall be your triumphs; for these lofty ends have you received the priceless blessing of a Christian education.

And now you go forth for the fulfillment of your mission. You are yet untried, but I pray you may prove true. Oh! be sure to begin aright. Lay your plans in wisdom and prudence, and you will carry them to success; or, if you do not command, what is better, you will deserve the guerdon and the crown.

Let the lamp of experience, the experience of those who have gone before you, shine before your feet. The mariner who would guide his bark aright, does not despise the wrecks of former adventures. He shapes his course by the shoals, the quicksands, and the rocks, no less than by the compass and the beacon. If the heart is steadfast to the haven of peace and joy, skill and caution will be employed.

You go forth to-day with gladness and rejoicing, but I sorrow for

your going. You go forth with buoyancy and hope, and yet my heart bleeds for you, for you go out into a cold and unfeeling world. Yes, you go into a land of deceit, where the true is outweighed by the seeming; where all is hollow mockery and stark sham; shameless pretence and haughty arrogance,—a cruel world where the weaker often goes to the wall, where unrequited merit pines and starves, while brazen mediocrity, proud-fronted imbecility bears away the coveted prize. Your tender sex will be no shield; your personal charms or your acquired qualities no defense.

Unless the star of religion guide your course you must wander in the dark; unless the light of faith lead you on, you will go astray; unless the memories of this hallowed hour abide with you to tell you the right and true, you must miserably fail. God grant it be not so. You will remember the teachings of your youth. You will cherish the counsels of the wise. You will seek the support of religion and the guidance of God.

Let me give you a few words of counsel and I have done.

Be kind. Oh! there is so little kindness in the world. Woman is weak, but she has the power of making the world happy by her kindness. Most of us are unhappy because the world is unkind. "Be kind, not by impulse, but by deliberation; but be kind always. God is everywhere: He is in the darksome foliage of the grove; He is in the sigh of the summer zephyr; He is in the purling of the silvery stream; He is in the fibres of the soul; but most of all He is in our thoughts. In the temple of your mind let none but kind thoughts dwell. Be kind in speech. Kind words are the music of God's world; they are the solace of weary hours, the sunshine of existence. Do always kindly deeds. Kindness is the pouring out of self on others; it is the spirit of the meek and humble Jesus."

Kindness is a little thing, but little things make life. "And is not the grass of the fields better than the cedars of Lebanon; it feeds more; it rests the eye better. Kindness is the turf of the spiritual world, where the sheep of Christ feed quietly beneath the Shepherd's eye."

Be contented with your lot. Do not repine. Rise like true heroines, superior to your circumstances and surroundings, and lift your heads towards the heavens of God. The home of happiness is in the heart, not in the great big world without.

“ Honor and fame from no conditions rise;
Act well your part,—there all the honor lies.”

Learn to love labor. Labor is the great law of life. It is especially so for women. “Man’s work is from sun to sun, but woman’s work is never done.” Idleness is the door of temptation. An idle brain is the Devil’s workshop. “Ora et labora” was the motto of the Monks of Subbraco, and the poet says :

“ Live for something, be not idle,
Look about thee for employ.
Let not down to useless dreaming,
Labor is the sweetest joy.”

Shun vanity. It is an easy, but a dangerous vice. It turns the head, warps the mind, dwarfs the intellect, and beggars the purse. Few of us are strong enough to be praised. I think it was Seneca who said, “Praise is the spur of noble minds,” but Seneca was a pagan. Human praise is often the flatterer’s foil; the praise of God is sufficient.

“Be just and fear not. Let all the ends thou aim at be thy country’s, thy God’s, and truth’s.”

Shun prejudice; it is the enemy of truth, and the perjurer of peace. Men are governed more by prejudice than by reason. Beware of prejudices; they are like rats; men’s minds are like traps; prejudices creep easily in, but with difficulty get out. Bias in anything is a hateful vice.

Be generous in your judgments, and remember the axiom of the poet :

“ ’Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning join,
In all you speak let truth and candor shine.”

Shun temptation. The best remedy against temptation is to keep out of the reach of its guns. As often as the pitcher goes to the well, it is broken at last

Be honest. Honesty is the best policy; not because it pays, but because it is honest. An honest man is the noblest work of God; but an honest woman, who shall speak her praise? Do not be a slave to what anybody is going to say about you. Live lying scandals down. Hold up your head and be independent of them.

What are words? only words; they fly through the air, they make a sound, but they break not any bones.

And lastly, be truthful. Shun equivocation. Be open as the day. Hate deceit; despise dissimulation. God abominateth the lying tongue.

And finally, cherish, my dear young friends, cherish and hold fast those Christian principles which your kind teachers have, all these years, labored to instill into your minds; rather let your right hand wither, and your tongue grow dumb, than that you should ever prove false or recreant to the lines of duty stamped upon your young hearts, and graven upon your character by those good Sisters who displayed for you more than a mother's love and care in the solemn and laborious task of your training and education, to whom you owe a debt of gratitude that time cannot efface, nor treasure ever repay.

The future is before you. The book thereof is sealed. By the hand of man it cannot be broken. It is well that we are ignorant here. A foreknowledge of our sorrows might palsy our resolutions and our hopes; a surety of our blessings might cast us back upon our indolence. But let us form high resolves to-day. Let us task our God-given talents to the utmost; let us be bold and daring in adventure; let us be heroic on the field of battle; valiant, yet humble, warriors, for our strength is of God. In prosperity moderate your exultation; in adversity learn to rejoice in this—that your treasure is in that celestial city, where no thief can ever enter. If the Angel of Death should hasten you away, may it be only to tread those heavenly courts, whose bright walls and floors are made of precious stones and the purest gold; and the effulgence of the burning throne, and He that sitteth thereupon, is the light thereof.

IV.

RAISING OF THE FLAG ON ST. MARY'S SCHOOL, HOBOKEN, N. J., JULY 4, 1892.

FELLOW-CITIZENS :

Upon this day, the anniversary of that memorable day which gave to these United States a place among the nations of the earth, it is becoming that the people should come together to unite in thanksgiving and praise to the Almighty Ruler of empires, not alone for those peculiar and special temporal blessings which we are permitted to enjoy, but also for the spiritual advantages vouchsafed to us in the unrestrained exercise of conscience, and in the practice of that religion to which we shall adhere while breath abides in our bodies, as the hope of our country and the pledge of our salvation.

The rejoicings in which we participate upon this glad occasion present to the world a sublime spectacle; a spectacle laden with glorious and inspiring emotions. It is not the voice of the deep-mouthed cannon that we hear; not merely the merry chiming of the bells that ushered in the dawn of day; but every reverberation that shakes the solid earth; every peal that rings musically forth; every shout that swells upward to the welkin in the heavens, is but a unit in the great pæan of liberty, gushing forth in spontaneous triumph from the hearts of a happy and united people in this jubilee of freemen.

Rejoice, then, to-day, I say rejoice.

“ Go ring the bells and fire the guns
And fling your starry banners out,
Shout Freedom till your lispings ones
Give back the cradle shout.”

Let the cannon speak to the mountain; the mountain to the vale,
and as their voices leap from hill-top to hill-top the response to every

echo shall be *Liberty*. Let the bells ring out the merry peal, chiming with sweet music the anthem of liberty. Let bonfires blaze over all the land; fling the starry banner to the breeze; call the people forth, that old age and youth, manhood and maidenhood may unite in one wide chorus—our God, our freedom, and our native land.

As we look abroad on our fair land, how the heart bounds with honest exultation. How the soul swells with patriotic pride! Need we point to the innumerable avenues to individual happiness and national glory that present themselves to view? To the sweet vale, redolent of nature's perfumes, where the glistening plough turns the fertile furrow, and the farmer reaps the fruits of the earth for his own uses, free from the exacting tithe, or the yet more exacting tyrant? To the mountain-side, where the towering patriarchs of the forest fall before the oft-plied axe of the woodman; to the copious waterfalls, where well-clad, educated Industry turns its happy eyes from the loom to the skies, thanking the Giver of all good for the rich blessings daily conferred? Need we point to our great and growing commerce which spangles every sea with the stars of our glorious Union, commanding the respect of the whole world and conveying a beacon of hope to millions yet in bondage? To our vast territory, stretching from ocean to ocean, embracing every clime, and yielding every product essential to the comfort or the luxury of man? To our advancement in art, science, literature, and in all those elements which contribute to the refinement, happiness, and virtue of a people, and the power and grandeur of a nation? Need we point to that most supreme of earthly blessings which we here enjoy in a measure far beyond all other peoples, perfect liberty in affairs of civil polity and untrammelled freedom in worshipping our Creator according to the desires of our heart and the dictates of our consciences?

Do we look into the well-spring of our inheritance to assure ourselves that it is still pure at the source, that the crystal springs from which we drink will not cease to flow, the waters of our national fountains become turbid and distasteful? If the blessings we enjoy to-day are the fruit of our peculiar institutions, with those blessings comes down to us the solemn duty of guarding and protecting the springs of our happiness and the sources of our national glory. The history of republics teaches us a prolific lesson; and the history of

nations assures us that none are so adamant as to be impervious to decay. Man, with all the weakness of mortality about him, is not more the creature of impulse and adventitious circumstances, than is a *nation*. Nations are not immortal, and their systems are as susceptible of political change and as liable to disease, derangement, and death, as the human system to changes of temperature and clime.

Under a despotism it is not the duty nor the privilege of the people to raise their voice in the conduct of government; but under our system the people constitute the governing power; and if that power is recreant to itself, if it fail to perform its work, and trusts to corrupt and mercenary hands the guidance of its affairs, what result can reason apprehend but annihilation, national death, and the overthrow of liberal institutions? O! let it never come to this. Give not to the future so dark a destiny. Compel not the historian of coming time to weep, as looking backward through the dim vista of intervening ages, he writes in letters of blood the record of our national shame. For, believe me, my countrymen, when the glorious structure of American manhood has passed away; when our admirable system shall be blotted out, and the hope that our example has enkindled in the hearts of growing millions is overwhelmed, the dirge of civil liberty will be sounded, the death pang of freedom will be over,

“ Her name, her nature, withered from the world.”

Where, then, shall be found a time or place to relume the extinguished lamp of liberty? Where, then, will be the hope and refuge of the oppressed? With the example of our recreancy before them, will the generations of the future give up, as our forefathers gave up, their wealth, their blood, their lives, in the work of garnering another harvest of political freedom and independence? No; at every step the insulted wisdom of our sages would cry to them from their silent tombs, “ *Withhold your labors* ”

Think how precious to the world is the success of our experiment in popular government; how fruitful of promise to mankind; and if it fail, how humiliating to our boasted intelligence will be its downfall.

With us lies the responsibility of carrying our experiment to a successful issue. We are not without weapons for the work. The sword and buckler are in our keeping. The sword we are to use is

the right of suffrage, and the weapon we are to wield is the ballot, "which executes a freeman's will as lightning does the will of God." Intelligence is the whetstone of our sword, the polisher of our armor; and if, with the intelligence that we possess, we make wisdom and morality our allies, no power, earth-born or hell-sprung, can successfully obstruct the irresistible march of civil and religious freedom, or thwart the destiny which God seems to have marked out for the American people in conducting them to the lofty summit of their present greatness and national renown.

But there are dangers before us; there are enemies marshalled against us, and we must prepare for the defense.

Observe the careful mariner, who with his stout ship traverses the trackless ocean. The fair winds of heaven waft him pleasantly on his way. All is bright and prosperous; no clouds above, no storms around; and with his hand upon the wheel, the bulky vessel, her wide wings spread aloft, bounds over the waves, as yielding as an infant to its master's will. But the skillful sailor knows that storms may come, and in the prosperity of the present he forgets not the prospective dangers of the future. The hour of tranquillity he employs in fortifying his ship against the whirlwinds that lurk in the broad atmosphere. Every rope is set; all hands are on the alert; and with an eye ever watchful against impending danger, he scans the wide encircling horizon. A speck appears in the far distance. It is a cloud upon the weather quarter. But he waits not for the storm to burst upon him; but at the first gleam of danger his yards are manned, his sails are clewed up, his hatches battened down, and with stout and trusty hands upon the helm, he looks defiance in the face of the approaching tumult. Nearer, nearer, comes the speck; wider still it grows, till it pervades all visible space and blackens the whole heavens. The skies above and around are enveloped in inky drapery, and the forked lightnings shoot, hissing, from the clouds to the ocean. On comes the storm; on comes the hurricane; and like a rushing demon, sweeps howling through the cordage. The good ship reels before the shock; she bows to the tempest, and quivers in every timber, like a frightened steed. But lo! she rights again; the tornado has swept by; the sun breaks through the fire-fringed clouds; the danger's past, and with sails slowly spread to the new-born breeze, the mariner speeds safely to his destination.

And thus when we hear the mutterings of a storm in our social or political atmosphere, we are to hold ourselves in readiness to avert those dangers which may doom us to inevitable destruction. It is an unqualified truth, that a pure democracy harbors within itself the seeds of its own downfall; and unless they are eradicated, the structure of political and social liberty is liable to degenerate into radical lawlessness and irreligion, or by gradual and imperceptible transition become merged into absolute monarchy or deplorable despotism. But if we are to guard against these ripening dangers, we must hold fast those principles of virtue and integrity which alone can make a people great; hold aloft the shield of liberty as an ægis to petrify all who dare look upon it with the eye of an opponent, and around the castle of individual and national character build a wall of moral strength, invulnerable as the shield of Jupiter, imperishable as time itself. Then shall we train up a plant of wholesome and vigorous growth. Then shall the land be in truth a refuge for the heart-sick and the weary, and here shall be heard a sweet voice whispering hope in the ears of the oppressed, telling them of happier climes, and breathing into their torpid souls a dream of comfort for the future :

“ It comes like soft music from a far land,
 Wafted from the West; braving the rude storms
 Of ocean, riding the tempest, it comes;
 And mingling with the zephyrs of the clime,
 Floats far and wide in a rich harmony.
 The eager passions listen as it moves,
 And every ear drinks up the heavenly strain;
 Till drunk with a strange ecstasy, each soul
 Puts on the lofty armor of a God
 And shouts for liberty.”

But what is the future of our country to be? There exist now doleful prophets, who see in the complex and conflicting elements of our national life the seeds of decay and dissolution. Is this, the most glorious fabric ever erected by the hand of man for the security of human rights, and the shelter of human freedom, to share the fate of those republics which live only as a memory of bygone greatness?

Rome, the world-conquering empire, whose sun-eyed eagles spread their pinions under every quarter of the heavens; whose

royal standards spoke allegiance to the nations of the world, was pulled down from her towering grandeur; the sceptre of dominion dropped from her nerveless grasp; and though venerable in her antiquity, proud in her desolation, and still beautiful in her ruins, she has for nigh on a score of centuries presented to the eyes of mankind the inglorious spectacle of the pomp of civilization and the pride of imperial power, when cast down by corruption and debilitated by crime and folly.

Greece, land of the mighty, where valor found a glorious death or laurelled victory; Eden of the classic world, where Plato's godlike lore was taught and Sappho's songs were sung; where the chisel gave form and beauty to the dull rock and made it breathe and live; where Olympia's towers resounded with the Orphean lyre, and 'mid "shady grots and alleys green" the Muses sent up their vocal strains to salute the skies; Greece, the nurse of arms and the mother of science, is fallen. She has become the sepulchre of the mighty dead, whose smouldering ashes spread as dust upon fields of vanished glory. Her degenerate sons now kiss the servile chain, and like the bright glow that lights the parting day, her splendor has departed. Her arts are no more; her shrines are laid low, and through her forsaken halls and fallen temples and o'er her ruined walls stalks desolation, brandishing on high the besom of his wrath.

How shall it fare with us? It may be that our experience shall but add to the lessons of history, and that the disasters predicted by the prophets of the old-world despotisms shall one day overtake us. It may be that the mournful story of past republics shall be written upon the broken and shattered ruins of our social fabric. It may be that the sun of our national glory shall go down in blood, shining sullenly upon the "dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union"; that violence and turbulence shall rend asunder the bonds which now unite us, and scatter them in wild confusion through the world. It may be that the smiling fields of our prosperity and the green valleys of our contentment, where Columbia's sons now repose in security and peace, may be devastated by the tornadoes of anarchy, or blighted by the chilling frosts of despotism. It may be so, my countrymen; it may be that the light of our nation's grandeur shall sink in shame and dishonor, if religious rancor or sectional animosity should estrange a portion of the people from this now

glorious and inseparable Union; if infamous venality or political intrigue should sap the foundations of patriotism and dry up the springs of loyalty; if unlimited prosperity should open the flood-gates of corruption, and material advancement, the only goal of our ambition, should blind us to the need of moral and intellectual cultivation; if wealth should make us aristocratic and debauched, like the effete nobility of Europe; if power should make us arrogant and tyrannous; fanaticism, intolerant; pride, and the gross pursuits of a vaulting ambition, insensible of the great Almighty source from whom our blessings flow.

But I hold no such dolorous views of my country's hopes and prospects. I cast no such dismal horoscope of my country's future, for I hold that sin and vice alone can make a people weak, wickedness make them old, ungodliness infirm and tottering; but in the fear of the Lord there is the strength, the power, the beauty of perpetual youth.

Upon us rests a grave responsibility. Upon us and upon those who follow us—upon the young especially—the good man's hope and the patriot's trust,—upon those parents and teachers to whom the education of youth is entrusted, rests with fearful weight this responsibility.

My friends, what can I say to you—what can I say but repeat the warning which I gave to you on the day, when in a large and distinguished presence, we laid the corner-stone of the magnificent structure within whose walls we are gathered here to-day. Educate your children in the faith of Jesus Christ.

We raise here to-day the flag of our imperishable Union. The emblem of liberty that we lift aloft is one of the most beautiful ensigns that floats over the earth. That old flag stands for what, after God, is dearest in life to us, our firesides and our native land. That flag has been defended with a valor and heroism unsurpassed in the annals of time, and many a hero has poured out his heart's blood to save it from dishonor.

During the attacks on Fort Moultrie the flagstaff was struck by the enemy's shot and fell outside the walls of the fort. Would it be left to trail in the dust, to be trampled in dishonor? Who would rescue the old flag, when to do so was to rush into the jaws of death? There was one brave heart who feared not death

when the honor of the flag was at stake. The gallant and intrepid Sergeant Jasper, amid a volley of leaden rain, leaped over the breastworks and picking up the ensign fastened to a sponge staff, once more replaced it on the fort, while from his admiring comrades went forth a wild heroic cheer, thrice repeated—Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

How often has the sight of that flag brought hope and courage to the soldier whose drooping spirits sunk from the onset, as lifting his weary, battle-blurred eyes he beheld the glorious ensign fluttering against the distant horizon, and inspired with renewed valor, he hurled himself against the foe, resolved to conquer or die in the endeavor.

Dear to the heart of every son of Liberty are the folds of that flag—that flag which to-day waves in unchallenged victory over land and sea. May it ever wave over our country's citadels in unsullied glory, and remain a shielding banner to all the down-trodden sons of men; and whether its tattered folds are dimly seen through the clouds of war, or beautiful stripes streaming peacefully over the dome of our national capitol, may it be the joy and pride of the American people. "First raised in the cause of right and liberty, may it forever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle, the sunshine, or the storm." May virtue, valor, freedom, peace, dwell upon the earth wherever it may wave.

Perhaps the greatest menace to free institutions in the land to-day, and the one thing which more than all else saps the sources of genuine patriotism, is unreasoning adherence to party.

Party ties, here and elsewhere, when they become so absorbing as to blind the people to the interests of our common country, must be modified; a spirit of genuine nationality must predominate over sectional prejudice; our public affairs must be entrusted to wise, capable, and patriotic hands, that thus we may look forward with confidence to the future; that our children and our children's children may eat of the fruit planted by the men of '76; and the nations of the earth unite at last with us, as one homogeneous people, with one flag, one country, one God and Father of all, and multitudinous voices over all the earth, joining in the annual tribute of our joy, our cheers for liberty, shall signalize the fourth day of July as that which drew aside the bolts of tyranny from the crystal gates of civil and religious freedom, never by God's good mercy to be closed till all the nations of the earth shall be dissolved in the final wreck of matter and the crush of world's.

V.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF ST. MARY'S SCHOOL,
HOBOKEN, N. J.*

RT. REV. BISHOP, RT. REV. MONSEIGNEUR, MR. GOVERNOR, CATHOLICS OF
HUDSON COUNTY:

I give you greeting here to-day. I feel a joy in the occasion which calls this vast assemblage here which no words of mine can tell. In the history of this parish this is a red-letter day in a calendar of glory. In the cause of Christ and for the glory of the God we all adore, you have during long and weary years expended freely of your toil and treasure to upbuild the institutions of religion in this fair city; but suffer me to burn it indelibly upon your minds, that never, since by pious and reverent hands the cross of Christ was planted and the altar of the living God erected in your community, have you set your hand and your heart to a work of more transcendent import than that begun at this hallowed and gracious hour in the laying of the corner-stone of the magnificent school which, under God's blessing, will soon crown the noble site we stand upon to-day. I, therefore, rise with glad alacrity in this distinguished presence, favored as we are by the attendance of the Governor of the State, the Chief Magistrate of the city, and the companion of my youth, the Congressional Representative of this district, to unfold to you the solemn significance of the ceremony performed before this great concourse of interested witnesses upon this memorable day.

Here upon this sacred spot—here under the shadow of God's sanctuary—here in a land renowned for its love of learning—in a

* From the *Hoboken News*.

land where literature flourishes like the green bay-tree planted by the running waters—in a land where art lifts her heavenly features and science stands revealed in all her native charms—in a land where genius is honored and rewarded; where merit is the passport to success, and intellect the only aristocracy—in the land of Clay, Calhoun, and Webster; Bryant, Lowell, and Longfellow; Prescott, Bancroft, and Brownson; Hecker, Ives, and Spaulding—in this favored land which, though but of yesterday, compared with transatlantic nations, has, by the magic power of mind and genius, created within a century a national literature destined to imperishable fame,—we are met to-day to contribute what we can to the institutions of sound learning, in the hopeful expectation that we are helping to promote the renown and glory of our age and scatter blessings in the pathway of posterity.

If any man ask what is the necessity for the building of this school, when schools abound on every side, free, commodious, and accessible to all, how shall we give answer? Have we not in this land of ours a banquet of intellectual enjoyment, and do we not invite all to come and feast at the table? Have we not planted a garden of mental luxuriance, flung wide open the gates at the entrance, and bid all come in and partake of the fruits of our planting? Have we not here a public school system of recognized merit and admitted perfections, whose doors are unbarred to every child that may come, without distinction of rank, sex, color, or creed? A school open to every child that walks the face of our broad land and lives under the protection of our liberal, enlightened, and beneficent laws? To these things no man can make truthful denial.

Wherefore, then, do the Catholics of this country, who go heart and hand with their fellow-citizens, and whose loyalty to the laws and adhesion to the Constitution have long since been placed beyond the pale of reproach, separate or divide from their countrymen on this question of education; and though, for the most part, not abundantly endowed with the possessions of this world, incur such heavy expense, make so many exertions to build, furnish, and maintain schools other than those provided by the government for sowing the seminal principles of knowledge and patriotism in the minds of the up-growing generations? Apart from sufficiency of motive such conduct is folly and madness. Whence, then, the cause?

It is, ladies and gentlemen, because of their undying devotion to duty, their unshaken allegiance to principle, and their burning desire and unwearied endeavor to confer upon their children and their children's children the unbought and unpurchasable blessings of a Christian education. When the salvation of souls is the stake, they count not the cost nor reckon the labor.

It is because of this imperious consideration that the Catholics of this country, enlightened by the experience of the past and planning for the future, build their own schools rather than make tributary to their advantage those institutions which, with commendable liberality and praiseworthy public spirit, the government has founded to advance the cause of common education. Because of this Catholics build their schools, and not because they have no wish to fraternize with their brethren; not because they have no concern to harmonize with the spirit and genius of democracy; not because they cherish views and harbor sentiments alien or antagonistic to the established policy and traditional customs of this free land which sheltered them from despotism and oppression,—not because they do not love their country. No; God forbid!

We are Catholics, and to be such, we can say, with St. Augustine, is our glory and our pride. But who is here so vile that will not love his country? We are Catholics, but we are Americans in every cord and fibre of our frames; and every hope of our hearts, after the hope of heaven's light and God's salvation, is a hope for her prosperity and a prayer for her perpetuity. This land, these laws, these liberties, are they not ours to uphold, ours to enjoy, ours to transmit to succeeding generations?

We build our schools, then, because we love, first our God and then our country, and would perpetuate her institutions till time shall be no more; and while we unreservedly surrender to our native land the loyalty of our hearts, the fire of our intellects, and the strength and service of our arms, we are but the more concerned for her welfare, because we believe, and we know, and we maintain, that it is written in the eternal and inviolable decrees of God, that society cannot stand which is not built upon the indestructible bulwark of religion. Nor do we stand alone in our opinion.

Let me give you a name to conjure with—a name unspeakably dear to every American heart, nay, to every child of freedom wher-

ever God's sun shines down on this green globe. There is a man whose memory is immortal—at the sound of whose name your souls thrill and your hearts gladden with delight. As the ivy clings to the oak by which it has been lifted from the earth, and only increases its adhesion as the monarch of the forest grows venerable with frosts of years; so has the lapse of time but served to strengthen your affection for the memory of a man who put forth his good right hand to raise his country from the prostrate condition in which he found her; to place her upon a pedestal of glory, where, under the guidance of God's providence she shall continue to shine; to exalt her to an acme of greatness where she shall endure with unfading power and splendor till the heavens are gathered like a scroll and time expires in the arms of eternity—and that immortal man was Washington. Harken to the lesson from his lips and heed it well: "Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion, because morality AND RELIGION are the props of society and the pillars of the State."

These, ladies and gentlemen, are the words which the Catholic Church has uttered for 1,900 years—has proclaimed from the capitol of the Cæsars and the courts of Charlemagne; from the ancient Roman forum, in the groves of Academus and in the silent forests of Gaul and Germany; from the rock-bound coasts of Maine to the ice-clad cliffs of Alaska, and which she will continue to proclaim, in tones that touch and thrill, till the last man that Christ died to save has been gathered to the bliss of heaven or consigned to the shades of eternal death. To proclaim this heaven-sent doctrine she sent her teachers into every land and clime. Every corner of the earth echoed to the tread of their footsteps, every spot to the sound of their voice. Bearing the royal charter of her commission, they went forth, holding aloft the plummet of progress and the cross of Christ, and unfolding, not in the persuasive words of human wisdom, but in the power and grace of Jesus Christ, to all men, at all times, and in every clime, the need of Redemption in the Lord; and carrying to all the light of God's salvation. Their deeds are not graven on monuments of brass, or cut in shining shafts of marble, but they are treasured in the record of eternal life, and shall shine with the splendor of the stars through the everlasting years of God.

Catholics build schools, because Catholics love learning. Who are

greater lovers of learning than you, my friends, who, for the most part, are descendants of a people—I mean the ancient and unconquerable Celtic race—whose religion and education were banned for five bloody centuries;—you whose fathers came from a land where to be a scholar was to be a criminal. It may still linger in the recollection of the oldest here, who came from the emerald land beyond the seas, that you were once an enslaved and prostrate people—a people without home, property, or education—a people excluded from the bench, the bar, and the legislature,—a people whose complaints were scorned, whose grievances were mocked, whose burning aspirations after liberty were silenced by chains and slavery, and whose life and manhood were ground into dust and stifled in the gloom and silence of the grave. Yes; you were once persecuted and hounded unto death; your blood was poured out like water from the fountain; but under the unsparing plough of persecution that blood has germinated with such marvellous rapidity that from being a handful of slaves you have become a nation of freemen, while the glorious tree of Celtic Christianity has spread its branching boughs over all the earth for the admiration and amelioration of mankind. Ah! yes, methinks I see them now, those down-trodden but invincible lovers of liberty—see them lifting their bowed heads and looking out from the dreary wilderness of their woe and beholding, as it gleamed in grandeur on the far-off Western horizon, the golden star of long-lost liberty hopefully beaming across the blue Atlantic, upon whose inviting bosom they launched their tiny barks, to be wafted by God’s favoring breezes to the shelter of these shores. Yes; I imagine I behold them now, shaking the shackles of oppression from their limbs, and emerging, like men risen from the dead, from the gloomy dungeon of age-long despair—coming out from the death-like hold of a voracious despotism; coming out from the greedy grasp of an absorbing aristocracy; coming out from the galling tyranny of men who forced, as far as could be done, their own religion and worship upon them, and denied to them the liberty of acting according to their consciences—coming across the deep, blue sea—coming to this land of liberty, and as they first set foot upon its blessed shores, “wildly grasping with uplifted hands the standard of freedom, its basis resting on their gladdened hearts and its star-spangled top glittering in the sunlit heavens,” as looking back with

love to the land of their birth, their eyes dimmed with emotion, they rushed forward to join the surging chorus of the young and brave democracy which bid them welcome in the home of the free.

And why came they to these far-off shores? Because they were willing to submit to every privation, but privation of freedom of conscience they could not endure. Because they were prepared to suffer any hardship, but the hardship which deprived them and their children of education and doomed them to imbruting and degrading ignorance, was too intolerable for the most ignoble slave to undergo. Submission was dishonorable, resistance ineffectual, and flight the only remedy or hope. And thus they forsook the fond endearments of their native land; they bade farewell to all the associations entwined about their hearts, to place themselves under the divine protection, and trusting confidently to the future, to visit a strange and unknown land to seek those rights of manhood denied to them at home. But the God of their fathers was with them, and His gracious guidance and assistance sustained them in their enterprise, and in the peaceful security of their new abode in the Western world they poured forth grateful aspirations and songs of joy to Him who, as He protects the weak and the needy, so watched their destinies and ruled their lives.

Long years have rolled by since their advent here; much vicissitude, and sometimes inhospitable treatment, was their portion, but they bore themselves with fortitude and patience, so that we to-day may well recall with pride their glorious history, and pay the tribute of our reverence to their memory, and fortunate shall we be if we seek to illumine the character of our age by the illustrious example of lofty faith, splendid endurance, and lion-like courage, which marked the conduct of those Catholics who are gone before us in this Western Hemisphere.

Who loves learning more than the members of that old Church, which, through the long night of barbarism, was the patron and preserver of literature and the custodian of civilization in the world? She loves learning and she loves the light, because, like God's morning star, she descends from the bosom of uncreated Light. Like a Pharos in the tempest-tossed and sunless ocean of time, she casts her burning beams of truth athwart the wide-spread gloom, and, like a vapor that disappears at the first burst of sunlight, darkness flies

at her approach, and light, genial, radiant, and vivifying, is diffused over the darksome sea of life. She rolled back the never-ebbing flood of time; she penetrated the dim and misty veil of the past till she stood by the tombs of the Ptolemies and the Pharaohs; she groped through the age-crowned ruins of Rome, and wandered through the broken temples of ancient Greece; she has gone down into the Catacombs to speak to the voiceless dead; she snatched a lamp from the table of industry to fling a wizard beam upon arts and languages long forgotten, and in every century, and in every clime, upon every sea and shore, she evoked the genius of intelligence and wove a garland, fair and beautiful, for the brow of civilization, from flowers culled from every field of information.

The same love of learning is her passionate pursuit in America. Her numerous buildings and educational establishments, scattered over the face of this broad land, attest the liberality of her religion and the piety of her people. Visit the lowest valleys; ascend to the wildest heights; go to the far-off Pacific and view the moss-crowned remains of those structures erected by the fiery zeal of the Friars of San Francisco, and the very stones will tell you of bygone times, when from countless choirs the voice of intelligent praise ascended to the Most High God, in temples and shrines raised up by the devotion of these hardy pioneers. What spirit impelled them but the love of truth and conscience; the same spirit as that which came down at Pentecost; the spirit which, when religion had all but vanished, when her altars were overturned, and the storm of persecution gathered thick and fast around her, enabled her followers to stand fast in the Thermopylæ of their faith—to stand up for liberty of conscience—to stand for right and truth and justice—to stand up to defend the land from the blight of irreligion, to spread the good seed of the Gospel, and to seal by the baptism of their blood this continent for Christ.

This is the spirit which calls us here to-day. This is the spirit which impels us to bear an almost insupportable burden in maintaining our own schools. We want schools, and we want scholars, but we want religious schools. We don't want a Christless Christianity. We don't want the blight and bale of infidelity and atheism. We want our country to endure, and we know that without God there can be no commonwealth.

We wage no war upon the public schools. We are not hostile to education. We hold that it should be universal and adequate to the needs of the community. It is no difficult demonstration to show that it was not Horace Mann, nor the pious Pilgrims of Massachusetts, but the Catholic Church, which first founded common free schools for the people.

But the secular public school we find to be defective. Morality, says Washington, cannot be maintained without religion, and until religion, in some way satisfactory to the consciences of all, is taught under our common school system, the first end of education will be ignored, and the greatest desideratum of the human heart, the moulding and directing influence of religion, will remain unprovided for. Till the dawn of that better and more enlightened day, Catholics, we hope, will, as they are doing upon this spot to-day, build their schools and have the benevolence and generosity to maintain them.

And when these walls, which rise here in stately beauty and majestic proportion, are worn and time-honored, the youth of this city will still come to this temple of knowledge to meditate upon the lessons of the past and gird themselves for the battles of the future; and may they always find here the teachings of patriotism and incorruptible citizenship, and examples of wisdom and piety to study and to emulate. Thus shall they grow up ornaments to society, upholders of religion, useful and intelligent citizens of the State. Thus shall they bless God that they were born in the land where those celestial maidens, science and religion, may embrace and dwell in peace together. Thus shall coming generations gaze with pride and reverence on the triumphs of intellect wrought by their forefathers, and shall characterize the work we do to-day as blessed of God and man, and a shining evidence of devotion on the part of Catholics to the cause of Christian education.

VI.

LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF THE REFUGE OF THE SISTERS OF PEACE.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

RT. REV. MONSEIGNEUR, REV. FATHERS, DEAR FRIENDS :

We are assembled here to-day to lay the foundations of a work which confers honor upon humanity, benefit upon this community—a work that is approved of man and blessed of God. In the presence of this large and sympathetic audience gathered here, we lay the corner-stone of an asylum and refuge for the orphan children of this great city—orphans who will be tended with more than a mother's tender care by these Sisters, who have

“ For sweet charity's sake ”

devoted the unreserved service of their lives to the God-like work of rescuing the strays and waifs of humanity, not merely from squalor and starvation, but perhaps from a career of crime, and from that dismal doom to which the children of want and misery are exposed in every land.

Charity, my friends, is God's darling virtue, and it is one of the most striking and potent proofs of the divinity of His Church. Her numerous institutions of benevolence—her hospitals, her reformatories, her refuges and asylums, and her countless works of charity, which spring from her fecund bosom, like flowers from their native soil, proclaim her to be inspired with the divine spirit of Him who came to teach mankind the unfathomable love upon which depended “ the whole law and the prophets.”

In the name of the sweet charity of Christ I speak to you to-day,

for an object which appeals to you with a power and energy which no words of mine can intensify. I speak not in the hypocritical accents of the false philanthropy which George Eliot, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and professors of the new creed of culture have adopted as the gospel of humanity; but according to the principle that we must love our fellow-man for God's sake, and for the image of God within him. But the empty pretensions of modern philanthropy must be disallowed, for in place of the fraternal charity inculcated by our divine Redeemer, it substitutes the shadowy semblance, the miserable subterfuge of human interests and human sympathies, which, like the friendship painted by the poet,

"Is but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth and fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep."

Such philanthropy is devoid of supernatural principle. It has for its basis a magnificent egotism. With disgusting ostentation and lofty patronage, which pains much more than it relieves, it evolves fine-spun theories and projects great schemes for the succor of the indigent and the distressed, even while it flings the starving wretch from the door, to die in the gloom of the workhouse or under the cold stars of heaven. "It is better to go to heaven in rags than to hell in embroidery," and like Lazarus, who was gathered into Abraham's bosom, while Dives was buried in hell, so shall many of the outcasts of society be exalted into glory when the canting and self-sufficient philanthropist has entered the everlasting shades of Sheol. The root of this philanthropy is self. Unlike to them "who do good by stealth and blush to find it fame," vainglory is commonly the motive that inspires its professors; or, at best, it is that pernicious maxim which proclaims, as the supreme law, the greatest good of the greatest number. Such philanthropy is no more than an unreasoning cult of man-worship, and it is the embodiment of insincerity, pharisaism, tyranny, and selfishness. It puts man in the place of God, or, what is equally the capsheaf of folly, it confounds God with His creation, and that practically denies His existence.

The end of man is the glory of God. No other end of man's creation would be worthy of an all-wise and infinite God; nor can any

religion find favor in His sight which will not excite men to imitate and practice the divine benevolence, the divine bounty, the divine generosity. All creation invites us to that love which becomes us as the children of God. God is our sole and sovereign good. His beneficence is illustrated by the luxuriant vale, the waving harvest, and the fertilizing stream. The exppanseless ocean, the starry sky, the earth pouring forth her teeming fruits in proper seasons, are all faint reflections of infinite goodness and beauty and tokens of God's love. He draws us to Himself by "the chords of Adam" and the bonds of love. And as He loves us, so does He desire that we love our fellow-man.

The imperative necessity of Christian charity was repeatedly enforced by His own blessed lips, and when death was about to separate Him from the dear disciples of His love, He left them as an imperishable legacy, as the badge of brotherhood and affiliation in His Church, the precept of fraternal charity, which embodied the practice of benevolence, the relief of the poor, the needy, the outcast, the sorrow-stricken, and afflicted sons of humanity. Wherefore, He said to them in the most touching and pathetic language that the tender and paternal solicitude of His divine heart could inspire: "A little while I am with you; little children, love one another. A new commandment I give to you, that you love one another. By this shall all men know that you are My disciples, that you have love for one another."

But what gave power to His precept, point to His persuasion, and force to His commands, was the sweet attractiveness of His own illustrious example, the incomparable charity and boundless compassion of His own divine heart. For conjoined with the beneficent purpose of securing our redemption, He descended from His throne of glory upon this earth to cast a halo of peace and happiness around the squalid lives of the wretched and miserable; to cheer the sad and broken-hearted; to raise the fallen and the erring, and to spread the light of heavenly sunshine along the rugged path of them who drooped and pined under the cold world's scorn and neglect, the proud man's contumely, and the supercilious contempt of creatures fashioned by the hand of the same God out of the same common clay. And as if to allure us to obedience to His behests, behold He holds out to us the rich promise of magnanimous re-

wards, and emphatically affirms that on the final judgment day, when all mankind shall stand before His throne of judgment, each to receive sentence according to the deeds done in the flesh, those words of celestial consolation, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world," shall be spoken to those who showed mercy to Himself in the person of the poor. "Amen, I say unto you; inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least, my little ones, you have also done it unto Me."

In His name, then, do I appeal to you to-day—in the name of Him who is still the healer, the consoler, and the comforter of mankind—of Him who is still the good Samaritan to lift up the fallen, and the good Shepherd who layeth down His life for the sheep; who leaveth the ninety and nine in the desert to seek out the solitary one that was lost. In fine, I plead in the name of Him who styles Himself, and loves to be styled, the Father of the poor, the Protector of the widow, and the dread and implacable Avenger of the wronged orphan's tears.

God can "command the very stones to be made bread." The birds of the air and the lilies of the field are fed and clothed by the unseen Arm above and the earth beneath them. "Who provideth food for the raven, when its little ones cry to God wandering about because they have no meat?" He can cause the earth to shoot forth her fostering fruits at the tread of the pauper's footsteps, and the green blades of corn to ripen at the touch of the orphan's finger. The poverty of His children He can turn to boundless affluence if He gathers them under the shadow of His sheltering wings. But those whom He so loves, He entrusts to the care of others. His own divine Son had not whereon to lay His head, nor the wherewithal to feed His mouth. The night wept her dew upon His sacred head, and His locks were hoar with the mists of the morning. In the grey twilight of the garden the cold wind whistled upon His shrinking, shivering form. He entered the world as He left it, poor and humble and despised. His cradle was a manger, His house a stall for cattle; His robes were swaddling-clothes in infancy and faded purple raiment in manhood, and His grave was the tomb of a stranger.

According to the dispositions of God's providence, man, to a large extent, is dependent upon the charity of his fellow-man. It is His

desire that the school of poverty should be the nursery of virtue, and He therefore makes the maintenance of the poor a charge upon the charity of the rich, and those more signally blessed with the good gifts of God. The owners, therefore, of what St. Paul calls the substance of this world, are bound before God "to give alms of their bounty, and do the deeds of charity and mercy."

I am not of those who idly declaim against the possession of wealth, and, indeed, I hold but a poor opinion of the man whom opportunity, economy, and industry will not carry along the road, not to luxury and affluence, but at least to competence. Deeply to be deplored, indeed, is that shiftless and improvident spirit which has led many of our Irish Catholics, scattered over the broad acres of this continent, to penury and want and rags, aye, and to greater miseries of vice and degradation, too, when to-day they might be no longer hewers of wood and drawers of water, but masters of that elevation and refinement which wealth alone can procure. Riches in themselves are an essential good, and if rightly used are productive of manifold blessings, moral and material, to mankind.

But the fortunate possessors of this world's goods should "make to themselves friends of the mammon of iniquity that God may receive them in the evil day into everlasting dwellings." "For alms," says Tobias, "delivereth from death; and the same is that which purgeth away sin, and maketh to find mercy and life everlasting." God will confer supernatural blessings in abundance upon those who pour out their substance in providing for the homeless, the fatherless, the unfortunate, and the poor. "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord, and He will repay him." Give a cup of cold water for Christ's sake, and take the kingdom of heaven. The hand of the giver is blessed in return for the blessings he bestows on others. And oh! my friends,

"It is a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May send a shock of pleasure to the soul
More exquisite than when nectareous juice
Renews the life of joy in happier hours.
'Tis a little thing to speak some common word
Of comfort, which had almost lost its use,
Yet, on the ear of him who thought to die
Unmourned, 'twill fall like choicest music."

There are men in existence (but, thank heaven! for humanity's sake they are few) whose hearts have been hardened by contact with an unfeeling world where the weaker goes to the wall, and whose sympathies have been stifled by the carking cares of flesh and blood, and the griping greed of avarice and selfishness. In the cold cynicism of heathenism, tenderness was treated with contempt, and Roman sternness and Spartan severity are proverbial. The religion of Christ sowed the seed of a new principle and a new impulse in the human heart,—the impulse of charity, as embodied in the precept of a loving Jesus. “By this shall all men know that you are My disciples, if you have love for one another.”

But I am encouraged to ask your charity to-day because I know that I address my appeal to kind and sympathetic hearts. You are Christians, sensible of the obligations which your very means impose upon you; you are followers of a mild and merciful, as well as a good and generous Jesus. And your charity I crave in support of a work which engages the loving labors of those who have “left all things” to follow in the footsteps of the Master; of those whom it is your inestimable privilege to have here spending their energies, with uncalculating devotion and with no hope of earthly recompense, for the poor outcast waifs of this community. Sisters of Peace they truly are, and angels of mercy, too. Aye, apostles of Charity—exercising a charity which has come straight from the open side of Jesus Christ upon the cross; a charity which is watered by the tears of a suffering Saviour and washed to heavenly brightness by the red blood of a bleeding God; a charity which is doubly ennobled by its purpose and by its performers. These women are moral heroines, who illustrate by their lives the Gospel of Christianity and glorify by their deeds the Church of God. They hold the luminous lamp of charity so high, that, like a beacon of beatitude, it may shine upon the eyes of all, that others may “behold it from afar and walk in the brightness of its rising.” They come to arouse the world from its sleep of death to a life of zeal and piety, and for that world they toil like galley-slaves only to conquer it for Christ. Night and day, as angels of light and sweetness, they seek out their God-appointed task, cooling the parched lip, moistening the burning brow, and pouring balm into the bruised and bleeding heart. Like the foster-father of Ephraim, they bear their precious burden of infant humanity

upon their shoulders, clasp it to their breasts, shelter it against the unpitied storm, and fondly place it in the little crib of the foundling asylum, where it is rocked to slumber by the more than motherly touch of their gentle, loving hands. A Cæsar or a Hannibal comes to conquer with sword and shield; but they come by the power of the Most High, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and vice and misery flee before them like chaff before the autumn gale. As long, my friends, as the heart of humanity throbs with the admiration of great deeds, as long as what is high and noble has a claim upon the souls of men, so long shall these queens of creation be held in honor and benediction; so long shall their cry for help reach the chambers of our soul in tones that touch and thrill; so long shall the majestic story of their lives never grow old, the frost of centuries will not conceal its charm, for it will remain to console and to refresh, like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, never to pass away till the heavens are folded up and time itself expires in the arms of eternity.

“ Who gives himself with his alms feeds three:
Himself, his hungering brother, and Me.”

And how appealing is the object of their charity. Some seem to be such favorites of fortune that they appear to be sent into a world made for their special benefit. As they grow up they are surrounded with softness and security. When they fall, they fall upon down; when they walk, they are supported by the arms of affection. All they have to do is to pluck life's rosebuds before they wither and gather life's flowers before they fade. Others seem ill-starred from their cradle. Want and misery watch their ushering into life, sorrow beclouds their days, and grief attends them to the grave. But of all forms of human misery, what can equal the orphan's woe? Every stream of joylessness pours its bitterness into the cup that is lifted to its little lips. Every joy and every hope it buries in its parents' tomb. It knows not a father's kindness nor a mother's melting love. It is the very personification of weakness, helplessness, and misery. No one to tend them, no one to rescue them from ruin and vice, no one to care for them but the pitying angels above, and the angels of mercy whom God sent to guard them on earth. How many on this bleak day within sound of the bells that

thrill the church steeples with music and call God's people to prayer, are gnawed by hunger and crouch in cheerless hovels, abandoned to hopelessness and despair?

To you, good Christian hearts, they appeal with "strong crying and tears" to-day. "Take this child, nurse it, and I will give thee thy wages." As Pharaoh's daughter spake to the mother of Moses, so God speaks to you. "Take these little waifs, take them from cold, misery, and starvation; take them from a heartless and careless world; take them from temptation, sin, and eternal death, and I will crown the charity with eternal recompense and glory that shall never fade." Blessed, thrice blessed, is that man for whom the orphan's hands are lifted up in prayer. When you, my friends, are seated at your firesides in the calm and quiet enjoyment of your own happy homes, God grant that then the grateful prayers of sorrow's children may be wafted by the gentle breezes of heaven to the throne of the High and Mighty One. And when the last moments of your transitory existence are at hand; when all mundane magnificence is passing forever from your view; when your dreams and hopes are of a better and a fairer land, may the charity of the deed you do to-day in helping to raise this shelter for the homeless and friendless, inscribe your names in golden letters upon the Book of Life, and secure you the unspeakable joy and unbroken felicity promised to those who have fed the hungry, clothed the naked, healed the sick, sheltered the houseless, and given drink to the thirsty.

And may the blessing of God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ descend in loving mercy upon you this day; upon you and upon your families, your children, your friends, your absent brethren. May the angel of white-winged peace alight upon your domestic altar; may prosperity smile upon all your undertakings and success sweeten all your labors; may fraternal charity link all your hearts together in the benign brotherhood of love; may faith and hope give inspiration to your thoughts, light to your understandings, and the fire of holy zeal to your hearts, till these few fleeting years be past, the trials of life be over, and you behold the glad sunrise of that eternal morn which dies no more in God's fair paradise.

DESCRIPTIVE AND
MISCELLANEOUS.

I.

STORM IN THE ROCKIES.—MOUNTAIN OF THE HOLY CROSS.

SOME summers since I climbed the rock-built breasts of earth that make the mighty mountains of the West. Amid beetling cliffs and frowning crags I heard the swift autumnal gale rush round the eternal rocks in a wail of lamentation, and the distant cataract's roar resound through shaggy woods in solemn dirge, like the voice of Eolus upcoming from the deadly shades of Orcus' gloom.

Retreating along an Alpine avenue of green and glorious prospect, the everlasting snows shimmered above my head like belts of silver light, while the forest flowers were springing spontaneously at my feet till the greensward lost its verdure with violets, and mountain-roses, red as the blush of dawn, and on the hillsides the vagrant vines empurpled with laughing clusters of wild grapes lifted their ruby lips to kiss the borders of the wintry snow. Strange union of Spring and Winter,—of frost-bound sterility and luxuriant vegetation. In far prospect rose the blue hills, range on range, and spur on spur, at every imaginary angle, to bathe their century-furrowed brows in the sunshine; and the lengthening shadows of the day's decline softened the singular beauties that clustered about me into a sober sadness, as they rose erect in the majesty of silent repose, in the naked sublimity of solitary grandeur.

But how wide and sharp the contrast between the placid beauty that decked the unbroken solitude with its sweetest gems, and gladdened the monarch hills where the keen-eyed eagle builds and reigns, and the scene of hoar austerity and rugged desolation that soon environed me. Wending my way along as chance dictated, I was suddenly encompassed by sheer perpendicular walls mounting a thousand feet in air, and buried in the dim and shallow vastness

of the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas. The heavens appeared shut down upon my head, and I was left alone with nature and with God. No voice spake in the solemn silence, no sound stirred that native stillness that cast its thrall upon my spirit, save the flow of the torrent as it dashed along to leave those inhospitable wilds. Affrighted fancy ran riot in my brain and conjured shapes and forms, grewsome, dismal, and fantastic. The heavens had previously been clear as a sheet of crystal, or the white marble of Carrara. The sun had shone in the pure blue vault with singular lustre, but now was covered with a pall of portentous blackness. The storm-king was riding on the ambient air, his chariot drawn by the elemental Furies. The mad lightning tears the darkness with trident tongues of fire, and the first glaring flash was followed by a ponderous peal that seemed to shake the foundations of the mountains, and was long reverberated through the clefts and caverns of the Royal Gorge. I saw it shoot along the ragged heights, not less broken or abrupt than its own fiery track. I saw the lurid gleam dispel for an instant the inky blackness, and reveal the shining summits and glowing pinnacles of the precipices, standing like spectral sentinels in the front of some gigantic army. Under a circular canopy of crimson cloud I seemed to see the Wind-God sitting on his nebulous throne, not in tranquil majesty, but in the puissance of his vengeance, with a righteous indignation blazing on his countenance. In uplifted hand he held a sheaf of thunder-bolts, flaming with the lurid lightning which he hurled with crushing energy against the adamantine mountains. Ah! never was my mind so forcibly impressed with the Creator's might and omnipotence. Every flower is a hint of His beauty. His beneficence is illustrated by the luxuriant vale, the waving harvest, and the fertilizing stream; but, here, rock piled on rock, mountain poised on mountain, the rugged inaccessible heights, the resistless torrent, and the tempest's terrible rush and roar,—all bespoke, with trumpet tongue, that Power that moulds and arranges matter as He will. How vast, how magnificent is nature! How insignificant is the material part of him, that little being, for whom nevertheless all has been created. How striking is the inference that the soul, the spiritual essence, is the nobler part, as it should be the chief care of man. *Post nubilia Phœbus!* The storm soon subsided, and amid the alternate mist and sunshine a

radiant rainbow began to gild the gloom and spread his arch with all its glorious and transparent hues across the fleecy whiteness of the snow-capped crags. The sun poured forth his heavenly dyes with ineffable tenderness and beauty, as if nature dipped her pencil in celestial colors, and drew it across the sky with a hand as gentle and as delicate as Love's. The mountains now flung darkness from them like a discarded mantle floating in many a careless fold and break of shadow, and bowed their mist-crowned heads in parting salutation to the lord of light ere he sank to slumber on the pillow of night. Emerging from the gloom of the gorge I stood in silence to pay my homage on this lofty Altar of Nature and of God, when lo! as the seal and warrant of my worship, there breaks upon my vision, my first view of the Mountain of the Holy Cross.

On the crest of this continent it stands to tell the ages that the country of Columbus is the heritage of Christ;—the blood-bought patrimony of Him who, ere He died upon the tree of the Cross, had said, "If I be lifted up, I will draw all with Me."

II.

BATTLE OF THE INVISIBLE POWERS.

THE sixth chapter of St. Paul to the Ephesians, in graphic and vivid language, depicts the nature of the spiritual struggle which every soldier who follows the standard of Jesus Christ is called upon to wage war before he can claim the incorruptible crown of the Christian conqueror. The Apostle, in his usual grandeur of expression and sublimity of thought, at one and the same time indicates the character of the contest and the conditions of the victory. The valiant soldier of Christ must be strengthened in the Lord and in the might of His power; he must put on the armor of God, which signifies that he is to stand firm and immovable against the shock and onset of the enemy, having his loins girt about with truth; having on the breastplate of justice, and his feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace; in all things taking the shield of faith wherewith he may be able to extinguish all the fiery darts of the most wicked one; taking on the helmet of salvation and holding in his good right hand the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

By this noble and figurative speech the Apostle plainly shows what the Old Testament so frequently declares, that life is indeed a warfare, with the warrior mailed. The Captain of our salvation Himself apprizes us that He came not to send peace, but the sword upon the earth. He, the King of mankind, has raised His royal standard before the eyes of the universe; for nineteen centuries it has floated over the world; He invites all men to follow, and He promises an immortal crown as the price of the victory. Thus "the root of Jesse has become an ensign unto all the people." The royal road of the cross is not strewn with the roses of rest and the flowers of tranquillity; it lies not through the pleasant, smiling fields of prosperity,

but it is made rough and sharp and rugged with the briars of affliction, the thorns of adversity, and its stones are splotted with the ensanguined feet of those who have struggled and fought along its weary way. As we lift our eyes we behold in fancy's mirror the long and innumerable train of the souls of the just made perfect who have passed along this dolorous way, and who, through many tribulations, have worked their way into the kingdom of God. Moses doffed his shoes at Horeb's burning bush only to plod it bare-foot till he climbed up to God from Phasga's solitary height. Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, the seers, the sages, and the patriarchs; valiant Joshua and holy Samuel; Solomon the wise, Samson the strong, David the inspired, Jeremias the sorrowful, Ezechiel the eagle-eyed, Isaac the rapt and sublime, Judith the valiant, Esther the beautiful, Job the afflicted, kings, rulers, and sovereigns, and subjects have trodden with pierced hearts and bleeding feet through the same gateway of sorrow and suffering. Behold, likewise, the long procession of ermined virgins, pale-faced confessors, red-robed martyrs, and shining apostles whom Christ redeemed unto God by His blood, wending its way over the same rugged steeps, toiling along the same prickly paths, scaling the mountain of sorrow, till finally they sat down in the verdant valleys of that far-away land where there is no darkness and no death; where there is no twilight gloom; where not merely gems of night engirdle silver moons, but where in placid grandeur and matchless splendor the eternal sun of noon beams down its genial, kindly light through the bright and perennial day of eternity.

And now they rest from their labors; for their works have followed them. Inebriated with the torrent of delights that flow from the fullness of God's house, they hunger not, nor thirst, any more. Under their own vine and fig-tree they take surcease from toil upon the green turf of Paradise, beneath the sweet and sheltering crook of the good Shepherd who unbarred unto them the gates of His heavenly fold. Pain, sorrow, and affliction have lost their sting. No more they know the voices of want, the pangs of poverty, and the gloom of exile. Friendless, alone, and forsaken, poor and outcast and despised, they breasted the rough current of earthly strife through many aching years; now in the happy mansions of the blessed, they are glorified with its brightness of immortality; in

those serene and tranquil regions the white light of heaven, shooting from the unclouded splendor of the Lamb, shines upon them; they wear the crowns woven by angel hands; they sing the songs that angels sing; they hear the songs of God make joyful melody; they are exalted, as the cedars of Lebanon; they breathe the balmy, incense-laden air of the celestial country; they are counted among the children of God, and among the Saints is their happy lot for eternity.

Such, indeed, is the glory of their triumph. But they suffered before they entered into glory; their sufferings were short, but of their glory there shall be no end. They struggled before they bore away the victory; they stood strong in the strife; they fought the good fight; they kept the faith, and thus they finished their course in honor and everlasting renown.

We are equally the sons of God, called to the same combat; engaged in the same strife; fighting for the same crown; and hoping for the same reward in the same heavenly kingdom. We are equally the soldiers of Jesus Christ. "*Facere et pati romanum est*," exclaimed the loyal subject of proud, imperial Rome:—To act and to suffer is the duty of the Roman citizen; but with greater force and truth than could be spoken by any pagan mouth, it is the province of the Christian citizen of the kingdom of God, to act and suffer for the sake of Christ, with invincible constancy and firmness, as long as life shall last. Nor does death, the arbiter of most contests, close the struggle. The age-long enemy of our salvation defies even death to wrest from him his victim. Lucifer, the genius of evil and prince of darkness, during life's hot warfare, raises his sable standard in opposition to the ensign of Jesus Christ. Like unto the Philistines, who came forth against the children of Israel, he pitches his camp in view of the camp of Christ, and sounds hell's bugle-blast to rally his myrmidons against the followers of the Nazarene. For, as the Apostle tells us, "Our wrestling is not against flesh and blood merely, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of this world of darkness, and against the spirits of the wickedness in high places." But the end is not yet; for, as it is a spiritual struggle, it is carried on beyond this fierce kingdom of war, into the world where spirits in dread spectral array are marshalled against spirits, and hard by the very throne of God, in open

view of all the heavenly hosts, the undaunted cohorts of Satan seek to exert their empire, and snatch the trembling, fluttering soul from the everlasting arms of its Creator.

It is upon this last terrible onset, this struggle unto death, that we would invite our readers to cast an earnest eye. The idea of this struggle is not unwarranted by Scripture, and is even hinted at in the Epistle just cited; but in order to form a more lively and vivid conception of the scene, so fraught with moment to us all, we do not consider it amiss to invoke the powers of imagination to properly portray the picture.

No sooner shall the soul cast off the corruptible clog of the body, whose gravity now binds it to the earth, than the disembodied spirit shall soar far beyond its present sphere. With the eagle eye of fancy we shall follow on its course. Far beyond the confines of the solar system, and the extreme limit of the orbit of the most eccentric comet, the soul is impelled by an invisible and irresistible power. Having traversed the wide domain of space, there breaks upon its vision a plain of such amazing magnitude, that no mortal faculties can comprehend its vastness, and from its outer bounds there rises a circle of mountains whose summits pierce the gauzy clouds of that ethereal region. The soft and silky grass, like velvet to the touch, robes the plain in its emerald mantle, and from its green bosom, flowers of unearthly beauty upspring in plenteous profusion, fling their fragrance on the warm and balmy air. The palm, the olive, and the graceful vine bloom in abundance, and their bending boughs, pendant with fruits and blossoms, overshadow the crystal streams that flow in soft murmurs by their feet. In the blue haze beyond are beheld the glistening outlines of a great and gorgeous city. Tyre and Babylon are as hamlets in comparison therewith. It is older than Memphis of immemorial time, happier than joyous Nineveh; Rome, or Athens, or hundred-gated Thebes, in all their glory, fade into insignificance by the side of its matchless beauty and dazzling splendor. Golden glows from sublime sunsets shed richest radiance on its domes and towers, and tip with sapphire fire its turrets, steeples, and minarets.

As the soul is gazing on this spectacle, there suddenly breaks forth a wild burst of music, which floats downward upon the breeze; it is grand, sublime, and majestic, as if it embodied in its strains the

mighty contest of unseen and invisible powers. The city gates fling wide open, and an innumerable multitude of glorious beings pour out like the waves of the sea upon the plains. The banners of the cross, the ensigns of salvation, burn like fire all along those living lines. Column after column, rank after rank, they march along, till that wide-extended plain is covered with an interminable sea of life. Now they take their stand at the bidding of their commander, and flanked along the hillsides of the unbounded valley, the vast assemblage turns its glances upon the soul with a tender and troubled regard. In the hush of expectation, a sound, as the blast of a mighty trumpet, rings out of a pillar of inscrutable cloud, which casts its shadows upon the scene. It is the voice of the angel of illumination, come to enlighten that soul upon the glorious works of God. Touching its eyes, the scales of darkness fall away, and an all-penetrating power of vision and conception is communicated. As far as the immensity of space extends it can behold suns, worlds, systems, comets, planets, satellites, revolving, wheel within wheel, system within system, in solemn and ceaseless harmony, about the throne of the Almighty; and awestruck, it listens to the angel's voice, "Raise thine eyes, O child of Adam, and behold the wondrous works of God. See now those countless spheres, tenanted by troops of living creatures, all differing in intellectual and corporeal life. See the secret workings and hidden springs of those eternal laws which govern the economy of nature, the harmony of the universe, and which so bewilder thy proudest speculations and thy self-sufficient philosophy. See how the previsions of Omnipotence are realized in the dispositions of providence; how temporary pain contributes to lasting happiness, and partial evil is overcome by universal good; how disease and calamity and death are not the offspring of fatuity or chance, but are wrought by the power that regulates every molecule of matter, every alteration of the elements, whether in reproduction or decay, for the fulfillment of God's designs, and the common good of all. Behold how great are the works of God, and perceive the ways of divine wisdom. See, in all those numberless worlds, how the prescience of Omnipotence provides for every gratification conducive to the felicity of the inhabitants of this favored clime. In yonder realms they enjoy rest from their past toils, and there is none who is debarred from the full exercise of the pleasures of his con-

dition. Look out on yonder fair landscapes; more glorious than time-born earth can show; listen to those strains of music, sweeter and more seraphic than man's ear hath ever heard; and amongst the green groves and verdant bowers of everlasting spring, see those bands of ancient friends holding sweet intercourse with one another. The light of memory the Eternal quenches not in the minds of His children. Behold, now, how the commands of God are not an arbitrary exercise of authority, but the result of that merciful foreknowledge which ordains all things for its glory and man's final good; how sinful deeds infallibly beget misery and sorrow; how virtue is the father of happiness in the present life, as in that which is now past. See the regions of the blessed, in which all the innocent gratifications of the sense are excelled only by higher intellectual enjoyments; and look down upon the dungeons of the damned, where 'no order but everlasting horror dwelleth.' Behold all this, and see therein the power and majesty and glory of that Being whom in life thou hast despised; but after life cometh death, and after death, the judgment."

Then is the soul made to stand before the pillar of cloud, which in a twinkling is rolled back, and at once is discovered a sublime and elevated throne, round which a halo of glory spreads its gold and emerald light. Upon that throne sits the Ancient of Days in the might of his power; he is clothed down to the feet with a garment of light, and his feet are as if burned in a furnace, his voice like the sound of a multitude of waters, and his countenance like the sun shining in its strength. And from out that throne the vivid lightnings shoot, the living thunders roar, and voices unnumbered surround it; and the seven candelabra, the lamps of the house of God, burn beside it in unquenchable splendor evermore.

In front of the throne is a vast lake of molten glass, transparent as crystal, and below its surface, writhing in its smouldering depths, or wandering amongst the crags and caverns of the gloomy rocks, are the crowds of fallen angels, awaiting the issue of the judgment. In obedience to the voice upon the throne, the arch-fiend rises from the molten sea, and enveloped in smoke and lurid lightning, he stands eager, restless, ready to spring with tiger-like ferocity upon his victim. In his lineaments appears a dusky grandeur, and his face and mobile features are ever changing with the varied and con-

tending emotions of hatred, fear, scorn, malice, and defiance. In language such as only the hate of hell can inspire, he accuses the soul, standing there, lonely and friendless, of crimes long forgotten, and sins unshriven and unrepented of. He denounces it as a false friend, a faithless husband, the defiler of innocence, the utterer of slander, the enemy of mankind, and a traitor to God. Then shall the sealed book of the law of God be opened by the recording angel and the long catalogue of sins shall be arrayed in evidence against the soul; and as each dark deed and every open or secret sin of thought, word, and act, is passed over, the affrighted soul shall sink deeper in the molten sea of glass, till its choking and convulsive sobs of anguished despair shall awaken echoes through the halls of the living and the chambers of the dead. The powers and principalities of the kingdom of night shall exult with demon glee; a commotion of joy shall run through those realms of fire; those fiendish eyes shall be lit with baleful flashes of light; and those serried hosts of the Satanic empire shall make a final assault upon the citadel of God to seize the soul and bear it away in triumph to perdition. The angelic faces and the immortal countenances of the Saints shall be overshadowed with sorrow and darkened with grief; but the Omnipotent Judge upon the throne will sit serene, passionless, and immovable.

Oh! shall we not ask ourselves what fate shall overtake our poor souls in that hour of terror and dismay? Shall it be our dismal doom to be borne off by the legionaries of hell to the land of everlasting misery, or shall we be exalted with the elect in the kingdoms of glory? On which side shall we stand? On the side of Jesus Christ, or on the side of Lucifer? What we are now, we shall be then. As the tree falls, so shall it lie. If now we are arrayed under the sinister ensign of Satan, to Satan shall we then belong. But if now we are true soldiers of the Cross of Christ, if now we fight under the blood-stained banner of Him who gave up His life to conquer death and hell, then shall we rise, victorious and triumphant, to share with Him the glories of His conquest.

And when the awful accusations of the enemies of our salvation shall be poured out against us, the voice of the Angel of Mercy shall be commanded to speak in our regard, if aught can be alleged against the judgment of reprobation. And the angel of sweet mercy falling down before the throne, shall with pleading accents say, "O Lord God, inscrutable and omniscient, Thou knowest all that may

be said, but for the reproof and instruction of Thy creatures, Thou veilest Thy eternal glory to sit in judgment on this poor child of clay. Much that has been accused against him is, alas! too true; nay, perhaps not one tittle of the charges can fall to the ground. But, O God, Thou knowest the strength of temptation; the weakness of the spirit, and the willingness of the flesh; and Thou hast witnessed the long and unavailing struggles, the pangs of remorse, the tears of contrition, the yearnings after virtue, the unbreathed aspirations, the untold sighs, the earnest prayers of this benighted, erring soul. Yet, if even these avail not to arrest the awful judgment, behold he died hoping in Thy unbounded mercy; confiding with an unfaltering trust in the merits of Thy precious blood, which can wash away his every sin, and though they be as scarlet, make them white as snow, and though as red as crimson, make them pure as wool."

His plea for mercy thus ended, the recording angel shall extend his hand and lift the soul out of that glassy sea, and lead it to the foot of the great throne. And the Ancient of Days shall rise, and his right hand upon the sealed book of the Law and the Gospel, his voice like the sound of many waters shall be heard unto the uttermost parts of his celestial empire: "Father, deliver this soul from the darkness of the pit and the devouring jaws of hell; my blood hath paid the price of ransom."

Then shall a blaze of glory shine out upon the scene; the halls of heaven shall ring; the demon fiends, with yells of horror and chagrin, shall descend through the lake of liquid fire, and the thunder of their despairing groans shall reverberate through the caverns of hell. But the murmur of joy and triumph shall go forth from the angelic host; solemnly, sweetly, musically, it shall swell,—the eternal diapason of praise and benediction to God and to the Lamb forever and forever.

And the poor penitent soul, its tears of gratitude falling fast, shall look with speechless joy upon the lineaments of her Deliverer, who was Himself a "Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," now redeemed from the dishonor of the grave, and now beaming with glory. And from His own hand it shall receive the crown of everlasting amaranth, and the music of many voices shall resound upon its ear, sweetly, lovingly bidding it an eternal welcome to that happy land, where is no more sin and no more death, neither sorrow nor crying any more forever.

III.

AN EXCURSION TO THE WEST.

DELIVERED AT ROSEVILLE RINK, NEWARK, N. J.

SOME time ago, impressed by the consciousness of failing health, and guided by the counsel of Esculapian oracles, I, in secret session with myself, unanimously voted to try travel as a means of vitalizing energies which, like the candle flickering in the socket, seemed on the point of extinction. The medical man's dictum harmonized with my own judgment and chimed with my desires, and I hastily concluded to launch out for a constitutional airing into some *terra incognita*, some land in the hazy far-away. I was told to go by easy stages, and my first impulse was to walk, but then I remembered the arduous task of Susannah, whose renown and heroism were heralded to posterity in that pathetic ditty which we used to sing in childhood:

“ When she walks she lifts her foot,
And then—she puts it down again.”

Be this as it may, one thing was just as clear to me as cod-liver oil (of which I had taken half a hogshead)—go I must for my constitutional, or I should say my “By-legal” airing, for, in the language of some undiscovered wit, my constitution was all gone, and I was living on the by-laws.

It being securely settled that, like a well-regulated family on the first of May, I had to move somewhere; I grabbed my gripsack, and forthwith my friends filled it with an unstinted stock of the best-assorted—advice, and many other mementoes worth about ten cents per gross. Reader, did you ever travel? Then you know the value of advice.

Now, I aver that advice is a prime commodity to have; for as one of the most sublime satisfactions that a duped and soul-stung sinner can encompass on this side of the moon, is to sting some other milksop, more unsophisticated than himself, so you can evoke a world of amusement from the process of seeking out some unsuspecting dolt, and pulverizing him with the sledge-hammer slugs of your advice. I was surfeited, soaked, saturated with advice. I was advised to the verge of imbecility; advised to go to Halifax, Hong Kong, and other summer resorts "too numerous to mention," and were I to act out all the advice, to go anywhere, would be a harder task than to make bricks without straw, or jump a hole in two jumps. Therefore, pitching counsel, like physic, to the dogs, in a fit of frenzy, I tossed the advice I had to soak in a mackerel barrel, and, boarding the Pullman gravel train, I proudly, heroically, grandly, set sail for the wild and wooded West, "Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind."

When the novelist begins the second chapter, infallible instinct tells him these touching, tearful lines:—"Let us suppose twenty years to have elapsed since the events recorded were enacted." Inspired by this ecstatic example, we shall suppose 1,000 miles to have elapsed upon the wings of time, since we so sadly shook hands with that noble king of nature, the tuneful mosquito that loungeth around New Jersey, and now we find ourselves, if we are not wholly lost, in the cosmopolitan city of Chicago.

Scholars have grown gray in striving to arrive at a knowledge of the origin of this name. Some claim that it is an Indian name. I am sure they are hugging a delusion, for a certain playwright vouchsafed to me the only satisfactory solution. He told me that in the early days a company of ballet-dancers swooped down upon the town, being carried thither by a lake schooner. One of the hardy pioneers, who was then being educated at Cowboy University, standing upon the shores of the lake, espied the schooner, and seeing the vast array of womanhood upon the vessel, exclaimed: "Darn my buttons; why, here's a whole 'She-cargo.'" I think this precludes all further discussion on the subject.

Now, my friends, before I touch upon any Western topic, I must exhort you to enlarge your ideas; let your imagination swell, and your mind expand, because everything relating to the West is great,

glorious, and gigantic. A certain preacher once desired to convey to his hearers a conception of the stupendous. And so, from the bonded warehouse of his imagination, he loaded ten trucks with this continental comparison: "Suppose, my friends, that all the rocks and stones in this wide world were all welded into one great, mighty stone. Suppose that all the seas and rivers on the earth poured their waters into one to form one great almighty sea. Suppose that all the men that ever lived were amalgamated into one great, almighty man. And now, my friends, suppose that great almighty man were to pick up that great almighty stone and cast it into that great almighty sea, *great gosh!* what an almighty splash it would make!" Permit me, then, to magnify your mental measurements of the wondrous West, by asking you to conceive about half of the monstrous mud-ball that we inhabit, as flattened out into an unperipherous prairie pancake, and toasted on the great gridiron of occidental creation.

Chicago, the worst burnt spot upon this colossal pancake, is the first morsel that melts in the tourist's mouth.

To my, perhaps, distorted vision, Chicago is like the big boy who had outgrown his trousers, and, for the sake of compensation, had donned his daddy's great-coat. Hence the "City of the Lake" presents a curious combination of meanness and magnificence, of finished elegance and elegant incompleteness. The majestic mantle of New York, which she fain would wear upon her not unshapely shoulders, fits her with unbecoming amplitude. Her palaces are princely in their beauty and proportions; her shanties are sublime in their unsightliness. Her private dwellings are in great part travesties on human habitations; her public buildings are certainly superb. The Post-office, Board of Trade, hotels, and depots are monsters of brick and marble, and they are masterpieces of grace and massiveness in point of architecture.

It would appear that the average family has a horror of wash-day at home, so numerous are the laundries; and the myriads of eating-houses gently convey the hint that the only cooks employed at home are persistent purveyors of the toothsome, savory, and historic hash. The women, so Dame Rumor vouches, are veritable Patagonians; and like true specimens of the genus plantigrade, they cover with one foot more inches of the earth than any other living thing that

walks. The boulevards are built immensely wide for their perambulations. The men have, by some fatuity, one idea imbedded in their craniotomy, and that idea is that the world is stupendous, but alas! the world, to them, is circumscribed by the suburbs of Chicago. I saw two objects in Chicago, which at any time I would jog a thousand miles to witness, and these were the panorama of the battle of Gettysburg and that of the battle of Shiloh. If that most excellent artist, J. L. Sullivan, Esq., ever gazed upon these graphic illustrations of the hideousness and horrors of war, it fails me completely to conceive how the redoubtable champion of the clenched digits can still glory in a thirst for human gore.

Whilst viewing the panorama of Shiloh I heard General Prentiss refute an oft-told tale of calumny affecting General Grant. It has been long alleged that General Grant was, upon the occasion of that memorable conflict, seen to betray an exuberance of spirits scarcely compatible from the standpoint of a prohibition philosopher, with the gravity with which a great general should comport himself in such an awful scene of carnage. It has been asserted, furthermore, that the general was not always on the field or in positions where his presence was required for the inspiration and direction of his soldiers. To both these allegations General Prentiss, himself an actor on the scene, presents a flat, emphatic, and indignant denial. Such testimony I deem an ample vindication of the memory of a man and soldier, who was the second savior of his country, and whose valor the American people will always admire and bless.

The Catholic Church in Chicago has grown with astonishing rapidity, and bids fair to rival in wealth, numbers, and social influence, the far older community in the great metropolis of New York. Her clergy are active and alert, and by their indefatigable labors are doing signal service to the cause of religion. They are brainy men; full of zeal and energy; educated and refined; devoted and self-sacrificing, and, with a single eye to the Master's service, their magnificent enterprise and splendid *esprit de corps* will infallibly secure for the Church immense acquisitions and unparalleled progress. The Rev. P. A. L. Egan and the Rev. T. F. Galligan are among the most energetic pastors of the city, and when they meet in social converse, at the latter's frugal board, the picture is one in which genius sits smiling on geniality. I am more indebted to them than this page can tell.

The Catholic population of Chicago is now about 550,000. The parochial schools educate over 50,000 children, and in addition there are four colleges and academies, and select schools in great number. The future of the faith is secure in Chicago. Archbishop Feehan and the accomplished and distinguished bishop of Peoria exercise a commanding influence in Illinois, and their united labors have contributed more than any other cause, perhaps, to the consolidation and strengthening of Catholicity in that section of the country.

As a parting salutation to Chicago, candor constrains me to declare, that, although its climate is "beastly," yet, the great city by the lake is a charming, a *killing* place—for hogs. The great Fair will, no doubt, render the insolence of the Chicagoan insufferable. The buildings must be seen; they cannot be described. Like Chicago herself, they are the biggest things on earth.

We now turn to the next chapter of this nomadic novel.

It is now to be supposed that five hundred miles have ambled off to the confines of the rearward since the events before recorded became fit matter to be handed down to history. The intervening space I span in silence, because there are but two objects to be seen therein, worthy enough to claim a place in our voracious chronicles. They are Prohibition and the Mississippi. I couple them in the same breath on the principle of associating opposites; and they stand to each other in the relation of contrariety, for, while Prohibition won't "hold water," the Mississippi will. I think that just about the same amount of whiskey enters the mouth of Prohibition, as there is of water emptying out of the mouth of the Mississippi.

Rapidly traversing the State of Iowa, we soon come to the cozy little city that nestles in the Bluffs, and overlooks the turbid waters of the vast Missouri.

Omaha is the wonder of the trans-Missouri empire. It is the most extensive manufacturing town along the line of the Missouri, Kansas City excepted, and not fewer than eight railroads have there a convergence. The value of the manufactures last year was something enormous, and the output of one single establishment, the smelting works of Mr. Nast (in which also Mr. Balbach, of Newark, New Jersey, has a large interest), was little short of 30,000,000 of dollars in value. In 1865, Omaha had not one single manufacturing establishment; not a paved street, nor a mile of road for urban transit.

Up to that time the post-office was a two-legged institution, who carried the mail in his hat and passed it around to anxious individuals. The present post-office, which cost \$350,000, is inadequate to the wants of the city, and a new and larger edifice is (or will soon be) under construction to meet the demands of a population of 160,000. On all sides, lifting aloft their grimy smokestacks, are to be seen nail factories, oil mills, saw works, breweries, distilleries, foundries, and the largest smelting and refining works in the United States.

Omaha is the headquarters of the Union Pacific Railroad, and their towering building on Ninth Street contains a small army of officials and clerks to transact their gigantic business. It is besides the headquarters of the Army of the Platte, from which annually are disbursed, according to the pay-roll, above \$250,000. Just outside the city is Fort Omaha, where a regiment of soldiers is garrisoned in all "the glorious circumstance and pomp of 'peace,'" at the expense of Uncle Samuel. Within the palings of the enclosure, upon a wide lawn of velvet green, the stalwart, well-fed soldiers go through their drill exercises, amid the blare of bugles and the sound of cymbals; and thither large concourses of people repair to see the soldiers execute their military evolutions, and listen to the soul-inspiring strains of one of the most magnificent bands that ever delighted human ear. As I scanned the appearance of those defenders of our nation's honor against the marauding proclivities of our copper-colored and unwashed fellow-citizens, the doomed and luckless Redskins, and saw them all so red, rubicund, and rosy, hale and hearty, plump and corpulent, I could not but conclude that a soldier's bread and bacon are far less better baked in the fiery furnace of war than in the frying-pan of peace. And whilst intellectually chewing this cud of thought, a story swept across my memory which tells a tearful tale of the sad extremity to which the gallant followers of the illustrious Lee were reduced in the late unpleasantness between the North and South. Riding out of camp one day, Lee observed one of his famished men engaged in the colic-breeding occupation of eating green persimmons. "Hold on there, my man," said Lee, "don't you know that green persimmons are not fit for food?" "I'm not eating them for food," responded the hungry soldier. "Pray, what then are you eating them for?" "I'm eating them," was the reply, "to draw my stomach up to fit my rations."

Catholicity flourishes in Omaha like the green bay-tree, and educational institutions under the conduct of Catholics are as excellent as they are numerous. There is a noble college founded and endowed by the late Edward Creighton, an Irishman and a Catholic, who amassed a colossal fortune in the West by his enterprise and industry. He donated for the purpose the magnificent sum of \$300,000, and the college doors are thrown open, free of admission charges, to all applicants, without distinction of race, creed, or color. Would that there were more Catholics in the country of this man's sterling stamp and golden generosity. His brother, John Creighton, has taken up the work where Edward laid it down, and his benefactions to religion have been of princely munificence. But recently he has constructed a hospital, which cost \$100,000, out of his own purse; and, all together, the donations given by this family to charitable and religious uses run into the millions. Other notable and generous Catholics are John Rush, John Code, ex-Congressman McShane, Patrick Ford, Thomas Swift, Franklin Murphy, and the Cuddihee brothers, who conduct the largest beef-packing establishment west of the Missouri River.

The records of the Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia for 1888-91, contain some interesting data referring to the early history of Catholicity in Omaha. Mr. T. J. Fitzmorris (whose friendship we are happy to claim), the writer, informs us that the first Mass was celebrated by the Rev. W. Edmonds, of the Dubuque diocese, in the court-room of the old State-House, in the summer of 1855. Father Edmonds was the pioneer priest in the Nebraskan Territory. Gov. Cuming assigned lots for the building of a church, but owing to the recall of the priest and other causes the building was deferred until the spring of 1856, and the edifice being completed in August of the same year, it was dedicated to divine service by Rev. Father Scanlan, of St. Joseph, Missouri. When the Vicariate of Kansas and Nebraska was divided in 1859, the Rev. Jas. O'Gorman, of the Trappist Monastery of Dubuque, was appointed Vicar-Apostolic, and having been consecrated in St. Louis, he decided at the urgency of the citizens to fix his episcopal see in the town of Omaha.

Bishop O'Gorman was succeeded by that amiable and scholarly prelate, Rt. Rev. James O'Connor, who arrived in Omaha in September, 1876. At that date the population of the city was but 27,000,

and at the time of his demise it had grown to 140,000. When the Bishop assumed charge of his Vicariate it extended as far west as Montana, north as far as the Canadian line, and south to the borders of Kansas. This territory has since been divided into six dioceses. The Catholic population in Omaha had increased from a mere contingent to 16,000 before Bishop O'Connor's untimely demise; the value of church property to more than \$300,000; and, whereas he found but two churches and one school upon his entrance into the Vicariate, he left at his death eleven churches, many schools and academies, and a Catholic college within the limits of the city. As an instance of his sagacity in temporal affairs, it is said that land purchased by him for \$120 per acre is to-day worth \$10,000 by the acre.

A chaste and feeling tribute to the memory of the Bishop is contained in the pages of the Records above alluded to, written by my old friend, Rev. P. F. McCarthy, the present rector of St. Philomena's Cathedral in Omaha. To this reverend gentleman I am indebted for the above facts and several valuable hints regarding persons and affairs in Nebraska.

In the last year Omaha has been distracted by religious dissensions, often verging to violent manifestation, between Protestants and Catholics. The flame of discord has been fanned by a secret organization, known as the A. P. A., whose virulence and bitterness have never been exceeded in the wildest days of Orangeism. We hope cooler counsel will prevail, and all this friction, so injurious to the temporal prosperity of the city, speedily disappear. The temperate and conciliating, and no less convincing, speech of the present Bishop, Rt. Rev. R. Scannell, has done much to allay irritation, dissipate prejudice, and restore the reign of good feeling. May it endure.

In former days, as one travelled over the undulating prairie west of the Missouri, no uncommon occurrence was the fearful prairie fire. The tall, luxuriant grass, which waved idly before the wind during the daytime, was all ablaze at night, and as the fire-demon spread his lurid light a most terrific tableau was presented to the gaze. The scene was awe-inspiring beyond all description. It is as if the furnaces of heaven were opened, and the whole circle of the horizon blazes like ten thousand cities in conflagration. Lucifer seems

loosened from the igneous deep. As the wild wind forges ahead the furious flames in surging billows of fire, the fantastic fire-fiend roars and shouts, and sweeps the wide-extended plains with the burning besom of destruction. High, and higher still, roll the seething clouds of smoke; upward dart the forked tongues of living flame, and far off on the bosom of the distant clouds is reflected the thermal glow of the firelight. It is the Sirocco of the plains. Spark, flash, scintillation, blaze, every form of combustion, is produced by the wildfire.

There is no sight of such majestic brilliance, and such startling and portentous demonstration, as the night-glows and demoniac glare of a fleet and frisky prairie fire. Dismay and apprehension mark the settlers' faces at the approach of the winged and destructive element. At the first token of invasion the people bustle about to prepare for defense, either by building a counter-fire to rob the voracious fiend of fuel, or by ploughing up the ground around the farmer's home. With the advent of civilization these fires have passed away, for fields of wheat and corn are planted where once the rank vegetation sprouted from the soil. Man is ever the master of the elements.

The plains west of the Missouri have been the stamping-ground of many strange adventurers, marching towards the coast in quest of fortune. The well-known expression, "Pike's Peak or bust," is said to have originated in Nebraska. Two foolhardy persons, at the time of the great excitement in '49, set out for the Eldorado of their hopes, alone and unattended, having painted on their wagon the above motto. When they reached the camping-ground of the bloodthirsty Sioux, they paid the penalty of their folly with their lives, and were—"busted." Making west of Omaha, one enters the Platte Valley, the overland route for travellers journeying on the nation's highway towards the setting sun. The Platte Valley, which extends almost through the centre of the State, has been in frontier days the scene of many dire and deadly conflicts with the savages. It will be never known how many wayfarers met their doom on this dread itinerary. Many and many a victim went down before the tomahawk of the relentless savage, and many a traveller's bones were left bleaching in the sun, till some friendly hand, in decency for the dead, deposited them under the scanty covering of some hastily constructed mound. But on this vast prairie, to-day, not an Indian appears, and where

herds of buffalo roamed in days gone by, and shook the earth with ponderous tread, is heard the sound of the saw, the hammer, and the church bell, the snort of the engine, and the roar of the tearing, thundering train.

The large caravanseries which used to move from Indiana, Illinois, and the western reserve of Ohio, towards the Pacific Slope, and the Mormons on their way to the Mecca of their hopes, all passed along this route. The "bullwhacker," as he was called, was an institution of the early days in this region. The big, burly bullwhacker, with his prairie schooner and his raw-boned beasts of burden; his fierce beard and unkempt hair; his long whip and cruel goad for prodding the poor oxen,—all this has passed away and the glory thereof departed. Of the bullwhacker, it was said that his oath and his whip were the longest ever known to mortal man. The handle of the whip was about three feet in length, but the lash, of braided rawhide, was seldom less than twenty. This lash was an inch in diameter near the handle, and thence it tapered to a point, terminating in a ribbon-shaped thong, humorously called a "persuader," under whose gentle influence the most refractory ox winced, like a baby beneath the stinging birch.

The bullwhacker is admittedly the champion swearer of America. He can curse the mate of a Mississippi River steamboat deaf, dumb, and blind, in less time than it takes to wink, and his solemn asseveration, strengthened by a whole cyclone of oaths, is good to the effect that he can drink more whiskey.

Gen. Sherman tells this story of the bullwhacker: A firm in St. Louis desired to discourage the continual blasphemy of the bullwhackers in their employ, and issued orders to their train men to discharge any man who should curse the cattle. Besides, wagon-masters were selected more for their piety than for any extensive knowledge of their duties. The first outfit, under the new management, had not proceeded far before it was fixed fast in the mud. A messenger was dispatched to St. Louis to give the information that the cattle would not pull a pound unless they were cursed as usual. Permission to do so was asked and granted, and the caravan proceeded on its way.

The agricultural advantages of the Platte Valley are on all sides visible; and a very thrifty class of farmers occupy the land. This

region was almost treeless a few years ago, and now many farm-houses are surrounded by large groves of cottonwoods, which are indigenous to the soil. The rolling lands in the vicinity of the valley fairly groan with fertility in small grain, while the bottom lands, nearer to the water, are better adapted to the cultivation of corn, which matures later in the season. In the spring and summer one of the most enchanting sights that greets the traveller's eye, and fairly captivates the Eastern farmer, is the Valley of the Platte. No stumps or stones are found to impede the progress of the plough. Nay; you may march for weary miles, and with the strictest scrutiny it is impossible for you to pick up a pebble as big as a Boston bean; and the reason is, that the fine black surface soil, so rich and loamy, is undoubtedly the accumulations of ages of vegetable decay. Of this land it is literally and exactly true, that you have only "to tickle it with a hoe and it will laugh with a harvest"; and therefore, fertilizing is here utterly unknown.

I promised the farmers of the Platte that I would say a good word for them in the East; for being anxious for more company, and desirous, like big-hearted men, to share their prosperity with others, they felt sore and keenly sensitive about the discouragement lately given to immigration to Nebraska from high authority upon the subject. Many of them went thither a few years ago with hardly any more capital than brawn and brain and a little dole of dollars; but they rolled up their sleeves above the elbows, broke the virgin soil, built their little sod shanty, set down groves of young trees, and then bade prosperous breezes blow and kindly suns to smile, and to-day every man who had the grit and tenacity to "stick" is, if not in the way of wealth, at least in the position of undisputed independence.

I make here a few digressions, which, however, cannot be justly deemed wholly irrelevant to the matter in hand.

My first collateral observation has reference to a very practical question, which, I make no doubt, many have a strong inclination to hear answered, viz.: "What advice are you prepared to give to those who are disposed to assume the risk of bettering their fortunes by migrating to the West?"

I respond unhesitatingly to those who would propound this query, that, if their prospects here are poor, they could hardly do anything

more conformable to wit and wisdom than to settle upon a good farm in the West, provided, however, that they possess the proper qualifications for succeeding in such an enterprise. And what are they, you ask? Well, they are as follows: 1st, some slight knowledge of the subject; 2d, resolution and energy, and tenacity to hold on; 3d, a moderate amount of capital wherewith to begin. Again, it may be asked, how much capital is needed for the start? The answer to this is conditional. It depends upon the locality, the land itself, and the mode of occupation. Some lands are still to be had upon Government titles. They may be obtained by homesteading, timber-claiming, by pre-emption, or by purchase from some vacating settler. The most desirable lands are, however, already pre-empted, or taken upon some other claim. Despite the immense influx of settlers, there yet remains considerable land, sufficiently enticing to be homesteaded. It may be that it will require irrigation to be productive. Good farms, already highly cultivated, are obtainable at from \$8 to \$25 per acre, and that, too, not fifty miles west of the Missouri River.

In view of these facts, then, I think it is deeply to be deplored that many of our young men have not long since been influenced by the sound dictum of Horace Greeley: "Young man, go West!" There they would have acquired health, wealth, and happiness. They would inhale the air of free men. They would taste of the horn of plenty. They would learn to love labor as the sweetest joy, and they would rejoice in that manly spirit of independence, which fills the soul of every child of nature, when he is conscious that he has raised himself, by his own toil and talents, to the proud position of being "monarch of all he surveys," whilst "his right there is none to dispute." How far better such an existence than the soft and enervating life of the puny scribe, who plies his plodding pen the whole day long for a pittance that is hardly equal to the great emergency of paying board and purchasing tight trousers. How far better an existence in the open air with the fresh, exhilarating breeze fanning health upon the cheek, than the dismal, dark, and dreary life of him who, in the grime and soot and smoke and gas and steam of the factory and the foundry, slaves and drudges the time away, till his vitality is prematurely sapped, and he lies cast, stranded—a shattered wreck—upon the shores of life when he ought but begin the

voyage. I trust that the gentler sex will excuse my temerity if I venture to suggest to them that there are some most successful lady farmers in the West. And I will go further and say (though disclaiming the least pretence to critical capacity in these matters), that I think that they have all the refinement of manners, grace of deportment, ease, elegance, and good-breeding, of the most aristocratic and blue-nosed Boston belle. I actually saw and shook hands with a buxom, stalwart, rosy, fresh, and picturesque young damsel who harrowed with her own hands 160 acres of her father's land. She was as pretty as a picture, and as realistic as a rose, and she did not seem as if, like some of our Eastern girls, she was fed on baked peanuts and a grasshopper on toast, once in every week.

The next point I would notice is, that a large portion of the West is, or was, almost wholly destitute of arboreal vegetation. It is to be here observed that there is a large portion of the earth's surface marked by the absence of trees, and that these sections have generally the same conformation. To prove this I have only to mention the steppes of Asia, the pampas and the llanos of South America, and the prairies and flat lands of the West. Now, all these terms have an identical signification, and denote that nearly all comparatively level regions of the earth's great land-masses are distinguished by the peculiarities of vegetable growth, and the study of its characteristics is a better index of the under surface, and the climatology of any given locality than the science of geology can possibly be. Now the essential feature of these level tracts is the absence of trees. Thus nearly 90,000,000 square miles of Asia are entirely foreign to arboreal foliage. Most of this region is of a somewhat high altitude. And, as in the case of the Asiatic high plateau, so we in North America have an elevated region, intersected by mountain ranges, and situated towards the western side of the continent. In nearing this mountainous division of the continent, we traverse an immense surface as level, apparently, as a successful politician's head, but gradually, imperceptibly, increasing in height till it touches the base of the Rocky Mountains; there a mile high. Now, this sloping belt has a width of more than five hundred miles, and its length is incommensurable, for it extends north from Mexico to the Arctic Ocean. Now, while this whole broad belt is by no means devoid of the lower forms of vegetation, the absence of trees is

nearly everywhere observable. With the exception of those cotton-woods that border upon the banks of streams and rivers, there is but very scant verdure, and that, principally, comprises bunch-grass, sage-brush, buffalo-grass, and cactus plants. What are the causes for the curious coincidence between the flatness of the earth and the absence of trees? Many who have devoted study to the subject are led to the conclusion that the lack of foliage in these places is due to several causes, which, in some localities, are concurrent, and in others are separate. These are the character of the soil, the altitude, the temperature, the moisture, and the general characteristics of climate. West of Chicago, to the Mississippi, as far as the Missouri and for some miles beyond, the grassy vegetation has an almost tropical density and rankness; but, except in spots, the surface is comparatively treeless. The reason for this, it is alleged, since moisture is sufficiently abundant, is found in the nature of the soil, which being the ooze or residuum of the lakes which once covered this region with their waters, is almost impalpably fine, and therefore not favorable to arboreal growth.

When we proceed yet farther to the west the soil is of a coarser character, and then the rich and luxurious grasses disappear, or yield place to the cactus and the scrubby sage-brush, but the trees are still conspicuously absent, or the number found are like the angel's visits, few and far between, and those few are of dwarfed and stunted dimensions. The cause of this, it is believed, is due to altitude, to the temperature, but, pre-eminently, to the marked deficiency of moisture. Many scientists who are familiar with the circumstances attending the development of the trans-Missouri plains and the high plateau adjoining the base of the Rockies, assert that this vast system is rapidly undergoing most noticeable climatic changes. One thing is certain, that whereas a few years ago the rainfall was hardly sufficient to moisten a rose-leaf, it is now nearly heavy enough to dispense with irrigation. And the trees are beginning to flourish. And this they say is the cause of the increased rainfall. Others declare that the more copious rains are the cause of the greater growth of trees. But, I suppose that it is a poor rule that will not work in both directions. As the man remarked, who was told that the first step towards the acquisition of wealth was the possession of a good wife, and who answered that

the first step towards the possession of the wife was the acquisition of wealth. Be all this as it may, one thing seems quite patent, viz., that Providence is adapting the conditions of the climate to meet the requirements of the onward march of civilization and development of man.

In Nebraska the Legislature has set apart one day in the early spring, called Arbor day, upon which the inhabitants engage in the hearty, wholesome exercise of tree-planting; and the man who plants the most and best is unequivocally regarded as the largest benefactor of his age and race.

About 190 miles west of Omaha is Kearney, called after the dashing General of that name. This place and Kearney Junction, a few miles west, were at one time great shipping points for Texan cattle. The Texan herders, or cowboys, as they are commonly, if less euphemistically called, were wont to visit here in large numbers to indulge the pleasant pastime of "painting the town red." The herders were, as a class, rough diamonds, the purpose of whose existence upon this planet would puzzle a philosopher of the Concord school to point out. They revelled in long, unkempt hair, ferocious beards, broad-brimmed hats, and beautifully fitting cowhide boots. Every man of them who had any self-respect and philanthropic feeling for his species, carried a small arsenal about his belt, and blazoned upon his banner of peace and good-will to men the tender sentiment, "Beer or blood." They are accomplished horsemen, riding usually in the saddle sixteen out of twenty-four hours. They have, despite their paltry peccadilloes, one great and lofty ambition, to wit, to become "a devil of a fellow," and impartial history attests how nobly they have filled the bill. Living violent lives, they died, many of them, violent deaths, with their martial boots upon them, and went down to the vile dust "unwept, unhonored," etc., except for the tears that were shed by the heartless settlers because they did not sooner shuffle off. It is but just to say that the characteristic cowboy, as a peculiar institution, is rapidly running to seed. The pernicious influences of civilization make the noble creature succumb who was absolutely whiskey proof; and the ruthless laws of the land have laid their iron grasp upon his Colt's revolvers, and now he must perambulate the bleak prairie "a poor unprotected male," at the mercy of every savage, Eastern dude, or London cock-

ney, that, like a vampire, may pounce upon him and seize him for a prey.

A few hundred miles west of the Missouri there is a decided change in the character of the soil and vegetation, and from the dark, rich loam seen in Illinois, Iowa, and Eastern Nebraska, the surface soil seems pregnant with alkaline ingredients. The country is covered up to the base of the Rockies with a short and shrivelled-looking grass which sprouts up in tufts and bunches, and gives to the land an aspect of sterility and desolation. Yet, they say it is the richest grass that ever grew, and that cattle of all descriptions will forsake all sorts of fodder to browse upon the wholesome and nutritious buffalo-grass.

It is a singular circumstance, and one which to my mind, at least, plainly points to the finger of God's providence, that, as the buffalo, whose natural food this grass was, disappears from the plains (there now remain but a few in the National Park), so does the grass vanish with him, and give place to other forms of vegetable growth.

A very curious and interesting feature of the plains of Western Nebraska, and of parts of Colorado and Wyoming Territory, is the vast number of populous little cities, inhabited by those cunning creatures, the prairie-dogs. This quaint little quadruped is generally as corpulent as an alderman, and as spry as the famous Kansas City bed-bug that reads the hotel register to discover the number of the boarder's room. They burrow in the ground for habitations, and the excavated earth forms a mound or hillock, whereon the puny puppy perches, with fore-paws uplifted like a kangaroo, and whence he emits a snappish little yelp that sounds somewhat similar to the bark of the pestiferous poodle which the Fifth Avenue belle so proudly patronizes, and which the street-arab fondles with a brick.

In the same subterraneous hotel, the prairie-dog has, as fellow-lodgers, the burrowing owl and the loathsome rattlesnake. I do not absolutely vouch for the veracity of this assertion, for I saw neither of these genial gentlemen consorting with the dogs, but I have the story upon the most respectable authority. What congruity, or harmony, or fellowship forms the connecting link in this happy family I cannot pretend to say; and many think that the deluded dog is nourishing vipers in his bosom who accept his hospitality only to devour his four-footed children.

Some reference to the Indian, I suppose, is expected.

The Redman's race is run. I am not among those who think that he is not susceptible of civilized influence, but he is now so degraded and besotted that his cure is desperately hopeless. Yes; the "soul-bursting orator" is soon to sleep in sempiternal silence. "Lo! the poor Indian," says the poet, and low, indeed, he is. "He reads his doom in the setting sun." A cruel fate he knows follows him, and will do so to the end. The white settlers have but little sympathy for this child of misfortune, and with them the only good Indian is the dead Indian. It is surpassingly sad to witness a whole race of God's people undergoing ruthless extermination. What wonder if at times the Redman makes a break for liberty.

The recent rising, with its bloody issue at Wounded Knee, is but one small item in this sanguinary drama. The Indians were expecting their deliverer. Much speculation has been indulged as to the origin of the Messiah craze, but it was, in my opinion, beside the mark. It is not improbable that it was the result of a lingering tradition received years ago from the Mormons, who, to propitiate the Indians, represented themselves as their deliverers, and told them that the day of emancipation would be in the future, when the supremacy of Mormonism was assured, and all the world united under the banners of the Messiah, who, as he had come once, so would come again to visit the Western Hemisphere.

However this may be, the late outbreak had many provocations. An ungenerous soil had not responded to the efforts of labor, and the severity of the season brought untold suffering. Sickness was prevalent and the mortality was depressingly large, and to their sad bereavement constant reference was made in the Indian ceremony of the "ghost dance." Pinched by hunger and saddened by calamity it was no wonder that their minds reverted to the ancient hope of deliverance, which the more restless spirits among them fanned into a flame, which culminated, not in the coming of the Messiah, but in the calamity at Wounded Knee.

A correspondent gave the following pathetic story at the time of the disaster :

"A striking picture, and one that appeals to the heart in favor of the Indians, was seen in the church at Pine Ridge, which served as a hospital for the wounded prisoners. The pathetic picture of men,

women, and even girls and infants, stretched upon couches of loose hay and covered with quilts, on both sides of the narrow aisle; the sanctuary covered with sheets and clothing, and the festoons of cedar hanging overhead, while the light, streaming through the stained-glass windows, shed a soft glory on the sad scene,—all this was strange and touching. The sick were tended with unfailing patience by their own poor people, and the strongest young braves were seen to handle a dying girl with all the delicacy and tenderness of a woman.

“On the night of the battle came in one young woman literally torn to pieces by bullets—breast, shoulder, hips, all injured. Though apparently dying she was a marvel of pluck and endurance. She still wore the sacred robe of the ghost dancers, pitted in several places with leaden missiles and bedaubed with blood. Blood-stained feathers clung to her matted hair, and the ghostly face, with its clear-cut Roman outlines, was smeared with paint. As the doctor bent over her to cut away the dress, she said : ‘Yes, take away the sacred robe; it is a worthless thing. They told me it would keep off the bullets of the whites, but it did not.’

“The endurance of the Indian was wonderful. Men and women, sorely wounded, were seen crawling into the agency after a journey of eleven days in cold and hunger, exposed to the rigor of the biting elements, and fainting from loss of blood. The mind refuses to conceive of the horrors of the journey.”

Such is the testimony of an intelligent eye-witness, a young lady, whose intimate acquaintance with the subject entitles her to speak.

These Indian troubles are a disgrace to the nation, and reflect severely on the management of those who have control of the Redman. This Government has a tremendous account to render to posterity for the bad faith, dishonesty, and untruthfulness which it has uniformly displayed towards the unhappy aborigines. An eminent jurist declared, on the peril of his reputation, that not a single cession of land was made by them which could not be attacked in a court of equity on the ground of fraud and injustice. The Sioux gave up the section of their reservation with extreme reluctance, and only after being coaxed, wheedled, and threatened into making the surrender, for it is a matter of notorious certainty that Sitting Bull or Red Cloud never would have freely and voluntarily yielded. But

fate is relentless. The Indian fades before the white man's sinister and baleful gaze. A few generations hence and the last ill-fated and forlorn member of a once mighty race shall wend his way in sorrow to the shores of the Pacific, and ere he disappears forever in the darkness of oblivion, shall once more turn his despairing and bloodshot eyes over the hunting-grounds of his forefathers.

Journalism in the West has attained a high degree of perfection. The newspapers in some of the larger cities might almost vie with the great dailies of New York and Philadelphia. Those of Omaha, Denver, and Salt Lake City are admirably conducted, ably written, and are bright, fresh, crisp, and vigorous exponents of the life and thought of the people. Outside the populous centres, however, are found some characteristic specimens of newspaper handicraft. Bill Nye immortalized the *Laramie Boomerang*, and in that city we spent many pleasant days with the present administrator of the Cheyenne diocese, Father Cumnisky. Report tells of the *Rocky Mountain Bugle* and the *Arizona Howler*. Whether they exist, I know not. The editor of the *Rocky Mountain Celt* won a prize of \$1,000, offered by a syndicate of newspapers for the best appeal in poetry to delinquent subscribers. Here it is:

"Lives of poor men oft remind us,
Honest men won't stand a chance;
The more we work, there grows behind us
Bigger patches on our pants.

"On our pants, once new and glossy,
Now are stripes of different hue,
All because subscribers linger,
And won't pay us what is due.

"Then let us all be up and doing,
Send your mite, however small,
Or when the snow of Winter strikes us,
We shall have no pants at all."

Here is a very pathetic piece of obituary anent the demise of a local celebrity named Billy Muckrow:

"We drop a tear as we record the demise of poor Billy Muckrow. His genial presence and his four-inch smile lent a new grace to the most exclusive saloons in the town. Though he was the last man to go

to bed at night, he was always the first to go on a hunt for horse thieves. And he was a hustler when out with the boys. He never in his life killed a man without a cause; and he never refused to ante up his little pile when he bucked the tiger and lost. 'He is gone where the woodbine twineth'; where he tarries till the last trumpet. His departure left a deep gulch in our community, and was a special loss to us. He placed his name upon our books for one year's subscription for the *Howler*, and we offer to his widow the only consolation in our power, and assure her that the paper shall be delivered every week on time, with unfailing promptitude and despatch. Terms,—cash in advance."

Justice is administered in the West with even-handed impartiality. Whenever the regular course of law seems slack-footed, or when unusual interest is taken in the criminal, the more swift-dealing process of the Vigilantes is invoked. There is sometimes a kind of grim mockery of judicial forms in the methods of the Vigilance Committee or the lynchers.

Early in the fifties, a man had a horse and two donkeys stolen, which he tracked for some distance until he felt able to fasten the guilt upon some Mexican "greaser." The announcement of this news naturally enough demanded drinks all around. "Do you know," said the self-constituted leader, "that shooting these fellows on sight is not just the right way to send them 'cross the river. Let 'em have a fair jury trial, and then string 'em up with the majesty of law. That's the cue." This humane moderation struck a sympathetic chord, and the next toast was, "Here's a-hoping that we ketch that greaser."

A little later they fell foul of a Mexican walking over the hill. "That's the cuss," said the advocate of the law. In a jiffy the Mexican was lying upon the broad of his back, bound hand and foot. Happily his Spanish ear did not hear the cry of "String him up, hang the doggoned lubricator, rope the greaser." But he was to be tried by law. A jury was impanelled, and despite refusals to serve, were thrust into a poker room in the rear of a saloon, which did the duty of a court-house. While the jury was deliberating, the noise of the lynching party was heard in a neighboring cañon. On their return, the spokesman opened the door of the jury-room and asked the foreman the verdict. "Not guilty," was the answer. "Go back,"

yelled the crowd, "you'll have to do better than that." The door was again opened and the verdict demanded. "Guilty," said the foreman.

"Correct," said the crowd, "you kin now come out. Verdick's correck. We hung him an hour ago."

Next day the horse was found down the cañon, and the two donkeys behind the saloon.

A young fellow of twenty was tossed over the range for some petty theft; and as he sprang from the limb with the noose about his neck, he tossed his hands to the gang with sickening levity, and said, "Adios, boys." When the jury viewed his remains the following day the apologetic verdict was, "Died from hanging around."

A judge in Montana, having to pronounce a capital sentence upon some unfortunate adjudged guilty of murder, thus gave vent to his sympathy and philosophic sagacity: "After a fair and impartial trial by an enlightened jury, and an eloquent and able defence by your learned and devoted counsel, the Court finds it to be its painful and solemn duty to pronounce upon you the extreme penalty of the law. You are to be hanged by the neck until dead. Yours indeed seems a hard fate. Resting on the threshold of existence, in the bud and bloom of youth, the world and all its vision of loveliness closes upon you forever, and you go forth to die a bitter death. And yet I do not know that you may so much complain, or that you are destitute of consolation. For it is the profound conviction of most of the learned scientists and philosophers of our age (and in their opinion I concur), that it is a matter of grave doubt whether life be worth living anyhow."*

I was myself eye-witness of a singular scene. It was an indignation meeting held in Ogden, Utah, whose avowed object was the expulsion of the Chinese from the territory. A noble judge from Idaho came to the meeting in the interest of peace and order, and was proceeding, with judicial argument and vigorous eloquence, to make a plea for the Mongolian race, when, finding that he was vehemently hissed and jeered by the crowd, he suddenly altered the tenor of his discourse, and said: "I mean we should not exclude this people except by legal process, but—if we can't do that,

* My esteemed friend, Rev. — English, of Hastings, Neb., is responsible for the above.

we must get them out anyhow. 'Peaceably if we can; forcibly if we must.'" I turned away in disgust.

Leaving Exeter, Nebraska, on a July afternoon, on the admirably equipped Burlington and Missouri road, we traversed, for a hundred miles at least, one of the finest farming regions that ever human eye beheld.

The inky blackness of the night soon passes into that cerulean morning hue which tinges the sky in rarefied regions of the atmosphere; the sparkling stars sink out of sight; the lordly sun pours forth his beams and spangles the heavens with his blazing banners, and the faint flush of dawn which broke upon the caliginous cheek of night is succeeded by a blaze of glory. Suddenly all eyes are directed towards a vision of vastness far away, and all exclaim in awestruck accents—The Rocky Mountains! Who that has once beheld them can ever forget his first view of those snow-pointed pinnacles as they pierce the azure canopy above the corruscant clouds? It takes some time to realize that those great big banks of seeming clouds are not built out of gauzy, gossamer air and sunshine, but of solid earth and rock, piled up towards the heavens during some antediluvian upheaval of this strange planet of ours. But the illusion is more perfect than any mirage of the deep that ever mocked the land-sick fancy. It is a picture of bewitching perplexity. Running clear athwart the sky is a shimmering, sinuous thread of light. Its sheen and glister waver in tremulous streams, which broaden and expand till, like a flash of revelation, it dawns on the beholder that he gazes on the eternally snow-capped summits of the mountains. And we saw this huge handiwork of the Almighty Architect, and we feel now a greater admiration for His omnipotence, and a deeper awe for His majesty than we ever felt before.

" We climbed the rock-built breasts of earth;
We saw the snowy mountains rolled,
Like mighty billows; saw the birth
Of sudden dawn; beheld the gold
Of awful sunsets; saw the face of God;
And named it boundless space."

O Nature! how grand, how beautiful dost thou appear! Thy shelving declivities and hills; thy wide-spreading fields; thy awful moun-

tains and precipices either fill the mind with gratitude or with awe. How wildly grand the scenery of the West! Here a rushing, foaming cataract pours its streams along, like the Shoshone tumbling over a declivity of 230 feet; here are bastions, cañons, and frowning walls, fretted by the violence of the chafing storms into shapes and forms not wrought by human hands; there are lofty ledges of granite pierced in twain by the corrosion of some century-flowing rivulet, whose slow and silent power impresses not the eye of man.

“ Who that from a mountain height surveys
 The Nile or Ganges roll his wasteful tide
 Through mountains, rocks, and deserts, black with shade,
 And continents of sand, would turn his gaze,
 And mark the windings of a scanty rill
 That murmurs at his feet ? ”

Here again the rays of the sun, as they descend upon the summits of the mountains, find their way through the openings in the spurs and ranges, and are so unequally distributed as to produce an effect at once picturesque and magnificent. There rise colossal domes crowned to the base of the summit with pines and cedars, their dark foliage resting in the shade; while in the far distance, but seeming near from its towering height, a mass of rock and snow points upward, on which the sun shines in uninterrupted splendor, till its top becomes a very pyramid of frozen light, to crown the awful grandeur of the scene.

Approaching the delightful city of Denver, the high plateau affords a vantage-ground from which the Colorado range of the Rockies is visible for nearly two hundred miles. Perhaps the view is unsurpassed either in the Eastern or Western Hemisphere. Long's Peak rears its majestic proportions against the azure sky far to the north, and westward Mounts Evans and Rosalie lift their shaggy locks above the other summits of the range. Gray's Peak and James' Peak stand out sublimely among their gigantic brethren in the other direction, and Pike's Peak displays its snow-burdened crest at least eighty or ninety miles to the south. Volumes would be required to delineate, with any justice, the beauty, the grandeur, and the sublimity of these Titanic monuments of the Almighty's workmanship. Seeing, and seeing only, is appreciation.

There is one of these mountains, however, which because of its sublime significance merits a passing notice. It is the Mountain of the Holy Cross, named doubtless by the pious pilgrims of the Cross who first trod these unbroken wilds. Among the amphitheatre of hills around it, it stands out grand, frowning, majestic, and its neighboring peaks bow down before it, as if acknowledging its supremacy. A lofty eminence, which seems to forsake the dull and common atmosphere of earth to aspire to a nobler and a purer sky, it inspires the mind with thoughts that soar above sublunary things. Beheld in the splendor of the noonday, or viewed by the softer glow of sunset, its sublime aspect is unchanged. Its feet are hidden in the verdurous hills that stand like eternal sentinels around it. Its craggy head is covered with clouds and mists, tinged by a glare of lurid red and fringed with golden tracery wrought by the embroidering finger of the sun; its sides, riven and seamed by volcanic or other convulsions, are filled with the virgin snow, and its transverse defiles present to the sun's rays an unbroken surface of burnished silver, which outlines with sharp precision the form of the Holy Cross. I will let an abler pen describe the glorious symbol, and draw out its pregnant meaning:

“There it stands, bearing the symbol of man's redemption in bold and heroic characters that dwarf all human graving, and placed upon the pinnacle of the world as a sign of possession forever.

“The Jesuits went hand in hand with Chevalier Dubois in proclaiming the Gospel of Christianity through the northern forests. The Puritan brought his Testament to New England; the Spanish banners of victory, on the shores of the Pacific, were upheld by the enthusiastic zeal of the Friars of San Francisco; and the ice-clad cliffs of Alaska resounded to the chanting of the fathers of St. Peter and St. Paul. On every side, the virgin continent was taken in the name of Christ, and with all the *éclat* of religious conquest. But ages unnumbered before any of them,—centuries oblivious in the mystery of the dim dead past,—the Cross had been planted here. As a prophecy during unmeasured generations, as a sign of fulfillment during nineteen centuries, from always and to eternity, a reminder of our fealty to Heaven, this divine seal has been set upon our proudest eminence. What matters it whether we write God in the Constitution, when here, in sight of all men, is this wondrous testi-

mony to His sovereignty? Shining grandly out of the pure ethereal blue, high above the din of strife and the turbulence of the storm-tossed clouds, there it stands and says: 'Humble thyself, O man. Measure thy works at their true insignificance. Uncover thy head and acknowledge thy weakness. Forget not, that, as high above thy gilded spires gleams the splendor of this living cross, so are My ways exalted above your ways, and My thoughts above your thoughts.' "

Denver is one of the prettiest and most prosperous cities in the United States. Beautiful dwellings succeed one another in endless variety of style and architecture, and with lovely, unfenced lawns surrounding them, vie with one another in grace and attractiveness. Ease, comfort, and opulence are apparent on all sides. Denver is one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the world, and the spirit of the social atmosphere is that of healthy democracy. There exists not that chill, exclusiveness, and ostracism characteristic of many of the pretentious Eastern communities, who wrap themselves up in the mantle of their originality, and, from the lofty perch of ridiculous self-conceit, look down upon all common creatures made of ordinary earth. People's noses don't take an aristocratic turn, soaring skyward at an angle of 45 degrees, with a sort of holier-and-better-than-thou expression, which those who do not belong to the supermortal throng are greeted with in the environs of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia.

The population, too, are cultured and refined. Intellectual pursuits engage their leisure, and the fine arts find patronage and intense appreciation among the educated. In the long twilight of the summer evening, families are seen on the verandas, regaling one another, not with scandal or gossip, but with the latest bit of information on art, science, or literature.

The climate of Denver is renowned, and physicians in all parts of the United States, and even in Europe, send debilitated patients thither for recuperation. I must confess, that, although some five or six hundred people enter Denver every day, either because they are invalided, or because they think they are, I, for my part, cannot concur in the wisdom of the choice which makes Denver a home, especially for those who have reached the more progressive stages of consumption. The changes of temperature are too abrupt and too

extreme. One may stroll out from his hotel at midday, with the sun resplendent in the heavens, and not a fleck of cloud in any quarter. Suddenly the sky is overcast; the horizon grows as dark as the Stygian pit; large, crepuscular, nebulous masses come tumbling down from the snow-burdened mountains in the distance; the big rain pours down upon the earth, and the thermometer sinks with uncomfortable and chilling rapidity. To me it has never been an occasion of surprise to see an invalid, buoyant with hope and expectation, entering Denver and returning home boxed up for baggage in a shorter space than that which intervenes between the May blossoms and the autumn fruit.

I am compelled to say adieu to Colorado, without attempting a description of her springs and spas; her gorgeous mountains and her smiling plains; the glories of her Royal Gorge, and the grandeur of her Garden of the Gods; her cliff-dwellers and her Indian relics, and her myriads of objects replete with interest to the student of science and nature, just to lift the veil for a single moment, that screens from vulgar view the city of the Latter-Day Saints, and take a passing peep into the mysteries of Mormondom.

With the history of the rise and progress of this peculiar people, as a sect, most Americans are familiar. Although professedly based on revelation, and founded on the Bible, supplemented by the Book of Mormon as a code of morals, Mormonism, as far as discoverable by me, is a fantastic jumble of Christianity, Judaism, and Masonic rites. Its inner secrets, or what Aristotle would call the esoteric rites and doctrines of the sect, have, in all probability, never been fully divulged to outsiders, and a great deal has been written in elucidation of the subject by quill-drivers from the East, who no more penetrated the charmed interior circle of Deseret than they did the *penetralia* of a Turkish harem.

The Mormons hold to the existence of God and the divinity of Christ, and they can produce miracles and prophecies with astonishing facility. At least, so they say. According to their view, the doctrines of Christianity were preached by Christ in person, on the American continent, to a race of people called the Nephites. In consequence of incessant wars with their dark-skinned neighbors, the Lamanites, the Nephites were utterly exterminated, and the revelations of Christ, engraved on golden tablets, were interred by Mor-

mon, son of Moroni, and last of the Nephites, in a mountain-side in the interior of New York State. Here they were found (in 1837, I believe) by the scheming, enthusiastic, and fantastical Joseph Smith.

The revelations, it is claimed, were written in some archaic language, which the most learned professors of Columbia were incompetent to decipher; but by means of a magical stone, called Urim and Thummim, which accompanied them, the translation was effected in the presence of three witnesses, and published to the world as the Book of Mormon. While this book is a supplementary exposition of the Sacred Text, it is held to be of equal authority with it; nay, aside from this new-found key, the Bible is an insoluble enigma. It is worthy of note, that these "original witnesses" all apostatized from the Mormon faith, which, in my opinion, should be enough to shake the convictions of the most iron-clad believer. But no people in recent times ever went through so much vicissitude, and suffered so much of both moral and physical persecution, for the faith that was in them, as the Mormons. Their Hegira from Nauvoo, Illinois, to Council Bluffs, and thence to Salt Lake Valley, in days when such an expedition was fraught with peril and disaster, was an instance of incredible fortitude and patient endurance, united with buoyant hope and confidence, which might well command admiration, even though exhibited for the sake of a delusion.

The sincerity of the masses can scarcely be doubted by any one who visits the temple in which they hold public service. In response to interrogations by me, I was informed by one who represented himself to me as a nephew of Brigham Young, that he considered the Mormons as divisible into two classes, the knaves and the dupes. The leaders ranked with him as knaves; the multitude were dupes.

The old tabernacle is an acoustic phenomenon. The old hear-a-pin-drop experience is here literally verified. Though the building has a seating capacity of from six to eight thousand, the slightest whisper is carried with wonderful distinctness into every part of the immense building. Such was my personal experience. The temple, or tabernacle, as it is called, in contradistinction to the new temple just finished at a cost of many millions, is built in the form of an irregular ellipse, and its concave roof, resembling the longitudinal section of a great egg-shell, is supported by equidistant pillars, whose spacings serve for doors at frequent intervals.

The new temple is a marvel. It is hard to say to what style of architecture it belongs, but it seems to be a combination of Grecian and Judaic models. There is nothing either beautiful or imposing about the façade, and a few convoluted figures are the only adornment. The walls are at least ten feet thick at the base, and as they rise, with decreasing density, are broken by one set of rectilinear windows succeeded by another, almost oval or moniliform. This temple, whose magnitude and material made almost fabulous expense, was built from the tithes of the poor farmers, whose wagons, loaded with the produce of the soil, are seen daily standing before the tithing-office in Church Square.

Mormon industry is unflagging. They conquered the wilderness and converted it into a flower garden. He that "holds communion with Nature's visible forms" should feast his eyes on the entrancing beauties of Cashe Valley on a summer's morning late in August. The yellow-tasselled corn is undulating in the valley; the rosy apples, ripe and red, hang blushing upon the bough; the laughing clusters of the purple grapes depend languidly from the vine; the golden apricots shimmer radiantly through the rustling leaves, and patches of green millet, interrupted by streaks of stubble, which glisten like amber in the sunlight, make a picture of pastoral beauty unsurpassed in Alpine regions, or on the sunny fields of France.

I have seen the sun go down in grandeur beneath the Atlantic's wave; I have beheld him sink to rest upon the open prairie when Night unrolled her sable mantle, but I have beheld never a sunset more glorious than among the Wasatch mountains which cast their long shadows on the surface of Salt Lake. At first one has no eye but for the general grandeur of the scene, but by degrees the details press themselves upon the attention. The sun casts his pencils of light across the lake in fan-shaped conformation. The light tremulously wavers on the bosom of the water. The face of the mountains is covered with a blue far deeper than that of heaven, and the fantastic distribution of lights and shades assist the imagination to conjure up all sorts of supermortal shapes and forms. By and by the jagged outlines are warmed into a rich roseate hue, and glow like a wall of living fire. As the sun's disc descends behind the towering peaks, the luminary lifts the threads of light from off the lake and they seem to shoot up in iridescent spray to-

wards the heavens as if to inflame those elevated regions. As he disappears from sight he leaves behind a golden atmosphere; the air is surcharged with color, which slowly, imperceptibly fades away; the violet tint of the mountains deepens and darkens slowly, and softly enfold a scene of transcendent and overwhelming magnificence.

I cannot terminate this subject without the tender of my poor compliments to the Rt. Rev. Laurence Scanlan, to whom I am under deep obligations for many courtesies extended during my stay of two months in Salt Lake City. He is a man who deprecates all complimentary speech, but I trust to his forbearance so far as to say that his labors for the last twenty years among the Mormons have been signally blessed. He is beloved by all classes alike, and no individual influence counts for more than his in the Territory of Utah. He has a noble academy, a college, a large hospital, and other institutions of benevolence and instruction, all of which he erected in a few years, and all of which he has conducted with distinguished success. May he live long and prosper. Some day I may have leisure to revisit him in the most beautiful city of the West.

THE WEST.

“ I love the giant cliffs that skirt
 The bold Atlantic's side,
 His branching bays and headlands fair,
 And rivers deep and wide.
 And yet, two thousand miles beyond
 The echo of his wave
 Are glowing hearths and cheerful homes,
 And spirits true and brave ;
 Where shines the sun, o'er hill and dale
 In richest verdure dressed,
 And spreads as boundless as the sea,
 The bright and glorious West.

“ From stream and lake the fleecy cloud
 Its grateful dew imparts
 To spreading plains and flowery vales
 With homes for loving hearts ;
 And there are temples of the sky
 That mock the flight of Time—
 Dark forest groves that lift their spires
 Majestic and sublime;

And woodland paths, and circling greens
 By fairy footsteps pressed;
 And giant caves, where love to dwell
 The genii of the West.

“ There sits the monarch of the soil,
 A king upon his throne;
 There sits the mistress of the hearth,
 Her empire all her own—
 To all that cluster round their sway,
 A cheering smile to lend,
 With plenty for their own broad board,
 And plenty for a friend;
 And gentle words, and glances kind,
 To soothe the wanderer's rest,
 To bid him see, how frank and free
 The welcome of the West!

“ Oh, bright and gorgeous are the walls
 That guard the Eastern shore
 With palace homes and massive piles,
 And halls of classic lore;
 Where wild ambition, taste, and art,
 And wealth, and power, and gold,
 Around the fancies of our youth
 Their glittering trappings fold:
 They bid us grasp our dreams of life,
 With all we hoped for blessed;
 And yet the homestead of the heart
 Is in the boundless West!”

IV.

SKETCH OF REV. J. J. CURRAN.

My acquaintance with the lamented Father Curran dates from the week subsequent to my ordination, when I was assigned to duty by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Wigger, in the Catholic Protectory, Arlington, N. J., of which Father Curran was the Director. I did not consider that my lines were cast in pleasant places in the new field of labor, for I was keenly conscious of the onerous and even, to me, disagreeable character of the office incumbent on me by virtue of my appointment.

Four years of duty in the management of college boys had brought home to me the well-founded conviction that the task of guiding and controlling the strays and waifs of humanity, gathered from every quarter, under the roof of a reformatory, would prove to be at once most delicate and most difficult. And yet I did not find it so.

Father Curran's competency for the work of government; his deep insight into the character of youth; his genius for discipline and order; his masterly methods of reproof and correction; his watchful eye, his ready hand, his tireless voice, and his enthusiastic zeal and sanguine expectations of success—all contributed to lighten the labors of his co-workers, even so as to turn a task into a pastime.

With one secret of successful government he was more familiar, and upon it he set more store than do most people invested with the badge of authority. There is a maxim that finds full force and recognition in military administration, and it ordains that an offence shall meet with punishment more speedy and condign when committed under a subaltern than when committed under a superior officer. This was Father Curran's creed of discipline. By its adoption he strengthened the arm of authority, and made it felt even more powerfully in his absence than in his presence. Nor did he

fail to trust to his coadjutors a large and confidential share in the management of matters, which might, by many, be reserved for personal control. I know whereof I speak. There is no pain like distrust; there is no happiness like confidence.

This broadness of view, this magnanimity of mind, characterized all his relations with his subordinates. It springs only from generous souls with full faith in humanity, and it has no lodgment in warped and narrow minds, in distorted and defective understandings.

Father Curran's heart was as large and loving as his head was clear and capacious. The geniality of his temper was a gleam from the genius of his mind. He was slow to anger and swift to sympathize; and the fairest feature of his many-sided character was, in my opinion, his wide compassion for the erring, the strayed, and the degenerate.

If he was *doctus cum libris*—learned in the books—he had even a ripper knowledge of human nature; and, like that Master, whose professed disciple he was, he could regard with the lenient eyes of pity the foibles and the weaknesses of misguided mortals. And what but the desire to provide a channel for the compassion of his heart, led him so eagerly to take up the task to which his superior had assigned him of caring and providing for the homeless and wayward children of the Diocese of Newark?

With what earnest solicitude and anxious care he devoted himself to his work, so uncongenial in itself, no one knows better, or appreciated more warmly, than his ecclesiastical superiors.

For myself, I regarded with utmost wonder the tireless assiduity with which he performed the dreadful drudgery of answering fully and explicitly the thousands of letters received in the year from the solicitors of the Sacred Heart Union, scattered through the States and Canadas. To every one he returned an exact, aptly-worded, and gracious reply. This kind attention, so affably conveyed, was the magnet of attraction that drew thousands to him and to his work. I am sure that the sad intelligence of his demise will cause many an eye to glisten, and many a heart to grieve, among those who had a share in his labors under the auspices of the Sacred Heart.

His care for the homeless boys was most tender and paternal; his

love for them affectionate and ardent. For them did he incessantly plan and devise; for them did he expend the best thoughts and energies of his life. It was the aim of his life to help the homeless boys. To lift them up when falling; to soothe them when failing; to cheer them when succeeding;—this was the goal of his ambition, and it was the object which inspired his waking thoughts by day and disturbed his dreams by night. “I love God and little children,” said Goethe, and if the one love was the index of the other, then, indeed, are many frailties, if he had them, forgiven Father Curran, because “he loved much.”

In the paper he founded—*The Catholic Times*—he took a pardonable pride. He had not, indeed, the special training of a journalist, but he had considerable aptitude from nature for success in a journalistic enterprise. He was a terse and vigorous writer, and he dipped his pen in the well of English undefiled. But first and last he was conscientiously exact, and I knew him to spend a full week in studying an astronomical problem, to the end that he might render a satisfactory reply to some correspondent in an obscure part of the country.

From the start the paper was a signal success, and I know that he was strongly averse to surrendering its active control; which, however, he did at the instance of his Bishop, who desired that Father Curran should devote his undivided attention to the work of the Protectory, and to the paper published in the interest of the homeless boys, called *The Sacred Heart Union*.

At one time he entertained the project of founding a Sunday-school paper for the Catholic children of the country. Though he knew of the existence of some excellent papers of this character, he considered there was room for more. He was on the point of seeking the Bishop's sanction for his undertaking with a view to obtaining permission for me to canvass the country to enlist the sympathies of the priesthood in the United States, when I was transferred to another sphere of duty. Why the scheme was finally abandoned, I never fully learned.

Father Curran was variously gifted. He was endowed with more talent than genius; more solidity than brilliancy; more reflection than imagination. His mind was of the analytical order, and his capacity rather critical than creative. His conversation did not flow

with the same freedom as his pen, but it was always impressive and convincing. He possessed, however, a large fund of anecdote, and mirth was, though not predominant, a salient feature of the man. His style was sententious; his speech simple, frank, and free from crafty induction. To diplomacy and dogmatism he was a stranger.

His manner was warm, cordial, and assuring, and was adorned with the indescribable charm of simplicity. His friendships were stable and enduring, like the evergreen, which braves every blast that blows and still preserves a vital power unconscious of decay. How fondly he was regarded by his own friends and college mates, I have grateful reason to recall.

Making a visit to Chicago some five years ago, and bearing letters of introduction from Father Curran, I found myself a welcome and honored guest, where elsewhere I had been an utter stranger. His letter was a passport of recommendation to the favor of all who knew him.

I think he never knew what envy was. It has been said of poets and journalists that the praise of their contemporaries is not among their virtues. It was said of Wordsworth that he had no words of eulogy for any of the Lake schools of poets but himself.

Father Curran was singularly exempt from that

“ Base envy that at another's fortune pines,
And hates the excellence it cannot reach.”

He had warm and generous words of encomium for all his fellow-journalists, and none of that mean depreciation which disgraces the editorial page.

He was gifted with mechanical ingenuity of no despicable quality, and along this line he directed a large share of his indefatigable industry. Clocks, lathes, and steam engines were as familiar to him as toys to children. He had some knowledge of wood and scroll work, and could, and did, construct various musical instruments. He was an adept in the art of photography; had some acquaintance with medicine and chemistry, and a remedy of his own devising for the cure of hydrophobia was discussed and conceded to have some merits by the medical journals of London and Paris.

He was a man of multifarious knowledge, and had he concentrated his energies upon some special line of work, I make no doubt he

would have achieved the highest excellence, and won enduring recognition, if not renown.

He was, likewise, a sound and accurate theologian, and, like the true scholar, he was too modest to suspect his cleverness. He was not wanting in inflexibility of opinion, for he had the courage of his convictions, but he was not wedded to his views, and he entered upon argument like a man seeking information rather than imparting knowledge.

As a priest he was faithful, zealous, and unfailingly attentive to the manifold duties of his sacred calling. In the early years of his missionary work he was commissioned, owing to the illness of the pastor, to resume the responsible government of the parish of St. John's, Trenton, N. J. He subsequently exercised his sacred functions in the parishes of Mt. Hope and Totowa, New Jersey. He finally, after his transfer from the Protectory at Arlington in consequence of failing health, he labored, though racked with pain and sickness, with his customary zeal in the Holy Rosary parish at Elizabeth, N. J.

There death overtook him in the midst of his labors. He met it with the equanimity and Christian fortitude of a true priest of God. He who had shown others how to die, had himself to die at last. I saw him on his sick-bed about ten days before the melancholy end. When our eyes met I beheld him with furtive stroke brush away the silent tear. The action told me all he apprehended. He knew death was at hand. "I will go West, like you, for my health," he said—"that is, if—if God ever allows me to leave here." But he knew it was not to be, and he resigned himself with Christian composure to his fate.

And now he is gone—a friend in all the term implies, a man in all that constitutes true manhood, a priest in all that was pre-eminently priestly. He had faults; they were few. He had virtues; they were many. With both he stands before his Maker. It is ours to mourn, and it is ours to mingle our voice with thousands of orphan hands uplifted to Jesus to save His servant for His name's sake.

To the living we give sympathy; for the dead we prefer our prayer, and on the grave of our departed friend we lay in silent sorrow the flower of loving remembrance, and breathe the sigh of regret.

V.

STORY OF THE SEA.*

SOME time ago I promised to tell the homeless boys of Arlington some tales about seafaring life, and I must make the promise good.

How fraught with danger is the career of the sailor, and the perils of the ocean; how vast and how thrilling! The hardy mariner leaves his native shore, and bids adieu to all the loved ones at home, to glide on the surface of the fathomless sea, and, besides Him who guides the mighty waters, and holds in the hollow of His hand the rolling waves, who can tell whether the coral reefs and sparkling gems of the ocean will not be his tomb, and his requiem, the dirge and melancholy music of its roar.

The life of the sea-boy, oh! how perilous it is, and yet how awful and how grand. In the blowing of the angry winds, and in the dreadful roaring of the tempest, he beholds the wrath of an offended God; and should he survive the havoc of the storm, and see the brilliancy of the sky, and the smooth, glassy surface, tinged by a thousand radiant colors, how joyously he welcomes the glad signs of the Creator's pleasure.

Tell me, old Ocean, how many millions of toilers lie buried for aye and for aye in thy deep, cold, cheerless bosom! But at the sounding of the last trump thou wilt yield up thy dead, and the countless slumberers that rest within thy caves will throw off unconsciousness and awake to the cheering light of day. And yet, old Ocean, thou hast hushed the familiar tones of friendship, and stilled the throbings of many a weary heart forevermore. And the poor, lone widow can shed not one pitying tear on the solitary spot where her loved one lies in the sound slumbers of the sea's great cemeteries. Mother, thou canst not, at the sweet and pensive hour of eve, seat

* For the *Sacred Heart Union*.

thyself upon the tomb of thy departed son, and deck the turf that glistens with the dews of heaven. Nor canst thou, sister, plant one flower on the watery grave of thy fond brother. Thou canst not bid the lily blossom thereupon, nor the willow spread its branching boughs in mourning around his lonely dwelling-place. And thou, devoted child, canst not weep the dew of grief above thy father's soundless home, for low he lies, very low, in the deep, deep sea, and cold and dreary is his resting-place!

And yet, my dear young boys, what a strange fascination there is about the sea for those who never braved its dangers and never saw its perils.

How many foolish boys are ready to leave the comforts of the cosy fireside, to turn their backs upon the kind friends at home, and go to risk the dangers of the ocean.

In my last, I told you of my experience in the West Indian waters, and now I purpose telling you of something, at once laughable and serious, which occurred just off Cape Hatteras, a point on the Atlantic coast, noted, as you may know, for the extreme violence of its storms.

It was a bright day in October. The ship rode grandly on the swelling waves, and she seemed like a veritable cloud of canvas. Broad out was spread every inch of sail that booms could bear, from main-yards up to royals. Her cock-boats swung at the davits, near peaked quarter and latticed stern, glistening in a new coat of white paint. From truck to deck everything was trim and taut; everything bright and shining in the sunshine of a glorious afternoon in the mellow month of October. I sat on the capstan forward, basking idly in the sun, when looking windward, I saw an immense school of porpoises gliding, leaping, down upon us and stretching out as far as the eye could see. On they came, disporting in the water like so many ocean elves, emitting that low and plaintive sound characteristic of this vagrant of the deep. No sooner had they passed than the breeze began to lull. In an instant it died away. The sails flapped lazily against the masts, and finally seemed to wind about them, and like the ancient mariner of whom the poet speaks, we found ourselves drifting:

“ As idly as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.”

"All hands aloft," cried the second mate, his ruddy cheeks now blanched, and a look of apprehension on his sun-tanned face. The storm-king was abroad in all the shining terrors of his wrath. Oh! can I forget the scene? The day grew suddenly dark and then grew bright by turns. Cloud-piles were towering up like pyramids in the sky, so electric that they seemed pulsating with sulphurous light. A fearful rain-cloud broke above our heads, and when it had blown by, it left us buried for some minutes in a mass of wet, blue vapor. How the rigging rattled, and the shrouds whistled in the wind, while the shouts of the sailors ever and anon rose above the roar of the tempest. The day was declining and the last of twilight had now come. The sea underneath was awfully grand, and a strange, magical illumination seemed to light up different parts of the ocean, and then all was covered with a pall of impenetrable darkness. I had helped the sailors to furl the sails; had taken in the slack of halyards and tackle till my hands were blistered and my bones ached; and weary, tired, and frightened, I retired at the mate's order to my bunk in a small store-room of the fore-castle. The ship plunged and groaned like a thing of life, and the seas ploughed across her deck and swept every unfastened object into the seething waters. I heard the strong voice of the captain, who was lashed to the mizzen-mast, ordering the men to stand by, axe in hands, ready to cut the masts out of the storm-vexed vessel, to save her from capsizing. I heard the blasphemous sailors, who of all men, alone on the deep with the angels, ought to be reverent and prayerful, vent their awful oaths upon the ship, the officers, the storm, and on one another. A feeling of fear, nay, of terror, seized me, to which was added the dreadful sickness of the sea, and how I longed at that moment to set foot upon the dry land, which, I believe, I would have devoutly kissed in gratitude. I do not know how others have felt, but "for mine own poor part," I have never realized with such intensity the power of God in creation, as when I found myself alone with Him on the sea. It was then I felt the meanest; it was then I felt most helpless; it was then I prayed the best.

How awful seems that remark of the poet about the sea :

" So lonely 'twas that God Himself
Scarce seemed there to be."

And yet we know that God is everywhere. He is in the starry sky, the songful grove, and He is in the vast solitude of the mighty deep.

But filled with awe and terror, my brain afire with thoughts of home and friends, I finally sank into a fitful, broken sleep. The ship heaved and swayed, and every now and then I was rudely awakened by being tossed against the partition wall that divided me from the sailors. At length I was hurled headlong from my berth, and I plunged head foremost into—not as I first believed, when my eyes, ears, and mouth were filling with the salty water—the great ocean itself, but into a barrel half filled with brine that once preserved some splendid mackerel.

I need not say that I was half suffocated, nor that I received a shock hardly less intense than when I fell into the sea some time before.

The storm next day subsided, and though the swell continued for nearly forty-eight hours, we had fair sailing for the rest of the trip, and landed at New York profoundly impressed with the violence of a hurricane off Hatteras.

THE STORM AT SEA.

A LEAF FROM EXPERIENCE.

Dark was the night, and wild the tempest's roar,
The Storm-King rode the air, and from the shore
The breakers' baleful sound, the sailors proud
Filled with alarm and dread; the crimson cloud,
That tipped with fire at eve the sail and shroud,
Was ebon black; and from the murky vault
The forked lightnings flashed; the sea of salt
Phosphoric now sheet'd was with lurid light,
Whose lambent tongues fanned ev'ry foaming height;
Like sparkling sapphires shone wave crests anon,
And fitful fires ran fur'ous, and were gone.
Dark! darker still the night, the storm more wild,
Nor earth nor heav'n seemed more of Maker mild
The creatures. T' frenzy lashed the mighty deep,
On billow billow rolled and wave o'erleaped
O'er wave. Tumult'ous heaved the angry swell;
Winds shrieked like demon hosts outpoured from hell;
Convulsed seemed Nature, and with gaping womb,
All life that rode the sea rav'nous t' entomb.

The ship with anguish groans; and shiv'ring mast,
 And trembling timbers 'pear, as if at last,
 Wild plunging down th' abysmal, soundless wave,
 She'd ages dwell where Neptune guards the grave;
 Else, tempest tossed, by boisterous storm's shock,
 Be dashed unpit'ing 'gainst the piercing rock.
 And, ev'ry soul aboard, who lived and thrived,
 Be called to doom, unhanselled and unshrived.
 "God of the storm; of matter Lord, and mind,
 The clouds Thy char'ot are; upon the wind
 Thou walkest; waters sleep Thy hollow hand
 Within; the rolling tide at Thy command
 Doth ebb and flow; the storm will rage no more
 And giant billows break upon the shore
 In harmless glee, if Thou, great God, but will,
 Who calmed the waves, to sea cried, Peace! be still!
 Hear suppliant sailors, fate compelled to roam,
 Their bark speed safely towards their happy home.
 Oh! Thou who rulest ev'ry wind and wave,
 Stretch forth Thy hand, Omnipotent, to save."

.
 The rosy dawn gilds glorious coming morn,
 The rainbow glows with radiant smiles new-born,
 Upon the sky like opal gleams the sun;
 The danger's past, pray'r's victory is won!

VI.

SKETCH OF REV. M. J. TALLON.

THERE is no event more common than that of death. Every day, and every hour in the day, some recruit in the great army of life falls by our side, even as we turn to gaze upon him. Death has other means of conquest than the shock of battle, the assassin's bludgeon, and the storm and tempest of the physical world. There are seeds as well as instruments of death; and they are sown everywhere, on hill and plain and valley, and broadcast through the land. There is no clime so rugged, no soil so barren, that even there death's fruitage may not flourish. Death is a harvester that never fails, and he gleans his grain, not only in life's springtime, but also in manhood's summer glory, and in the frosty winter of old age.

It is a trite but truthful axiom, that common things are held in cheap estimation, and therefore make but slight impression. The sun shines by day, the stars sparkle on the field of night, and the earth pours forth her fruits in proper season; but these majestic operations of divine power excite but little astonishment or admiration, because they are so commonplace. Thus it is with death. We seldom realize the propinquity of the King of Terrors, for the reason, that in the midst of life we are in death. Death cometh to all, and we behold his presence daily. We see the venerable locks of the aged, the blushing honors of manhood, the ruddy freshness of youth, whose eye is flashing and salient with life, and the tender bud of infancy—all fail and fall before the scythe of the pitiless destroyer, and we, perchance, are unmoved and unconcerned. The rich, the great, the powerful; the poor, the weak, the outcast, and the despised, the honored and the unknown,—all alike are gathered over to the silent majority, all sleep in God's acre, all pass into the undiscovered land, and

“Sink like waves upon that shore
Where storms shall never rouse them more.”

We take no note of the dread harvest till the sickle's edge cuts some vine or tendril that grew close to our own heart. But when the awful Archer, who loves the shining mark, strikes his arrow into the circle of the loved and dear; when the shadow of his pale wings broods over our own household; when the friend whose presence was a shield to our life and a hope to our heart, glides down the river of Rest, 'tis then we feel death coldly creep about our being, and fasten his clammy coils around our existence, with a tenseness and an energy which we never felt before.

To a wide circle of friends, by whom he was affectionately cherished and esteemed, the death of the subject of this sketch came with crushing effect and keen affliction. To them a light was gone out:

“A light that ne'er shall shine again
On life's dull stream.”

To them an urn was broken and the flame put out forevermore; and memory's troubled waters to this hour are stirred with sympathy and overflowed with unfeigned sorrow. But while they lament a loss that cannot be repaired, they bow in humble acquiescence to the will of the Sovereign Disposer of events, the Arbiter of life and death. Go, spirit, to thy home! The eye of faith beholds thee gently leaning on the breast of thy Redeemer, and our sighs are changed to raptures, our tears to praise.

The Rev. M. J. Tallon was born in Beau Parc, County Meath, Ireland, on September 12, 1846. His preparatory studies for the priesthood were made at St. Finnian's College, Navan. After he had completed there, with high honors, the prescribed course of study, he entered the famous Seminary of Maynooth, where he pursued his studies with unremitting diligence and enthusiastic ardor for several years. His health finally yielded to the strain, and he was reluctantly obliged to abandon his studies and return to his home. Although thus incapacitated for many years from pursuing the cherished purpose of his life, he incessantly prayed that God would one day give him the strength to resume his studies and be ordained an anointed of the Lord.

He came to the shores of America in 1870, and finding with the lapse of time and the change of climate, an improvement in the condition of his health, he engaged in the honorable employment of teaching school in Hoboken, and as soon as the assurance of his physical condition justified his life-long expectation, he entered Seton Hall Seminary, where, after a distinguished course of study, he was ordained to the Holy Priesthood, on May 22, 1880.

His first mission was in St. Mary's parish, Elizabeth, New Jersey. The remarkable fidelity with which he discharged the duties of his calling in his new sphere, is a matter of personal knowledge with the writer. The sick he visited almost daily, and walked, in the most inclement seasons, to their abode to carry the consolations of religion to the troubled, the despairing, and the down-hearted. "Ah!" said one of his beneficiaries to me one day, after his departure, "how I miss poor Father Tallon. Every day, as sure as the sun rose, he crossed the threshold of my door, and the moment he came in I forgot that I was ever ill." Having spent himself with labor, his delicate constitution succumbed to the unequal task, and he was sent to St. Anne's Villa, Madison, New Jersey, to recuperate. After a brief respite, his ardent desire for labor being unappeasable, he besought his bishop for another appointment, and was transferred to Passaic, New Jersey. A few months of sacerdotal toil in his new field of labor broke him down again, and he was transferred to St. Joseph's hospital, Paterson, New Jersey, where, for four years, his zeal, his piety, and his unflagging attention to the sick, won the admiration, respect, and even reverence, of all who were witness to the consummate courage and indomitable energy of a man, who, while he walked daily in the shadow of death, took no thought but to care for the temporal and spiritual welfare of all who fell under his heavenly influence. There, surrounded by loving friends, and the company of Sisters who shared his labor of soothing sorrow, alleviating pain, binding up the wounds of the sorrow-stricken and the broken-hearted, he died a most edifying and consoling death on June 14, 1890. I know of no priest whose demise was so universally regretted, and the general regard for his person and character was pointedly expressed on the day of his funeral, when at least ninety of his brethren were gathered in the sanctuary to pray for the repose of his soul. May he rest in peace. May he walk the serene heights of

Sion's holy hill, with the bright diadem on his head, the white-robed throngs around him, and the approving smiles of his Saviour's face beaming upon him forevermore. If heavenly recompense is the meet reward of a life of heroic devotion and superhuman unselfishness here below, to him is given that "white stone" which is given to all who in singleness of heart seek to know and walk in the path of duty. The dignity of his nature, the value of life, the importance of the station designed for him in the ordinance of God, were the motives of his conduct, the inspiration of his heroism, the animating and controlling principle of all his deeds.

His winning sweetness, his amiability of manner, the unfailing serenity of his character showed that celestial peace had spread her soft and silken curtain around his soul, and that his sunshiny temper was the fruit of long communion with the spirits of the blessed.

He was sagacious in council, invaluable in friendship, and his heart was a treasure-house of trust and confidence. His charity was patterned on the love of Christ, and was as broad as humanity, as comprehensive as the race. Finding no evil in himself, he saw none in others, and was, apparently, as optimistic by nature as he was by grace. He was just and discriminating, but truly generous in praise, and was never known to

"Damn with faint praise, assent with civil,
And without sneering, teach others to sneer."

Moral truth, like the beautiful in nature, has a charm for the devout and contemplative mind; and from the crystal wells of moral truth, he sought to draw pure draughts of living water. He was a sound and accurate moral theologian, and his opinion upon subjects within the domain of this intricate and perplexing science was often worth more than that of many who think that gray hairs make wisdom, and that age always brings experience.

His life was deficient in incident, as the world understands life. He "dwelt among untrodden ways." His lot was cast among the unnoticed and the unknown, and he preferred to chat an hour with a washerwoman than to dwell an age among kings. He had a clear and unclouded brain, a keen native intelligence, a strong fund of homely sense, united to a zeal and industry that never wearied,

which, had his life been crowned with years, might have exalted him to no inconspicuous place among men. But in what would he be better than he is now? He might have gained the world and lost his own soul. He chose, therefore, to be true to himself, to religion, and to God; to be humble and meek and lowly; to be kind, benignant, and charitable; to cast his lot on the side of a religion which is looked down upon by many of the great of earth in their fancied superiority and in their self-conceit:—this may be folly with the world, but with God it is the wisdom of salvation. He was a stranger to the world, but he was the friend and familiar of God. “Outwardly,” as À Kempis says, “he wanted many things, but inwardly he was enriched with everything.” The good God whose presence was an atmosphere wherein he walked upon this earth is the crown and the reward of a life spent here below in showing mercy to Himself in the person of the poor. When the golden gates of the heavenly city are unbarred to the great army of the redeemed, many an exultant spirit shall rush to greet the saintly priest and confessor, who had been instrumental in securing her salvation and unfading glory. For

“ Where tears were to be dried, or suffering hearts
 Healed with the dew of peace—where sin was felt
 Or prayer was breathed, or injuries forgiven,
 His ready foot was found, his voice was heard,
 Distilling sweetness. Spotless were the robes
 That o’er his actions cast their graceful folds,
 Adding to the heavenly truths he taught
 The matchless argument of a pure life,
 A name unsullied and a garment white.”

SERMONS.



I.

THE ETERNAL PRIESTHOOD OF JESUS CHRIST.

“ON the day before He suffered,” says St. Paul, “our Divine Redeemer instituted the great mystery of the Holy Eucharist.” When the painful image of His purple passion stood before His mind in all its awful meaning; when the gray twilight of Gethsemani had all but overshadowed Him; when death was soon to separate Him from the dear disciples of His love, it must have given Jesus a melancholy satisfaction, like the glow of an evening sunset before the storm-swept night comes on, to break bread for the last time with those Apostles who had been the constant companions of His toils from the day they left all things to follow in the footsteps of the Master.

His public ministry had yielded Him naught but anxiety and sorrow. It was full of labor and fatigue. Suffering was His substance, and poverty was His portion all His life, and the prickly thorns of privation so incessantly pierced His feet upon their loving journeys, that He may be said to have married sorrow and distress.

The Master and Maker of Nature, as He was, He must have fondly loved the child of His creation. His all-seeing eyes must have wandered often among her beauties, His ears have drunk in her music, and His soul sipped of her poetry; for from her varied forms His mind extracted the sweetest similes, and His mouth spoke with finest fluency her lovely and touching language. “Behold the lilies of the field.” See the fig-tree and all the trees.

The dew and the sunshine, the seed-time and the harvest, the flocks and the fields, had a sweet attraction for the gentle sympathy of His soul attuned to Nature’s harmonies. He held sweet converse with the silent stars upon the mountain-top; He preached from the shingly shore of Galilee’s bright lake, and from the blue ripples of

its breezy surface He spoke His messages to the listening multitude. He was as a bridegroom; nature was His bridal-chamber, but a chamber hung with mourning. Many a time He drew a benediction on His troubled spirit from the calmness of the morning, or the stillness of the evening twilight; and amid the solitude of nature, He sought surcease from sorrow, when His burden seemed too great for Him to bear.

But darker days stole on apace. Clouds of sombre hue were hovering upon the horizon. Heartrending separation darkened the near prospect. Death, with bony fingers, beckoned to the Son of Man from his lonely throne, and his icy lips uttered the solemn warning that the hour was at hand.

But He has yet one loving duty to fulfill. A short time—a short time only can He tarry with His disciples at the frugal board, and thither He repairs for His final reflection ere He die for love. He would teach them the great duty of thanksgiving, and raise the chalice of benediction to their lips. He would feed them with His own hands, not in bread that perisheth, but in that which endureth unto life everlasting. He would prepare them for their life-work, the salvation of souls, the continuation of His mission on earth. He would appoint them His successors, make them sharers of His Sonship, partakers of His priesthood,—the priesthood, holy, unspotted, eternal, after the order of Melchizedek. How sublime the scene—in that upper room—that coenacle of Jerusalem.

It was like the felicitations of a little household, on the eve of a final separation—like the evening song of birds, assembled on the bough of a high tree, each to seek his destined flight at the first beams of dawn.

What melancholy grandeur in the spectacle of Jesus feasting with His followers just before He mounts the throne of the cross. What a soft and mellow lustre irradiates the brow of the heavenly bridegroom, feeding His children with the fat of corn, the manna of all sweetness, before He passes from the bridal-chamber to the halls of death.

It was a sad, but short and simple ceremony. With divine composure He performed the farewell act, which raised His Apostles to the priesthood, and inaugurated the religion divinely bequeathed to His followers in the power and grace of God's redeeming love.

Look on the figure of the parting Christ. As a fond father about to begin a journey, he calls his weeping, sorrowing sons to receive the inheritance which he acquired for them by his toils and labors, reserved for bestowal, to the final moment. "Take," he says, "my gift in loving remembrance. It is the only heirloom I have to give worthy of my bounty and generosity." That inheritance was the immortal treasure of Himself, His priesthood, His sacraments, His Church, His grace, His salvation.

Jesus in body, indeed departs; the wealth of His spirit remains. His little band of followers He invests with that spirit, and that spirit He pours out into the ready receptacles of their souls, making Himself flesh of their flesh and blood, life of their life. He incarnates Himself, He embodies and reproduces Himself in the priests He has ordained, and through them in all their spiritual descendants till time shall be no more. He gives to them a pledge of future glory, and in planting the seed of immortality, He imparts immortality before the completion of their earthly work shall ripen them for their reward. In the institution of the Eucharist, He complements His incarnation, for He impresses His character, He imparts His life, He confers His powers upon the new-born priesthood, that by the force, and spirit, and strength of His commission, they may carry the grace of redemption to every individual soul who shall be grafted by their hands upon the fruitful stock of Jesus Christ.

Although modern philosophy has not made sufficient account of it, there is a wonderful power of absorption and expansion in the human soul—a soul boundless in her aspirations and in comprehension like a God. How measureless its capacity for knowledge! how infinite its aptitude for love! Its spiritual possibilities are likewise incalculable. Will not its intelligence constantly expand, its affections be enlarged, and its powers be magnified, as it glows with new light and new fervor and brightens to all eternity; when "we all beholding the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord"?

This transformation continued in the next world must be begun in this.

The tendency of times, directed by hard materialism, is rather towards extroversion than introversion. Man looks without, when he should look within, and the land is desolate because no one

thinks in his heart. Man's operations follow his nature. He is a complete being of body and soul. If the outer works are, as the Apostle speaketh, to be according to God, the secret springs of action rooted in the heart and mind, must be moved by the wisdom and the love of God; for as the spring of the watch governs all the movements of the hands, so does the love of God, and conformity to Christ regulate all the works of life. Against the madness of materialism, the priesthood of Christ is a brass wall of defense, for it is the pattern of perfection, and it holds up, as a beacon of beatitude to shine before the eyes of all, the model of the interior life, and seeks to delineate on every soul the image of Christ, which is stamped by the hand of divinity upon its own immortal essence: agreeably to the words of the Apostle, "Those whom He foreknew He predestined to make conformable to the image of His Son."

Nothing short of absorption and assimilation can satisfy the desires of that Jesus, who, though God, became the Son of Man, that we who are men might become the sons of God. That by the fecundity of the priestly power conceded to His ministers, all men might be made conformable to the similitude of Christ, might lift their heads higher and higher unto heaven, and be brought nearer to God upon this earth, the more to make secure that final felicity and everlasting happiness which is our proper inheritance, He lays upon them the obligation of eating His flesh and blood, and of feeding mankind through the ages, from the same heavenly banquet, conveying His divine injunction in the memorable words: "This do in commemoration of Me." Let us who are ordained to be the salt of the earth, and the light of the world, by the efficacy of our ministry in opening the fountains of salvation unto others, be satisfied, before we proclaim ourselves His priests, that every bit of flesh, and every drop of blood within us, is Christ's own property.

In eating His flesh and drinking His blood, they received the essential elements of His priestly power; and they assimilated them; they grew upon them and they gained a new life, an exalted vitality, which they had not before, and which they were empowered to transmit to all generations of posterity. The features of its character, so to say, were indelibly impressed upon their souls. That spark of divinity which makes humanity God-like, as a coal of heaven's fire, was burned upon them, and purified, and perfected;

like Isaiah, they turned to God with heart, mind, and soul, crying, "Lord, here we are, send us." It was then they were filled with the good odor of Christ; then they received of the royal unction, and were anointed above their fellows in the kingly priesthood; then they became champions of the cross, soldiers of the sanctuary, servants in the tabernacles of the Most High God.

By the sacramental offering of the bread and wine, Jesus, the Master, committed to His servants in the ministry the absolute secret of His life and mission, the bread of His whole being, the word which came out of the mouth of God, the causes for which He cast aside the sparkling splendor of celestial glory, and came into a cold, inhospitable world.

In the Eucharistic institution they were fired with the fervor of His faith, illumed by the light of His love, inspired with the spirit of His humble, self-forgetful, unremitting service, which the pentecostal fire was to transform into flaming zeal to bring to all flesh the salvation of God.

By the fact of His eternal Sonship, His faith included the whole world in Himself, and all in the Father and the Holy Spirit; for the three divine persons leaning down to lift up humanity, constitute that kingdom which the Son of God was sent to establish. "All things are yours, and you are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

In the loyal acceptance of this heavenly charge, they dedicated themselves to that unselfish and impersonal existence which involved the annihilation of all individual interest, all carnal craving, and infused a new life in the spirit and power of Jesus Christ.

It was the holy intoxication of the strong wine of love that carried Jesus on from suffering to suffering till all was consummated on Calvary. They partook of the wine; they ate of the bread; they perpetuated the rite, and they were filled with the intense, ardent enthusiasm of His love—the love for union between God and man.

His ardent passion for the future of humanity Jesus left to those who took up His work, to love as He loved, to suffer as He suffered, to die, if need be, as He had died.

In partaking of the cup of the new and eternal covenant, they were incorporated into His princely priesthood; they were invested with the golden glory of His God-given power; they were called by Him, upon whose brow sat the light of ages and the calmness of the

spheres, to rear unto His majesty and worship a holy, an acceptable, and an everlasting kingdom. It was an outward separation; an inward union. It was a personal bequest, a new covenant, a final testament at a most tender parting. It was a symbol and a reality; a sacrament and a sacrifice; a command and a commemoration; a priesthood and a people;—the outward embodiment of the invisible Christ by the mediation of a minister upon the holy altar of the Church of Christianity. Of that Church the Apostles were each and all a vital and a corporate part; but the cementing blood of Christ ran through all, combining all, enlivening all, uniting all in the Headship of the one high-priest, the Lord Christ Jesus.

There is a divine felicity in that sweet similitude of the vine and the branches. "I am the vine, you are the branches." The vine was sown together with its branches in the flesh and blood of Christ upon the soil of the soul of the Apostolic Church, and the heaven-appointed husbandmen, the gardeners of God, go forth to glean the harvest which the dews of divine grace make full with rosy promise.

At the feast of the New Passover, on the night of the last supper, Christ perpetuated His whole life-work in the summary of one transcendent act, and forever washed the Christian Church in the oblation of His blood, and fed it with substance of His being. Thus He perpetuated His ministry in those He called to minister to the world; thus He established His eternal priesthood for that ministry of unutterable service which crowns faith and love; that service which has sprung up like the lily, everywhere,—wherever the name of Christ has been spoken and His holy religion set her sandalled foot. On that night He made other priests; His own priesthood was eternal.

There is such a thing as the evolution, if I may so express it, of divine purpose in the order and history of religion. There is a logical sequence in the divine dispensations; and all the operations of Deity in respect of nature and grace are connected under the economy of Providence. They form a continuous chain, a concatenated series in the ideas—in the events that govern God's dealings with His creatures.

The Incarnation is made possible in the Blessed Trinity, and the priesthood is a portion of the Incarnation. In Jesus Christ we be-

hold the logical sequence of Melchizedek. Abel was the prefiguration, Moses the prototype, of Christ. The Jewish leader taught stern justice and set up the kingdom of law; Jesus laid down the law of love, and inaugurated the kingdom of grace. The New Testament is the consecratory of the Old; and the theology of love the complement of the theology of fear. The eternal priesthood and the eternal sacrifice of Jesus Christ is, by this law of divine development, the outcome of that impulse of ineffable goodness which, in the formless ocean of eternity, led the Triune God to externize the counsels of His wisdom in the sublime declaration, "Let us make man to our image and likeness."

From the beginning of being, God, in His omniscience, grasped all the destinies of men. His unbounded knowledge beheld in all the fullness of their relations, the causes and the consequences of human sin and salvation. His far-beholding, all-comprehending providence seized all the measure and magnitude of evil; and in the same wide-reaching vision, the opportunities and the occasions, the ways and the means to be employed in His dispensations for the deliverance of man from the calamities that would encompass him. Therefore, the future Christ, both as a personality in God and in the ideal order, as God designed to make Him, existed in the eternal and impenetrable depths as the potential energy of the yet unborn Saviour, who was to appear in the fullness of God's time. He was in the plan of God. He was the light of divine reason and the flame of love shining in the far-off ocean of eternity. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." And He was a priest forever, according to the order of Melchizedek, for He was to offer Himself, a pure and unspotted oblation, for the sins of men.

O Jesus, God of love, we adore Thee with all the powers of our soul, as the great victim immolated for the glory of Thy Father and the redemption of mankind. "Prefigured and foretold from the beginning of ages, accomplished a bloody sacrifice in the fullness of time, renewed every day upon the altar by the hands of the priest, the mystery of Thy immolation will be forever continued in heaven"; that offering which was the most glorious and meritorious act of Thy life, will be unceasingly ratified in the presence of all the heavenly hosts, before the throne of Thy Father's majesty through

all the eternal years of God. "I saw," says the Apocalyptic writer, "I saw and beheld a Lamb standing as if slain, who was slain from the foundation of the world."

It is a dogma of Catholic belief that our blessed Redeemer conferred upon His Apostles the power of the priesthood, when He, on that memorable night, solemnly charged them to perpetuate the sacrificial rite in His commemoration. "Do this in commemoration of me." He again invested them with the power of the keys, when He breathed upon them the unction of the Holy Spirit, and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," and subsequently He clothed them with the pastoral office, comprehending the functions of ruling, teaching, and baptizing, whereby they might bring all mankind under the imperial sway of His kingdom, and gather all the sheep, for whom He shed His blood, into the everlasting sheepfold of the Saviour.

Nothing gives what it has not to bestow, and if Jesus conferred the priesthood upon others, He was a priest Himself. As in Him dwelt the fullness of the Godhead corporally, so did the plenitude of the priestly power; for "being the splendor of His Father's glory and the figure of His substance, He sitteth on the right hand of majesty on high," as far above the angels as the name He has inherited is above their names. For to which of the angels hath the Father said: "Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten thee." But to the Son He saith: "Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever. A sceptre of equity is the sceptre of Thy kingdom. Thou hast loved justice and hateth iniquity. Therefore, God, thy God, has anointed Thee with the oil of gladness above all Thy fellows. Sit Thou on My right hand till I make Thy enemies Thy footstool."

In the councils of eternity, and not in the temple of time, therefore, the Saviour of mankind was named the Christ, for He was to be anointed with the threefold unction of Prophet, Priest, and King. How Jesus was anointed to a higher and holier priesthood than that of Aaron and Levi, the great Apostle of the Gentiles plainly showeth in his celebrated Epistle to the Hebrews. From the exalted dignity of His place in heaven, at the right hand of God; from the superior excellence of the victim of oblation, and from the transcendent lustre of His unspotted and eternal generation, the priesthood of Jesus is as far above the dignity of Aaron as the

heavens are exalted above the earth. For Jesus, as the Apostle speaketh, is made the surety of a better Testament, established upon better promises, devoid of fault or blemish like the former, which was the shadow and the semblance, and confirmed upon oath. The Lord hath sworn and He will not repent. "Thou art a priest forever, according to the order of Melchizedek."

In Christ, therefore, we behold, not many priests, but one, who continueth forever, and hath an everlasting priesthood—a priesthood, high, holy, innocent, and undefiled;—separated from sinners and made higher than the heavens; for He is a priest who needeth not daily to offer sacrifice for His own sins first, and then for the people, for this He did once in offering Himself. In Him we have such a high-priest who is set on the right hand of the throne of majesty in the heavens; a minister of the Holies and of the true tabernacle, pitched not by man, but by the hand of God.

Wherefore, all priests soever who preceded Christ, only served unto the example and the shadow of heavenly things, as the rosy morning showeth the full noon of day, as the seed the flower, the acorn the future oak, the feeble type the blessed reality. "Every priest," says the Apostle, "is appointed to offer gifts and sacrifices." Jesus was a priest, for He offered sacrifice, both in the supper-room and on the cross. He was, by eternal generation, a priest according to the order of Melchizedek, who was without beginning or end of days; for in the Eucharistic sacrifice He made ministry unto God corresponding unto the oblation of Melchizedek, as the antitype answers to the prototype, the truth to the shadow, the fruition to the promise. But Christ was a priest, according to the order of Melchizedek, not by the ensanguined immolation of Calvary, but by the bloodless sacrifice on Maundy-Thursday at the last supper, and on this sacrifice of mystic oblation depends the whole sacerdotal order.

What is the priesthood of Jesus Christ? For to know the priesthood of Christ is to know our own.

Some theologians teach that if Adam had not sinned, Christ would still have become incarnate; and if He became incarnate, He would have become a priest, for He would have offered Himself, a holocaust of love, to His eternal Father: for even on the cross, He offered Himself for sin, only because He willed it.

Let us dive, as far as reason will permit, into the plans of God,

and view the widely-extended relations of creation and redemption.

There is but one supreme God; there can be no more. Happy in the contemplations of His own infinite perfections, He reigned, from eternity, in the bliss that beamed from the unclouded splendor of His own essence. In the unconfined bosom of His divinity He possessed the plenitude of all perfection, and the fullness of all being. In the three personalities, rooted in one and the same inimitable and immortal nature, He enjoyed society, companionship, and love. His joy was as the ocean, His happiness like the recesses of the deep before the morning stars praised Him together, or the sons of God made joyful melody. More He needed not, and less He could not have.

Goodness is an attribute inseparable from the essence of the Godhead. By an impulse of divine love, He resolved, in His supreme wisdom, upon man's creation. The communication of His goodness was the lofty design of omnipotence and love. Pursuant to this gracious purpose, the three adorable persons said in the deliberations of eternity, "Let us make man to our own image and likeness, to the likeness of the Triune God shall he conform." What was the impelling motive? It was nothing distinct from God Himself, for outside of Him nothing did exist. No; it was His own sweet will, moved by the goodness and loving liberality of His heart, and persuading Him to pour out Himself upon the works of His creation.

In the logical order, the first and cardinal fact in nature is not creation, but the Incarnation of the Son of God. In the same order, the Incarnation is the final and disposing cause of creation, and it is the sole and sufficient reason why the angels exist, why the heavens have their being, why the world was made, and why man lives, and lives the life he does in the sphere wherein he has been placed by God.

In the determinations of time we can name the very day, when, kneeling at her feet, the angel Gabriel, white-robed messenger of God, hailed the lowly maid of Nazareth as full of grace, and proclaimed the fruit of her womb blessed in the future Redeemer of mankind. But to trace and explore the history of the Incarnation, we must light our way by the luminous torch of faith, and soar on the wings of faith to those sublime heights of contemplation, whence we can study the blessed Trinity, before time began to flow, and be-

fore that melodious morning when the angelic choirs sang the joyous canticle of their heavenly birth.

But, my brethren, I am confounded by our own temerity, and amazed at the audacity of the proposal. I forbear from what must end in futility and terminate in defeat. "Wonderful are Thy ways, O God"; Thy wisdom is high, and I cannot reach it.

In the narrowness of our comprehension we can but affirm that the three persons of the Blessed Trinity, resolving on creation, determined that God, the second person, should assume human nature, and become incarnate in the womb of the Virgin Mary. The angels were called from nothing to be messengers of God's behests to men. The world was formed and shaped to be His kingdom, and man was created of soul and body, that the Son of the Most High might have subjects to govern and souls to beautify in Paradise.

How the gracious designs of God were marred by the sin of man, it falls not within our purpose to explain, since God stooped down from His everlasting throne beyond the stars, to raise man, by a living personal union, to a higher state of happiness than he enjoyed in the sinless innocence of Eden. The Incarnation is by consequence the central dogma of Christianity; the foundation of our faith; the anchor of our hope; the royal road to righteousness; and the only way to salvation, by which all may gain the goal where charity is made perfect, and humanity is crowned with glory.

As by the unerring laws of gravitation the stars and planets circle round the sun, fixed in their spheres by his magnetic attraction, so do we behold the whole cycle of creation, the vast revolution of human events and causes, revolve around the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ.

In the earliest phase of life, whether in the unregenerate infant, or the barbarian, untaught of God, man with all his marvellous organism is raised but little above the plane of brute creation. He may rise in the scale of humanity by culture and education to heights almost immeasurable. But still he is far from the purpose of creation, and far from the kingdom of God. One thing more was necessary.

When God had asserted His power over the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and ruled the rational creatures during the period of preparation, the volume of the Old Testament was closed, and the

new dispensation began. He, of whom it was written in the head of the chapter, "Behold, I come," issued from the vast and silent depths of eternity, and stood forth among the works of His creation, that when He was one day lifted up, He might draw all things unto Himself.

Man was no longer to be the creature merely, but was now to become the Son of God. Therefore did the second person of the Blessed Trinity assume human flesh; therefore was our Saviour born of the Virgin in Bethlehem's bleak stable; therefore the Incarnation of Jesus Christ, the alliance of the Godhead with our common humanity, was, in the fullness of time, accomplished, and "the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us"; and we saw His glory, the glory as it were of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.

But the development of Sonship in a single individual did not fulfill the sublime purpose of creation, nor realize the perfect plan of redemption. The sanctification of human souls was the motive of the Incarnation; for as Christ died for the destruction of sin, so is He risen for our justification. The great and final cause of the Incarnation was each and every individual soul; it was the development of the Sonship of God in all the members of humanity without exception or distinction.

Christ was the way. But who was to lead the way? Christ was the truth. Who was to teach the truth? Christ was the life. Who was to impart the life?

Behold, then, the priesthood of Jesus Christ; His grace, His sacraments, His bonds of union, His channels of salvation. Behold the operations of the Holy Ghost, inspiring and energizing the priesthood by His celestial fire, for the completion of the Eternal plan, and thus involving the joint concurrence of the three divine persons in the efficacious work of the salvation of mankind.

The mystery of the Trinity is essentially necessary to the idea of God. There is no conception of God but that which regards the threefold determination of the divine essence, as Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. They constitute three real relations, distinct in personality, convergent as to nature. Yet these three are one: the conceiver, the conception, and the love inspired.

Apart from them God could neither love, nor exist, nor know.

What is a being without love? What a being without life? And what a being without action? for what is life but action?

The Trinity is necessary to the Incarnation, but the Incarnation is necessary for the priesthood. Christ came from God the Father; He came to heal and to save; the Spirit of love He sent to carry humanity back to the beginning of its being in the bosom of God.

The Father displays His wisdom in creation, and calls all to the Sonship of His Christ. Then from this eternal seed, Jesus Christ, is evolved a whole full harvest of ever-multiplying Christs, in the grace of His Sonship by adoption. Yes, we are all Christs in a sense, as we are likened unto Him, and, as St. Peter says, made partakers of the divine nature.

To develop in every man the Sonship of Jesus Christ, is the sublime office of the priesthood. The purpose of Christ's life and ministry was affiliation of human nature with the divine. Human nature is perfected and sanctified by affiliation. Thousands of years elapsed before the achievement was begun; thousands more shall pass away before its final accomplishment in the individual soul, and it will go on forever by the throne of God from grace to grace, and from glory to glory. All knowledge, all literature, all science, all philosophy, centres here, and here also they end. Christ is not the monopoly of any nation; He is for all men and for all time. He is God and He is man; and He is the model man. Genuine, deep-souled, pure-minded humanity is found in Him, as light lives in the sun. The unique character of self-surrender to His Father was the salient characteristic of His life. His meat and drink was to do the will of Him who sent Him. He emptied Himself; He abased Himself, and as self ebbed away, heaven poured into His soul, and the absolute reconciliation of the Father and the Son was accomplished by the sacrifice of Jesus Christ in behalf of sin-burdened humanity.

The priesthood of Christ is then a part of His Incarnation. It is the office which He voluntarily assumed in the vestment of our manhood for the redemption of the race. He is our Mediator. He is our victim. He is our sacrifice. He is our Melchizedek without beginning or end of days.

The Old Law, from first to last, was but the foreshadowing of the priesthood of Christ. The idea of sacrifice was taught by God Himself, for it was not inherent in the mind of man. Man is a dependent

being, and sacrifice demonstrates his dependence. Abel yielded up the firstlings of his flock, and Cain the first-fruits of his harvest. The Israelites immolated the Paschal Lamb, and sprinkled the door-posts with his blood of expiation. Beneath the tree of Mamre where Abraham broke bread with the angels, he also presented a holocaust to God. In the dark days of their captivity, the sorrowful Jews by Babylon's sad waters, offered the blood of bulls and goats to appease the implacability of divine anger. Melchizedek, king of Salem, and prince of peace, made the offering of bread and wine before the tabernacle of the Lord, and under the white light of the Shekinah. The whole world was an altar, whence the smoke of sacrifice ascended to the high heavens of God. Amid the birds and nightingales of Persia, the victim's cry stilled the singing of the choristers. Beneath the wide-spreading branches of the ancient oak, to the melody of the murmuring waters, to the sighing of the trees, the devoted victim laid his head upon the stone while the sacrificial knife was crimsoned with his out-gushing life-blood. Cæsar in his commentaries tells how the ancient Gauls shed human blood to satisfy their deities, and fierce Vikings of the North sipped blood from the skulls of vanquished foes in the halls of this Walhalla.

The idea expressed by Ovid was wide-spread among all nations.

“ Cor pro corde, precor, pro fibris accipe fibras.
Hanc animam vobis pro meliore damus.”

The innocent for the guilty; life for life; soul for soul, was the fundamental idea and the foundation of all sacrifice.

Nearly every pagan nation had some clearly-defined tradition respecting a primeval fall and a subsequent atonement. Both Plato and Aristotle make reference to the subject. Every reader of Eschylus knows the tragic story of Prometheus, chained to the adamantine rock, his eyes plucked out, his eyeballs dripping with blood, and crying in wail and lamentation,

“ Alas ! alas ! Ah ! me unfortunate !
Whither in the world am I going ?
Ah ! me oppressed with night,
Unseen, untold, unwelcome ! ”

The day of deliverance would come only when a God should bring release, and descend into the darksome depths of Tartarus to redeem

the sufferer by his vicarious sacrifice. On the sandy wastes that border on the Persian Gulf, the devotee knelt in prayer, making supplication to his deity Ormus to send his first-begotten son Mithras to make speedy reparation for the miseries wrought by the evil-god Ahriman. The evil genius of the Egyptians, Typhon, was to sustain defeat at the hands of the sister of Osiris, and bring redemption to the children of Ramises. Socrates is said, according to Plato, to have taught his disciples to await a Saviour who would teach mankind their conduct and behavior towards the gods. The Hindoos lived in expectation of the incarnation of Brahma, when the evil influence of Kaliga would forever be dispelled.

Still more strongly was the idea of sacrifice taught and cherished among the chosen people of God, and the expectation of a future Redeemer impressed upon the mind and imagination of the Jews. Every rite and ceremony touched upon this hope; every law rested on this basis; every custom bore upon this expectation; their whole polity and constitution was framed in reference to this conviction, and every sign and symbol was a type of this glorious and God-given realization. The brazen serpent lifted up in the desert before the eyes of all; the emissary goat bearing the burden of the people's crimes; the Paschal Lamb immolated for purposes of expiation; the manna coming down from heaven to save the nation from famishing; the oblations of the priests within and without the temple; and the innumerable holocausts offered everywhere, as well as the figure of the innocent Isaac about to be delivered to death by the hand of his own father, all strikingly typified the great sacrifice to be one day accomplished on the blood-crowned heights of Calvary for the salvation of the whole human race.

Moses authorized sacrifice, and nearly every purification in the Mosaic law was made by blood.

A sacrifice everywhere existed, so did the priesthood, for the one implies the other. For, what is a priest? A priest is one set apart to perform the offices of religion, but particularly and chiefly the duty of sacrifice. The priesthood is consequently co-extensive with religion, and there has never been a people without priests. In Mexico, at the period of the conquest, there were four millions according to Prescott.

To the priests, as the Vicegerents of God on earth, the primacy

of honor among the castes was assigned by Brahmins. Among the Buddhists they were regarded as the ideal of perfect life, and were supposed, by their holiness and purity, to be destined to overcome the evil influence of matter, and to prepare mankind for the second incarnation and final beatitude of Nirvana. In the family of Aaron the priesthood was hereditary, and the first-born of the oldest branch of the family, if devoid of blemish, was chosen for the honorable office of High-priest.

Of all the offices that man can be called upon to assume, the priesthood is the highest and the holiest, and its sacrilegious usurpation was punished by God Himself with signal severity, for the ground opened to engulf Core Dathon and Abiron, who set their unhallowed feet within the dread precincts of the sanctuary.

In the present economy of salvation, the graces of redemption flow from the great sacrifice of Calvary, through the sacraments instituted by our Saviour. Sacraments are to be administered to men by men, and hence the priesthood is essential to salvation.

To bring home to every man the fruit of Christ's redemption, the priesthood and the sacramental system, twin flowers on the stem of the Incarnation, were established by our Lord, as the full unfolding of the blossoms on the tree of life. The whole sacramental system is neither more nor less than Christ passing along the road of humanity, teaching, touching, healing, and baptizing the sin-sick multitude.

The office of the priest merits our attention, and claims admiration. * For what is the office of the priest?

It is to stand by to witness the final agony of the dying, to cheer and console; it is to pour the blessed balm of religious consolation into the trembling breast; it is to feed the sufferer with the "fat of corn," the milk of God's children, and the bread of eternal life; it is to anoint him with the oil of fortitude for the strenuous struggle; to cleanse him in the healing bath of the Redeemer's blood; to give him hope, the bower-anchor of the soul, and an assured confidence in the wideness of God's mercy, and the greatness of God's goodness; it is, in fine, to take the soul, purified and regenerated, from its tenement of clay, and hand it into the everlasting arms of its Maker.

It is to die daily to himself;—to hold the flowering rod of Aaron

with undefiled hands, and walk, like Enoch and Moses, with the Lord; it is to prefer before his Maker, the sacrifice of Christ and Melchizedek with pure heart and purpose; to break the bread of God's word with unstinted liberality to the hungry flock; to wear the threshold of the doors in the homes of the poor, the sick, and the dying, and show himself, in all that a religion of love and mercy can dictate, a devoted and self-denying minister of the Master.

What is a priest? He is "another Christ." The compassion of Christ he carries in his bosom; the love of Christ lives in his soul. "Many waters cannot quench charity, neither can floods drown it," and the mantle of this divine charity is burned upon his being on the day of his ordination. On that day he devoted, come weal, come woe, the undivided loyalty of his heart, and the undivided service of his whole existence to his God. Christ lived in God, loved in God, taught in God, and suffered in God, that every priest, who is a second Christ, might live, and love, and teach, and suffer in God.

Christ chose poverty; so must the priest. The foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had shelter, but the Son of Man had not whereon to lay His head. Was His throne of gold and sapphires? Were His ministers emissaries of wealth? His sceptre was a reed; His crown was made of thorns. He was naked and thirsty; He was bleeding and pierced; a King, scorned in life and adored in death, He died as a felon. And of such is the kingdom of heaven. Such is the legacy He left to His priests; a legacy that calls them to a life of martyrdom. They must scale the mountain of sorrow, and walk, if need be, the dolorous way of death.

What is the priest? He is a leader of men. O for a leading hand and a few loving souls to lift humanity to God. The priest is a leader who knows the way, and fears not to walk therein. No peril can daunt, no enemy can terrify, no power earth-born or hell-begotten, can cause him to swerve from the course of his heaven-commanded mission as the guide, the teacher, the saver of souls. He is a sympathizer in suffering, a friend in necessity, and a father in generating souls to God.

The priest is charged with the interests of the people before God. "The government is on his shoulders." He is an angel, unceasingly ascending and descending the ladder of Jacob, and bearing the

petitions of his people even to the mercy-seat of God. He is a pontiff, which signifies a bridge, because he is a mediator between the creature and the Creator:—"A bridge always open for the passing of acts of homage and adoration on the one side, and the transmission of heavenly blessings on the other." He is the dispenser of sacred things; the bearer of all blessings; the giver of good tidings in the Gospel, the agent of the Almighty, and vicegerent of Jesus Christ. He is the leaven of humanity, the annealer of the race. The reflected splendor of divinity, shooting from the unclouded brightness of Christ, environs him. He precedes the poor pilgrim child of Adam like a star in the night to light his way to the shining summits of Paradise, and "as the bird each fond endearment tries, to tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies," so he employs every art and every prayer to win the wayward wanderer back to God.

The seal of God is on his forehead; the law of God is upon his lips; the power of God is in his hand. The pierced hand of Christ lifted empires off their hinges, and "turned the stream of centuries in their channel," and in the person of His priests He still governs the world.

The prophet of old raised his hand and the fire came down from heaven for the consumption of the victim; the priest of the New Law pronounces but the words, "This is My Body," and lo! the angels hover nigh, the heavens bend above us, and the great God of power, and majesty, and glory descends from the throne of eternal empire to take up His dwelling in the lonely tabernacle of our altar. Yes, Jesus Christ, the Judge of the living and the dead, the great God of us all, thus stoops to our infirmities; the eternal is swayed by the temporal; the infinite by the finite; the Creator by the creature; God by man.

Such, Rev. Father Hogan, is the nature of that priesthood of which you are a true representative, nay, an ornament and a light.

I am not here to indulge in aimless praise or senseless adulation. I speak not my own language, but the language of those whose eminent abilities and lofty station in the Church give weight to their words and power to their praise. This is not the encomium of my mouth, but the well-merited eulogy of the Rt. Rev. Dr. George Conroy, Papal Alegate to the United States, whose untimely loss we all deplored. This is the sentiment, and this the conviction of many

priests and some bishops whom I have met between the Atlantic seaboard and the Rocky Mountains. This, I am sure, is the sentiment of your own Ordinary, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Trenton.

You left the famous Seminary of All-Hallows, wherein you received your theological training with, as I am told, the brightest honors accorded to any man within its walls during the long space of a quarter of a century. You left the green hillsides of your native land to pursue your priestly labors in the far-off wilds of Australia; and thence seeking a wider field of usefulness, you came across continents and oceans to the land of liberty and the home of freedom. Here have you labored—labored with unrepining patience in the vineyard of the Master, bearing the heat and burden of the day, during all these years. I am not here to preach your panegyric. Nor is it necessary. Camden, Mount Holly, East Newark, and Trenton speak for you to-day.

To me are personally known your arduous and self-sacrificing labors on the banks of the Passaic. Amid the mephitic odors of miasma, and the fell exhalations of malaria, where hundreds were falling around you—falling to rise no more,—you left the scanty comforts of your study, or arose in the dead of night to seek out the cabins of the poor, the sick, and the dying, and in front of the pitiless storm, in the teeth of the driving sleet, in the face of the cold night rain and wind, to carry consolation to the cheerless and the fatherless, and to aid in all that the sweet religion of a loving Jesus can inspire the sympathetic heart of man to do for his fellow-men. And, sir, your memory is a benediction there to-day. Not long ago the present pastor of that city said to me: “Father Hogan’s work still lives.” Yes, it lives, and will live on forever, like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, never to pass away till the heavens be shrivelled as a scroll, and earth be swallowed in eternity.

Of your labors in the parish of the Sacred Heart, why should I speak to-day? Let the work proclaim the praise. These walls have words, every stone in this temple has a tongue; the whole parish has a voice to-day. This majestic edifice, topped by the massive dome and golden cross, bears the name of its humble artificer, Father Hogan, up to the very battlements of God. These are striking monuments, because visible to the eye. But there are others

more important, if less obvious, because written upon the hearts and minds of men. They are monuments of truth and goodness and holiness. They are seen in the piety of your people, in the rectitude of their conduct, in the loyalty and beauty of their unblemished Catholicity. Father Hogan lives in his people. Upon their souls he has stamped his pure character, and his own noble knight-errantry for right and truth in the world. One and all, we give him joy to-day. This is his Silver Jubilee. This is a red-letter day in a calendar of glory.

Since, then, God in His goodness has vouchsafed to you to see this day, the 29th of June, 1890, the anniversary of your entrance into the royal ranks of the soldiers of the sanctuary, we extend to you our glad congratulations, and give testimony to the joy we feel in the prolongation of your priesthood. We are not ignorant that you have little regard for the judgments of men, for you know the standard of the world is not the measure of God. And yet we feel bound to give emphatic voice to the pleasure, the gratification, and the benefit derived from all our relations with you. For myself, what can I say? What, but that I owe a debt of gratitude which I can never cancel, which time cannot efface, nor treasures repay. To me, sir, with whose fortunes you have been so longed concerned, you have always been a "guide, philosopher, and friend,"—yea, more than a friend: a father. If to-day it is my proud privilege to stand on this altar, an unworthy, but still a representative of Jesus Christ, I owe it, after God, to you. From you came the counsel, the inspiration, the direction. I wish, then, to say that I am filled with a profound sense of gratitude and thankfulness; for, whatever my faults, I cannot forget a favor. "Silver and gold I have none, but such as I have, I give to thee." The tribute of my poor prayers, such as they are, shall be yours, yours in the still twilight of the evening, and yours at the dawning of the day. Take them with a benison, take them with my heartfelt good wishes, take them with my lasting regard, for "I am but a beggar in thanks."

May no sorrow distract your days, and no grief disturb your nights. May the pillow of peace press your cheeks, and the sunshine of God's gladness light the way wherein your footsteps lie. May your life be serene as a summer day, and in the end as peaceful as the close. To-day you tell two decades and a half of the beads

of priestly life; may God grant us to gather when you count a full round of that life-telling Rosary. I have only to wish for you a long and happy life—happy in its quiet flow of uninterrupted enjoyment—happy in its disclosures of the providence of God to you—happy in preparing for an eternal life amid the sweet songs and fadeless joys of Paradise.

II.

MORTAL SIN.

PREACHED IN ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

"WE shall have many good things, if we fear God and avoid evil."

Man was created for God, for he was created for happiness, and God is happiness. And so, having fashioned man, God placed him in a terrestrial paradise, where was found everything that could gratify the senses and delight the soul, and whence, after a brief sojourn, he should be translated to that heavenly country which was to be his home and inheritance forever.

But as felicity in the other world, so happiness in this was conditioned upon his fidelity to the light and easy law which God had laid upon him as the test of his obedience and subjection. Had he been faithful and loyal in his allegiance to a merciful as well as a generous Master, no power of word-painting could possibly depict the bright and blissful conditions of existence under which both he and his posterity should pass the probationary period, till they should go hence to dwell amid serener joys and brighter beatitudes in "that house eternal in the heavens, that home not made by human hands."

Ah! what delights hath the heavenly Father prepared for the children of men. How Infinite Wisdom hath exhausted its ingenuity, and divine benevolence poured out its copious blessings to make human creatures happy in their earthly home! Why, may we not ask, why was that hour of happiness doomed to such short duration, why so transitory and so brief? What accursed fatality was that which caused the slimy serpent to trail his coils over the golden fruit of that paradise of old? But even so it was.

"Of all the trees which are in the garden of paradise," said the Lord God to Adam, "thou shalt eat; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat, for in what day soever thou shalt eat thereof, thou shalt die the death." Such was the divine commandment, so easy of fulfillment, given to the father of our race. Seduced by the specious and flattering promises of the tempter, man, unhappy man, fell. He forsook his Maker's law; he contemned His commandments; he rebelled against His ordinance, and the curse of calamity and disaster came upon him like the clouds of everlasting night. "Cursed be the earth in thy work," said the ireful God to His unworthy servant. "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread, thou and thy posterity till time shall be no more." Driven forth, exiled and degraded, he no more shall enter those gladsome bowers; no more shall trace those dells and streams; no more shall seek those grateful shades and hear those plashing fountains play, for the flaming sword, flashing from the angel's hand, shall bar his entrance evermore; but, with disaster dogging his footsteps, with care and calamity on his brow, he shall plod his weary way, till, borne down by grief and affliction, he shall silently sink into the dust whence he first came. "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return." Well may he cry in the words of Jeremias: "Know thou and see what an evil and a bitter thing it is for thee to have abandoned the Lord thy God." "By one man sin entered into the world, and by sin death."

To consider the cause of this calamity upon our common race; to investigate, as far as it is given to our limited intelligence to do, the nature and malice of that which entailed upon mankind such deathless woe, shall be the purpose of our thoughts this night. God grant that we fully understand what sin is, and then we shall never commit it; God grant that we may appreciate its horror, and then we shall recoil from it with loathing.

And what is sin? I do not know; you do not know; God alone, who can comprehend the greatness and majesty which are assailed by sin, can tell what sin is. But what we do not fully understand, we may venture to describe.

What is sin? With St. Thomas, we may define it to be an act of disorder, or the violation of order. And what is order? For

"Order is heaven's first law, and this confest
Some are and must be greater than the rest."

Order is the disposition of things according to their right relations. It is the putting things in their proper places, and the holding them by fixed and inviolable law in that position to which of right they belong.

Now, God is the Author and first cause of all things. He sits eternally on His sublime throne, happy in the contemplation of His adorable perfections, of which no man can deprive Him. He created me and you, and every living and moving creature upon the face of the earth; He gave them their several perfections, set them in their right spheres, in their proper order, and said, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." This is the Creator's will. And as all creatures flowed out from Him in the beginning, so their present perfection consists in uniformly tending towards Him, as their final happiness will be in being absorbed in His everlasting glory. Man's perfection, therefore, consists in the harmony of his action and the conformity of his will with the will of the divine Creator. But when man opposes his will to the will of Him who made him; when he seeks to lift himself outside that sphere to which God has assigned him, and break the bond of subordination between himself and his Creator, he creates, as far as in him lies, chaos and confusion; he commits sin, and makes a breach of order, for sin is the gospel of disorder. How so? Let St. Thomas tell. "Sin," he says, "is the aversion of the will from God and the conversion of the same to the creature." It is the putting of the creature in the place of God, and a complete subversion of the order which God has evolved from the depths of His divine wisdom, and a substitution therefor of the wild and wayward will of man.

All things speak the praise and obey the voice of their Creator. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament announces the works of His hands." The lordly king of day comes forth in regal splendor and warms the heart of earth with his kindling beams. The moon shines silently by her reflected light, and the radiant stars sparkle with undimmed brilliancy upon the brow of night. The sea slumbers in its slimy bed, and breaks not the barriers set for it by God. By the unerring laws of gravitation the great globes swing and turn without discordant jar; the earth is poised on her foundations and the wide gates of the universe turn with noiseless motion on their hinges at the touch of God's strong

finger—but amid this wonderful display of divine order, in this song of universal harmony, one discordant voice, one sibilant sound is heard, hissing forth defiance against the Most High God, and saying, like Lucifer of old—"I will not serve." Thou hast lifted me out of nothing; Thou hast fashioned me with Thine own hand; Thou hast gifted me with the light of intelligence and the faculty of freedom; Thou hast made me Thine own son, and dost wish that I should call Thee Father; but I renounce my true allegiance; I will break the bonds that bind me to Thee; I proclaim my independence of Thee, my Creator and my God; I will not bend the knee; I will not yield to Thee the tribute of service which Thou demandest, but "I will exalt my throne above the stars of God, I will sit on the mountain of the covenant which is on the side of the North, and I will myself be like unto the Most High God!" What infamous audacity! What inconceivable madness! And yet this is mortal sin!

The order established by God finds its expression in His divine law. As sin is the negation of order, so is it the violation of law. St. Augustine, therefore, rightly defines sin to be any thought, word, or deed against the law of God. Mortal sin is any grievous and willful transgression of the same will of God, as expressed in His divine or natural law. To constitute a mortal sin the internal or the external act must be grave in itself, or, at least, so considered by the conscience, and the act must be performed with full knowledge and consent.

Mortal sin derives its name from the Latin, *Mors*, meaning death, because it brings death to the soul by depriving it of its supernatural life, which is the grace of God; and when unrepented of, it carries to the soul everlasting damnation, for "the soul that sinneth shall die the death," says Ezechiel.

Mortal sin is, therefore, a deplorable evil, destructive in its effects, and dismal in its consequences. It is environed by all the gloomy surroundings of death, for, as Augustine says, the sinner carries a dead soul in a living body.

The malice of mortal sin is infinite and immeasurable. It is a plain principle of philosophy that the gravity of an offense must be measured not only by the nature of the injury done, but also by the dignity of the offended and the insignificance of the offender. The malice of deadly sin is consequently beyond the range of finite com-

prehension. For who is the offended? He is God—God the sovereign Arbiter of life and death, and the Maker of heaven and earth. It is He who sitteth upon the clouds, whose face is as the sun, whose voice is as the thunder and the roaring of many waters, and whose dwelling-place is in the inaccessible heights of glory. It is He whose greatness is incomparable, whose power is illimitable, whose majesty no tongue can tell. He is infinite in Himself, infinite in His attributes, for He knows no bounds, He has no limits, for He reacheth by the stretch of His omnipotent arm to the uttermost parts of the universe, and disposeth all things howsoever He will. All things came out from Him in the beginning, and when the period fixed by Him shall have elapsed, they shall likewise end. Before Him shall one day stand, when He cometh in the might of His power, all the kings and nations of the earth to receive judgment according to their deeds. At His fiat the heavens and the earth shall be changed “as a vesture,” and shall disappear from the realms of existence, but He shall reign forever, omnipotent with His elect in glory, and his kingdom shall everlastingly endure. And this great God of power and majesty is the Being offended by the rash and foolhardy sinner. And who is the offender? Who is he that lifteth his hands in defiance of the Lord of Hosts? He is *man*—man, a plaything of the wind, a vapor of the morning, a shadow on the dial of existence, an atom of dust, a worm of earth, a puny, pitiful creature, extracted from nothing, returning to nothing—a composite of vileness and dust and ashes, for “dust he is and unto dust he shall return.” O! how can that dependent, insignificant creature challenge by mortal enmity the God who made him? How can he with wanton temerity provoke the anger of the Almighty? How can he whose life hangs by a hair, whose existence is as evanescent as smoke, rise up, in swelling insolence, to insult his Maker, nay, to strike with the javelin of sin at the heart of Him who can crush him with the might of His forefinger, wither him with the hot breath of His almighty anger, and blot him out forever. “For the soul of the wicked shall be blasted as a vine when its grapes are in the flower, and as an olive tree that casteth its flower.”

Consider, my friends, the ingratitude of mortal sin.

There is one place into whose murky darkness no ray of kindly gratitude can ever enter, and that place is—hell. When we close

our hearts to those feelings and sentiments which betoken an appreciative sense of favors received, we liken ourselves, in some degree, to those unhappy souls who are damned for their ingratitude. It has been truthfully said :

“Ingratitude in friend or foe, in father, mother, brother, wife,
Is far the bitterest drop of woe that mingles in the cup of life.”

And what moral turpitude, what callous insensibility, what corroding canker, must have eaten its wormy way into the soul of him in whom the light of gratitude no longer lingers! Who would not shun that man as a pest and a scorpion in society, and a blot upon humanity, a degradation to our common kind? The dumb and driven beast is not incapable of showing forth his gratitude for the kindnesses he may receive. The very dog will lick the hand that bestows upon it a caress. But man, who is the crowning work of creation and the masterpiece of the Almighty's handicraft; man, who has an intellect to know and a heart to love and feel; man, who has been crowned with dignity and honor, made in the sweet similitude of his Maker, and set “but little below the angels”—he alone can debase himself to that degree of vileness which is characteristic of the ingrate; he can strangle in his breast those impulses of his nature and stifle those feelings which are by God's own hand entwined around the very tendrils of the human heart.

“Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn,” but man's ingratitude to God makes countless angels weep. To be unable to reciprocate a kindness; to cherish no affection towards a benefactor; to have no appreciation of benefits received, is, indeed, the mark of a mean and despicable soul, conjoined to a shallow understanding and a hard and unfeeling heart, but, after all, it is only what may be called a negative ingratitude. But when to this perverse and unnatural disposition, this tendency to thanklessness is added the foul intent to insult the benefactor, to rob him of his rights, to betray his friendship, to scorn his love and to employ the very gifts he gave as instruments to wound and outrageously insult him, then, indeed, is every fine feeling of sensibility dead and every chaste sentiment of honor lost in him who will not stand up to stigmatize the deed as diabolical and to cover the guilty perpetrator with shame, ignominy, and confusion. Yet such is the ingratitude of

which the sinner is guilty towards his God; for, besides his thanklessness to a good and generous giver, he employs the gifts gratuitously bestowed upon him as a means of the most flagitious insult that a perverted mind can plan, or a malignant heart can execute. For sin—mortal sin—is a red-handed rebellion of a subject against his sovereign; of a servant against his master; of a child against his father; of a creature against his God. “Hearken, O! ye heavens, and give ear, O! earth: I have raised up children and they have despised me.” “The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master’s crib, but my people have not known me and Israel hath not understood.” Ah! yes; God has created us and He loves us as the apple of His eye, for creation was itself an act of love, or, as Father Faber has it, an act of kindness on the part of God. He conserves and guards us as His own children every hour of our lives, and we rest under the protecting shadow of His wings both by day and night. Every breath of ours we breathe through Him, and every action of our bodies, every movement of our minds is His free and gracious gift. In the loving liberality of His ineffable goodness He came down from His throne beyond the stars, clothed Himself in our frail humanity, that He might rive the slave-chains in which sin had bound us, even at the incalculable cost of His sufferings and awful crucifixion. And now that can He say, as Osee hath foretold: “Behold the Lion of the Fold of Judah hath conquered; with a strong bite He hath broken the iron bars of the gates of hell, and hath trampled death to destruction”; He likewise says for our encouragement: “In my Father’s house are many mansions”; “I go to prepare a place for you”; “Be ye faithful unto death, and to you shall be given the crown of eternal life.” And thus, as the culmination of it all, does He promise us a heavenly kingdom, where we shall rest forever in the realm of the King in His beauty, imparadised in bliss forevermore.

And for this overwhelming show of goodness to us shall we return Him only the viper-sting of sin—we whom He has nourished at His own breast and gathered under His wing, “as the hen gathereth the chickens,” and the milk of whose loving-kindness we drink as our daily nourishment? Shall we make this bounteous Benefactor no requital other than that of hate, contempt, scorn, outrage, insult, and defiance? Oh! “our offence is rank; it smells to

heaven." What gratitude is here! What feeling and what sensibility! Oh! what base and shameful ingratitude "to make a mockery of Him and crucify again the Son of God!" "Ah!" He says, in His bitterness of soul,—“Ah! if Mine enemy hath done this; if he that hated Me had reviled and persecuted Me, I might perchance have borne it; but you, my friend and my familiar, you have sat down to sup at Mine own table and so often eaten sweetmeats of Mine own dish—this is, indeed, too much; this is more than I can bear; this is enough to break, if it were breakable, the heart of God Himself.”

Consider, once more, mortal sin in its effects and consequences, which will manifest at once its malice and its misery.

Oh! the fearful remorse of conscience! The demon of remorse seizes upon the unhappy sinner, and the voice of an accusing conscience is ever clamoring in the chambers of his soul. He is like the murderer, when, having despatched his victim, he first realizes that the foul deed is done. His hag-ridden fancy conjures up a horde of weird and gruesome phantoms to rack and torture the affrighted mind. Henceforth happiness and he are strangers; his peace of soul has fled. Every echo that he hears puts him in a paroxysm of alarm, and the sound of every footfall reminds him that the Nemesis of justice is hot upon his track. And wherever he turns his eye, his mad and frightened brain and blurred and excited vision can detect nothing but a rope, a gallows, and a felon's doom. It is not far different with any other sinner. No sooner is the sin committed than conscience cries out against him, and as he cannot stifle its accusing voice, so neither can he elude the chastisements which divine justice will inflict upon him. He seeks, all in vain, to smother that outcry-
ing voice. He would like to skulk from the sight of God, as did Adam among the trees of Paradise, but he feels how futile would be the attempt. He would like to accept the Devil's flattering assurance that he will not be found out; but he who robbed him of his virtue cannot steal away his sense. He would like to lull his troubled soul into a sense of security, but, like Banquo's ghost, his conscience will not down. His mind is perplexed and harassed by fears and alarms. He knows he stands on treacherous ground, which may at any moment yield and plunge him into irremediable sorrow, into the prison-house of hell, for, "as birds are taken with the snare and

fishes taken with the hook, so are sinners taken in the evil time." Ah! how often doth the demon of despair seize upon him, and while he laments the past, he is incapable of resolution for the future. "Come back, O vanished years!" he cries, "rich with the dreams I used to dream, when fancy fluttered free, when my heart was as light as the morning's footfall, come back to me again! Oh! bring back the bliss and joy, the hopes and passionate aims that fired my soul with the pure flames of youth in the golden years now gone, when life was new and fresh, when roses crowned my pathway and earth seemed half divine. Oh! I have seen the mighty rivers rolling joyously along through plain and wold, where more than Alpine ridges raised their crested columns above the gleaming snow, and I have seen the winding rivulets coursing through the flowery meads and vales, all tremulous with light, with laughter, and with song. And I have seen the merry maidens trip jubilantly by, as they bore the blushing clusters of the grapes to the wine-press, and I saw the sun-gold on their ringlets and the lovelight in their eyes. I have seen the sweet smiles of nature, and I rejoiced in the varied melodies of her voice; but changed is the spirit of my dream, for the sunlight is gone from my heart, and the angel music no longer whispers through the desolate caverns of my soul. So peace to the memories of the past, the vault in which they lie is shut forevermore, and the sky and the day-beams no longer shine upon them. The Eden-land I sought is vanished—vanished with the bliss it brought in seeking—and now I shall never kneel again at fancy's holy shrine, to sing the songs I sang, or pray the prayers I prayed in the green, glad years now gone! Peace and innocence of my childhood, thou art gone; divine light of my soul, farewell. 'Ah! who will grant me to be according to the months past, according to the days, in which God kept me? When His lamp shined over my head, and I walked by His light in darkness? As I was in the days of my youth, when God dwelt secretly in my tabernacle?'"

Consider, now, the loss of the divine grace which sin brings upon the soul.

The bright sun is beautiful, but it is not without its spots; the flowers that bloom by the wayside are beautiful, but the worm oft lurks within the bud; the blue sky that bends above us is beautiful, but clouds and darkness often rest upon it; and the human coun-

tenance has a beauty all but divine, but it is often shaded by the lines of care and grief. But a soul glistening with the splendor of divine grace is beautiful beyond anything in the lovely creation of God. There is nothing under heaven's dome comparable in beauty and brilliancy to a soul clothed with the garments of God's holy grace. Its sheen and lustre "pale the ineffectual fire" of a seraph's radiant wing. For in the sublime and expressive language of Sacred Writ, a soul in grace is "the spouse of Jesus Christ," "the temple of the Holy Ghost," and "the daughter of the King." "Thou art all fair, O! my love, and there is no spot in thee." As the beams of the morning sun are reflected in the bosom of some pellucid lake, so the white light of heaven and the transcendent loveliness of God are mirrored in the soul that is adorned with the effulgence of divine grace. By grace we are become the sons of God, servitors in His holy sanctuary, and partakers of His divine nature. By grace we share in the communion of the Saints, and by analogy are like unto those blessed spirits who stand beside the throne, all crowned with glory, robed with immortality, and shining like the sun in the sight of God. By grace we are linked with chains of love to the heavenly Bridegroom, we follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, and by Him our names are written in the book of life.

But oh! what havoc and desolation is wrought upon the soul by the scathing scourge of sin. All that beauty becomes blighted; every vestige of that supernal loveliness effaced. The favorite child of God is disinherited, and, like exiled Hagar, is driven forth from the bosom of her spouse to dwell in a wilderness of want and desolation. The golden links of love are rudely snapped asunder; the friendship of God is forfeited; the beauty of grace is gone; the splendor of good deeds is dimmed, their merit wiped away, and the sinner's name, by angel's tears, is blotted from the Book of Life, for "all the justices which he has done shall be no more remembered." To that benighted soul the pathetic words of Jeremias are sadly apposite: "How hath the Lord covered with obscurity the daughter of Sion in His wrath! How hath He cast down from heaven to the earth the glorious one of Israel, and hath not remembered His footstool in the day of His anger. The Lord hath cast down headlong, and hath not spared, all that was beautiful in the house of Jacob."

The punishments and visible chastisements inflicted, both on in-

dividuals and on nations, at every period of the world's history, on account of sin, are likewise irrefragable proof of its essential malice, when mortal, and of the infinite hatred which God bears towards actions which grievously outrage His sovereign majesty. I shall not make extended reference to them, for to do so might oppress your minds and harrow your feelings excessively. To the most conspicuous instances of God's exemplary punishment upon offenders against His justice, I allude with sufficient brevity.

The angels committed a single sin of thought, and without an instant's warning those bright princes were cast down from their starry thrones in the firmament of God into the noisome dungeon which was prepared in punishment of their pride. Shining with the brilliancy of the sun, they became wanderers on the shores of everlasting night, and from being messengers of light, they became fiends of darkness. Because they lifted themselves on high they were made to bite the dust; and because they were swollen and puffed up with their empty pride, they fell like lightning from heaven into the fathomless depths of the fiery pit. And there shall they abide. And all the tears of fire that they shall shed shall never call forth one sigh of compassion from the heart of a merciful God; and all their pleadings and all their groanings shall never move their Maker to forgiveness, nor appease the wrath of the implacable Avenger. For, sitting upon His throne of eternal justice the Omnipotent Vindicator shall, through all eternity, hurl down upon them the hot shafts of His avenging ire; His angry breath shall burn them forevermore; that fire shall never lose its sting; their worm shall never die; those flames shall not be put out, for "the smoke of the torments of the damned shall ascend forever and forever"!

Adam and Eve committed one sin of disobedience, and the gates of heaven were so closed against them that they could be opened only by the death of the Son of God. Cain slew his brother Abel, and he was branded with the black mark of infamy and sent forth a wanderer and fugitive upon the earth, till his wretched life should spend its force and he become "a useless piece of porphyry to be cast into the waste-dumps of hell." Sodom and Gomorrah had crimsoned their career with lecherous crime, and God opened the furnaces of heaven and rained down fire and brimstone on those pestilential cities of the plain, leaving only a sulphurous pool to

mark His vengeance to the end of time. When the crimes of the children of men had grown intolerable in the divine sight, it repented God that He had made man, and sundering the flood-gates of the heavenly deep, He for forty days and forty nights poured down tempestuous torrents upon the earth, till every creature, save the few within the ark, had found a grave in the wide waste of waters.

Oh! how terrible are Thy judgments, Lord God of Hosts. Verily, "Thou dost judge justice itself" and dost "search Jerusalem with lamps." How great is Thy hatred of sin when Thou imposest such calamitous chastisements upon it; how fearful the offense which thus rouses to anger a patient and long-suffering God. Spare us, O good Lord! Cut us not off in the midst of our days and grant us yet a little time that we repent and serve Thee, as we doth desire and as Thou deservedst. Oh! strike us not down while yet the weight of sin is on our souls, and blast us not "like the vine in flower," lest like unfruitful and unprofitable servants we descend in sorrow into the darksome house of hell.

Oh! the misery of sin. Oh! the frightful curse of sin. Oh! the pain unutterable and the unspeakable woe of sin. To miss our God-appointed destiny; to baffle the purpose of creation and frustrate, as in us lies, the beneficent designs of God. Never to set foot upon those shining shores; never to pass the pearly gates of Paradise, nor to behold the beauties of the inner tabernacle revealed; never to taste the fullness of God's house; never to drink of the fountain of felicity; never to enter our own Father's dwelling, nor be robed with His own royalty; never to have Him clasp us in His fond embrace; never to feel His kiss upon the cheek, to have Him bind up the bruised heart and wipe away the tear of sorrow from the eye; never to see, to possess, to enjoy our Creator, our Redeemer, and our God; never, nevermore; but to be thrust out into that exterior and inextinguishable darkness; to be cast down from those celestial heights; to be exiled forever from the face of Jesus who shed His blood for our redemption, and condemned to that abyss of pain and sorrow and distress, to those chambers of the damned "where no order but everlasting horror dwelleth," to the house of deep, dark, irremediable misery and despair—oh! existence appalling! oh! night that has no day! oh! death that knows no life!

Such is the penalty of mortal sin. Need I say more? Must I still exhort you to do penance, to seek the tribunal of pardon and forgiveness, ere it be too late and the door of God's mercy be slammed against your face forever? Is any one to-night groaning under the burden of an accusing conscience, or in a state of sin, let me implore him to prostrate himself at Jesus' feet and sue for clemency and grace. Let him cry with the contriteness of the penitent Psalmist: "Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy great mercy, and according to the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my iniquities. Wash me yet more from my iniquity and cleanse me from my sin. Create in me a new heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within my bowels. Oh! cast me not off from Thy face, and Thy holy countenance take not away from me."

Wherefore rouse ye, my brethren, and "ye that sleep rise from the dead and Christ will enlighten you." Perhaps this is the only season of grace which God will ever give, and if you embrace it not He will let you alone as "chained to your idols" and "will laugh at your destruction." Be not deceived; God is not mocked. He endureth for a little while, and when the cup of your crime is filled, by one swift and decisive stroke He cuts you off forever. By the love of the living Jesus and the love of your own soul, rise quickly, shake off the habits of sin and be converted to the Lord your God—for, as He is the God of the living, so doth He swear that He wills not the death of the sinner, but rather that he be converted and live.

My brethren, another Lent is on the wane; another, and it may be the last that we shall ever see. Time is on the wing, and though the days are growing long, they stop not in their flight; and who shall say how soon the day-dawn may greet our gaze for the last, last time on earth? "We spend our years like a tale that is told," and like "a swift post we flee away," or "like thread that is cut by the weaver's shuttle," or "like grass that falls before the mower's scythe," we are cut off in our course, and "know our place no more." Oh! then be wise, with the wisdom which maketh wise unto salvation. Now is the time for you "to rise from sleep," to "cast off the old man Adam and put on the new man, Jesus Christ." Now is the time to repent you of the misdeeds of the past, to divest yourselves of the garments of sin and come forth clothed in the

livery and renewed in the spirit of your Saviour, Jesus. 'Tis He that bids you rise from the grave of sin, even as He called Lazarus from the tomb. "He standeth for your judgment now, as you shall stand for His." Do you not know those tender and forgiving accents which calleth you to come? If to-night "you hear that voice, harden not your hearts," but rise betimes and come quickly to the tribunal of repentance, ere it be too late and the door of God's mercy be slammed against your face forever. "There is more joy before the angels of God in heaven upon one sinner doing penance than upon ninety-nine just who need not penance."

III.

THE PRIESTHOOD.*

SILVER JUBILEE OF REV. G. A. VASSALLO.

ALL power is from God. He is the author and first cause of all things. He spake and they were made; He commanded and they were created. Riding upon the wings of the whirlwind He spake to His servant Job : "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth; when the morning stars praised Me together and the sons of God made joyful melody? Who shut up the sea within bounds when it broke forth as issuing from the womb; when I made the cloud the garment thereof and wrapt it in mists as in swaddling bands? Who gave a course to violent showers and a way to noisy thunder, that it might fill the desert and desolate places and bring forth the green grass? Who is the father of rain and who begot the little drops of dew? Out of whose womb came the ice, and the frost of heaven, who hath gendered it? Who can declare the order of the heavens, and the harmony of heaven who can make to sleep? Who provideth food for the raven when its little ones cry to God, wandering about because they have no meat? It is I, the Jehovah, the Almighty, the Most High. I am who am, and by Me are all things that are. I am the Creator, the Conserver, the Governor, and the Provider of all."

"The Almighty stood," says Habacuc, "and measured the earth; He looked and dissolved the nations, for power and strength are in His hands. He touched the trembling hills and they were instantly wrapt in smoke; the ancient mountains burst in pieces; the rocks melted away like wax, and the pillars of the heavens were forced from their foundations. For the ways of the Lord are in the tempest

* From the *Summit* (N. J.) *Record*.

and whirlwind, and clouds are the dust of His feet. The hills and the lonesome mountains shake under the journeys of His eternity; the flower of Lebanon fades away; the beauty of Basan and Carmel perish; the earth, the world, and all that dwell therein sink down in the presence of the Lord of Hosts, in the presence of the God of Jacob."

How sublime is the language of the inspired writer, and how exalted the idea it conveys of the omnipotent power of God.

But the power of Christ is the power of God, for Christ is God; His works are the works of God, and His life on earth was the life of God. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word *was* God." "I and the Father are one," for I, like the Father, was "set up from eternity and of old before the world was made." All the actions and utterances of Christ evince the same divine, God-given power. "He thought it no robbery to be Himself equal to God," for although the uncreated Word which was in the beginning with God, and was God, divested Himself of all the marks of His divinity and took the form of a servant, He still did not abdicate that Godhead which He, as "the splendor of His Father's glory and the figure of His substance," necessarily had before all ages. "There are three who give testimony in heaven," says John, "the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one." "We know," he says again, "that the Son of God is come and this is the true God and eternal life." This, then, is He of whom it is written in the head of the book, Behold I come. This is He in whose person all the Messianic prophecies were palpably verified; whose birth was announced by the angels' song of glory to the shepherds on the hillsides; whose advent, though obscure and lowly, brought the kings of the earth to adore Him; at whose baptism the heavens were parted, and the Holy Ghost descended upon Him in dove-like form, while from the radiant clouds the eternal Father declares Him to be His beloved Son in whom He is well pleased. This is He who was transfigured at Tabor, when His face did shine as the sun and His garments became white as snow, and when the Father again proclaimed Him to be His Son, and commanded all to hear Him. This is He who, though He expired in the gloom and shame of Calvary, yet gave forth the most shining tokens of divinity even in the moment of His divine dereliction, for the sun

withdrew his customary light at noonday, the quivering earth was wrapped in darkness, the rocks split asunder, the sheeted dead came forth, and the Centurion and the burly soldiers cried aloud, overwhelmed by nature's groaning testimonies, "He was indeed the Son of God." This is He who called Himself the Son of God; who solemnly asseverated that He was the uncreated and self-existing Deity when to the doctors He declared : Before Abraham was I AM. This is He whose sanctity of life, whose humility of demeanor, whose gentleness of manners, whose benevolence of disposition and tenderness of heart excited the envy of the proud and high-born, but touched the deepest chords of sympathy in the hearts of the poor, the outcast, and the forsaken. This is He who went about as the healer and consoler of the sin-sick multitude, curing the blindness, the weakness, and the leprosy of both body and soul. The unclean spirits confessed His power; the winds and the sea obeyed Him; the dead came forth from the tomb at His command, and He it is to whom everything is subject that exists in heaven, on earth, or in hell; before whom all the tribes of the earth shall stand, for He "will come," as St. John describes Him, "in the clouds of heaven with great power and majesty, and every eye shall see Him," and all shall bow down and adore Him as the immortal King of ages, the sovereign Lord of men and angels, the supreme Judge of every living creature. We can study and adore His glorious attributes; we can wonder and bend before His all-compelling presence. We can feel the touch of His blessed nature, the glow of His ineffable light. His peace goeth before us to calm our troubled spirits, and though His visible presence was withdrawn on Olivet, He still rules and guides us in those whom He appointed to perpetuate the union between God and man.

Now, the power of the priest is the power of Christ, for Christ is the one great High-Priest, and all priests soever who have succeeded Him, are priests inasmuch as they have a participation in His eternal priesthood. The priest is a second Christ because the power of Christ is in his hands; the law of Christ upon his lips; the seal of Christ upon his forehead. He has the primacy of Abel, the patriarchate of Noah, the order of Melchizedek, the dignity of Aaron, the authority of Moses, the power of Peter, and the unction of Christ. "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth," says the Lord

Jesus Christ to His Apostles. "As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you." My power I give to you, my authority I transmit to you, unreservedly and completely, for the fulfillment and perpetuation of that eternal priesthood, the offering of that sacrifice to My eternal Father, which was conceived ere time began to flow, accomplished in My mission upon earth, and will be continued before My Father's throne in heaven, through never-ending ages.

As the heavens are above the earth, so does the power of the priesthood transcend every other phase of power which may be witnessed in this world. The prophet of old raised his hand and the fire came down from heaven for the consumption of the holocaust. The priest of the New Law pronounces but the words, **THIS IS MY BODY**, and lo! the heavens bend above us, legions of angels hover nigh, and the great God of power and majesty and glory comes down from His celestial throne of splendor to take up His abode in the silent chambers of the tabernacle of the altar. Think of it, my friends! In a few moments the old scene will be re-enacted here, in your very presence, for your individual account. Those priestly hands, which, for the past twenty-five years, have offered up the clean oblation to the Lamb who was slain from the foundation of the world, will upon this grace-bringing day offer it once more, and Jesus Christ, the Judge of the living and the dead, will descend among us here, the Eternal will be swayed by the temporal, the Infinite by the finite, God by man.

The power of creation is incommunicable, since to make something be from nothing, requires an exertion of omnipotence, which belongs to God alone. But here is a power, which, in the order of grace, is even greater. In virtue of this stupendous dignity, St. Chrysostom cries out: "Priests possess a power which God has not deigned to grant even to the angels or the archangels." And the author of the "Imitation" declares that "priests duly ordained in the Church have the power of celebrating and consecrating the body of Christ," for "as the ambassadors of Christ, they act in the name of Christ, by the power and authority of Christ, Christ Himself being the principal Actor and invisible Worker." Take, my brethren, the wings of fancy; ascend into the incandescent of heaven that shines from out the blazing throne of God. Behold the Lord of Life upon His sublime and elevated throne, stretching out His hand with om-

nipotent sway over all the boundless possibilities of being. Survey the celestial choirs and the legions of spotless spirits who execute His bidding, and carry His behests to the uttermost parts of the universe. See the dazzling Cherubim, the shining Seraphim, the Angels, Archangels, Powers, Thrones, and Dominations, all robed with glory, crowned with immortality, and shining like the sun in the sight of God. No one of those seraphic spirits, who with awestruck adoration fall down before the throne, and in the ardor of unutterable love, cry out incessantly, Holy! Holy! Holy! possesses a power like unto that of the priest over the body and blood of Jesus Christ.

"The angels He maketh spirits and His ministers a flame of fire." They dwell forever in the divine presence, and like "flames of fire" they burn with love for their Creator, and are absorbed in the contemplation of His adorable perfections. But to them it is not given to exercise a power over God Himself. The jurisdiction of the priest lies directly over the body and blood of Jesus Christ, which, by the sacerdotal fiat, are reproduced upon the altar as often as the priests pronounce the words of consecration in the Mass. In this sense the priest has been called the creator of the Creator, since by the exercise of his sacred functions he changes the bread and wine into the body and blood of our divine Lord. This change is not natural, but divine; "not creative," in a strict sense, as Card. Manning says, "but of omnipotence." It is according to nature that each substance be distinguished by its own qualities or accidents, which inhere in the substance as in their supportive principle, and therefore live or perish with it. But in the eucharistic change, the accidents of bread and wine remain after these substances have been transubstantiated into the body and blood of Jesus Christ. This alteration is, consequently, above all the powers of nature, and, hence, a work of omnipotence.

When Joshua commanded the sun to stand still till victory rested on his banners, God obeyed the voice of man in respect of the things of His creation; but when by the omnific words, This is My Body, the priest summons the Godhead from the heavens, God obeys the authority of man over His own person. And this not once, but daily. The Blessed Virgin Mary, when the power of the Most High overshadowed her, gave a God-man to the world, but gave Him once for all; but the priest reincarnates the same God each time he per-

forms the act of consecration, for the benefit of the individual soul.

How transcendently sublime is that act of consecration by which "the ministers of Christ and the dispensers of the mysteries of God" are empowered to effectuate what neither the saints of old, nor the angels of heaven, nor the mother of God, but Omnipotence alone can do through the channels God has chosen! What mind does not feel its pitiful incompetence to understand the bestowal of such a tremendous dignity upon unworthy man? What intellect is not staggered at the bare attempt to grasp the conception of this vicarious exercise of the attributes of divinity, of the perfections of God? To call down the eternal God from His throne of glory; to make omnipotence subservient to the wants of weakness and impotence; to clothe the King of Ages and the Lord of Light in the "weak and needy elements" of bread and wine; to enclose immensity within the confines of an earthly tabernacle, nay, within the limited compass of the consecrated host; to lay hold of, I may so speak, infinite sanctity and truth; to touch, to taste, to multiply and distribute to the sin-sore sons of men the flesh and blood, the soul, the life, the being of Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God; to be the keeper, the custodian, nay, the friend, the familiar and companion of the living Christ Himself—this is expressibly more than the loftiest intellect, unenlightened by the revealed word of God, could ever have conceived. But eternal Truth has spoken, and we believe and adore. "This is My body." "This is My blood." "This do in commemoration of Me."

O! my God, "what is man that Thou shouldst honor him, or the son of man that Thou shouldst dignify him?" Thou who dwellest in the highest heavens, in regions of inaccessible light; who makest the clouds Thy chariot and walkest upon the wings of the wind; who art omnipotent, eternal, omniscient, and dost reach from everlasting unto everlasting—Thou leavest the throne of Thy supernal glory and comest out of those celestial depths which shine with the effulgence of Thy almighty power; Thou passest over an immense interval, an infinite abyss, and dost descend upon this sinful earth, and all to reach my heart;—my heart so cold and insensible of Thy goodness; my heart full of foibles and follies, of pride and vanity, of vice and misery and sin, "for behold I was conceived in sin, and in iniquity did my mother conceive me."

To the power of consecration is annexed the power of absolution in completing the fullness of the priesthood. The same divine Saviour, who enjoined upon His Apostles the august function of sacrifice, three days later breathed upon them the Holy Spirit, and commissioned them to bind or loose the sins of men by the exercise of His own power and authority. Thus, indeed, He made them "fishers of men" and "ploughers" and "sowers" and "reapers" to go forth into the wide field of God's kingdom to secure the great harvest of human souls.

What a wonderful function it is, my friends, to exercise the power of that Divine Physician, who came, not to call the righteous, but to seek and save the lost, and to say, as Jesus did to Magdalen, "Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven"! "Which is easier to say, Arise, take up thy bed and walk, or to say, thy sins are forgiven thee?" Above the gift of miracles, beyond the power of healing the infirmities of the body, is that sublime office which heals the malady of the soul; which cures the blindness and leprosy of sin; which takes the tarnished soul of him who has darkened the heavens with the smoke of his uncounted crimes—crimes of lust, impiety, and sensuality—those charnel-houses in which we sink—and makes it pure as a chalice of innocence, immaculate as the dawn, fragrant as the flowers of paradise, and sweet as the incense-laden air of heaven.

What is the mission of the priest?

True peace, sweet hope and love, all joys of soul and heart,
'Twill be thine heaven-appointed mission to impart;
And more: the persecuted must thou shield afford,
Melt callous hearts with love of God's Incarnate Word;
Must mingle with the lowly, and sustain th' oppressed,
Reclaim the erring and give help to the distressed.
But most sublime of all, 'twill be thy God-given power,
The prodigal to shrive, in his repentant hour;
And make of him who was of earth a poor, vile clod,
An angel bright, the living image of his God.

The priest is another Christ. He regenerates the soul to God in the sacrament of Baptism; he nourishes it with the bread of angels and the meat which never perisheth, and if, perchance, it fall away from its only support and stay, the embrace of a loving Jesus, he, like Christ weeping and waiting for the prodigal, mourns its misdeeds and waits in prayer and hope for its return.

The priest is a man of sympathy. From long contact with the children of folly, he learns the infirmities of our nature and the weakness of the heart and pours out his pity upon them, for like Him that made us, "he knows our frame and remembers we are dust." O! blessed sympathy that soothes sorrow and pours upon it the balm of kindred sorrow. Let all priests fully awaken to this gift of sympathy, which they learn leaning on the bosom of a tender Jesus, and they will convert the world. This sympathy gave St. Paul his power. "Who is weak and I am not weak; who is scandalized and I do not burn?"

The priest goes down to the people. "Feed My lambs; feed My sheep," were the commands of Him who taught and wept and rebuked, but ate and drank and abode with those whom He thus rebuked. The diffusible, incomprehensible power of blessing others belongs to the priest above all men, and he can exercise it only as his Master did, by going about doing good. Absolute self-consecration fits him for this Christlike work. To be meek, gentle, innocent, retired, chaste, self-sacrificing; to forsake the gravitating flesh and soar towards the boundless azure of God—these are the qualities that give point to his persuasion, authority to his precepts, power to his commands. At that awful, pregnant juncture when he made his everlasting covenant with Christ pleasure, prosperity, honor, safety, comfort, home, relationship, all melted away and were renounced forever. The consecrated oil penetrated the pores of his being and he experienced a divine presence, a divine calling, and a divine devotedness, which absorbed and transfigured him. Earth faded away before him. The fashion of his countenance was changed. It all seemed a new world. The whole heart was new. The future was new. The heavens were opened to him—but he was still a man.

Yes, a man with human hopes and human fears and human sympathies, and human passions and human temptations, which at the fateful moment of his dedication would have come upon him with crushing, overpowering weight, but for the tide of grace that overflowed his soul. Yet this was the experience that brought in responsive touch with human needs and infirmities. To renounce the world is to be conscious of its temptations. To surrender one's all to God is to know the fatal feebleness of self and the lamentable weakness of personal endeavor. The possibilities of character

always exceed the results of actual achievement. Struggle, earnest, prolonged, deadly struggle, is the essential law of the soul's progress towards perfection. The man who has never labored at the difficult work of self-conquest knows little and cares little for the pangs of human weakness. "Ah! unhappy man that I am, who will deliver me from the body of this death?"

This is the wail of Adam's fallen children, and who understands the answer like him, whose divine vocation it is to unlock the mysteries of the human heart and find for every ill its appropriate remedy? When the dark shadow of affliction beclouds the soul and shakes its trust and confidence, the God-sent physician brings his heavenly balm, and on the pale-hued stem of resignation engrafts the flower of hope? When pain and poverty harrow and vex the life, which impatiently chides the frowns of fortune, who spreads a table in the wilderness of woe and maketh our cup to overflow, like the faithful priest whose heart melts at every misery and grieves over every sorrow?

He lives for his people, and he is willing to die for them. He has no thought but to serve them; no hope, no ambition, but to spend and be spent for them. No disease so loathsome as to repel him from their door; no danger so imminent as to deter him from responding to their call. Whether in the face of the pitiless storm of the winter's night, or under the broiling sun of the summer's sky; whether in peril or security, heat or cold, light or darkness, he is ready, eager to haste to the bedside of the sick, that he may hush the soul for heaven, soothe its last sighs, cheer and enliven its hope of immortality and surrender it into the everlasting arms of that God, who as has made His priests the shepherds of His flock, so will He hold them responsible on the last day for those whose names are blotted from the book of life. Happy, thrice happy, is that shepherd who can say: "Those whom Thou hast given me I have kept and none of them is lost."

And such a minister of God are we gathered here to honor on this day. A man who has been weighed in the scales of the sanctuary, and has not been found wanting. A man who has been no blind leader of his people; no hireling shepherd, no "dumb dog afraid to bark," when the wolf sought to pierce the paddock and fasten upon the fold. A man who, planting himself upon the eternal

battle-line of right and wrong, looked down with the eagle eye of scorn upon injustice and untruth, and who has exhibited to his flock a life noble in its knight-errantry for right and truth in the world.

And why should not the people honor their beloved priest? Who stands to them in the same hallowed relation? Neither father, nor mother, nor brother, nor any friend soever can come so close to them. For their sake he left father and mother and home and friends, aye, and country too, and crossing the trackless sea he came here to put his hand to the plough, and turned not to look back again, but for twenty-five years has had the government upon his shoulders, has borne the burden of the day and the heat in the Master's vineyard to lead souls into that kingdom where charity is made perfect and humanity is crowned with glory.

I bore some small share of his labors, and I can testify to the zeal and devotion with which he discharged the manifold duties of his sacred calling. I care not to indulge a fulsome adulation, but I am free "to speak what I do know," and it is my pleasant duty to bear witness to his tireless energy and his unflagging endeavors to promote the welfare of his people and guide them by the light of his example, no less than by the power of precept, to that home eternal in the heavens, that house not made by human hands.

To-day, sir, twenty-five golden years have rolled their freighted tide into the ocean of the past; years, I make no doubt, like those of every priest, woven with hopes and fears, sharp griefs and beautiful joys; but years, I fondly hope, which gleam with merit in the sight of God, and will secure for you the crown of immortality.

Toil has been yours; perhaps, heaviness of heart; weariness at the sight of sin and human misery, souls fainting, lost, wandering far from the light, the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world. But to you, as to every true soldier of the Lord, comes the consolation that one soul rescued from sin and redeemed unto God is rich in value, immeasurably beyond all the pearls and rubies and sapphires the wide earth contains.

And sitting here to-day, in the presence of the great Adorable, in the lovely temple which you and your people have erected to the living God, as with deep emotion you turn back in spirit to the hallowed hour when with rapture that filled and thrilled your breast,

your palms were anointed with the Chrism, which consecrated you to God forever, what heavenly joy does not the memory of that momentous day inspire !

I felicitate you upon this anniversary day. I greet you in the name of the people and the priests here assembled, and I trust your life may be as serene as a summer's day, and in the end as peaceful as the close of evening's twilight. I pray that that day, in God's good mercy, may still be far distant. I hope that the same bountiful dispositions of divine Providence, which so signally blessed the twenty-five years which are closing, may have still brighter benisons to bestow upon you in the days that are yet to come. May no sorrows becloud your days, and no griefs disturb your nights. May the fervor of the zeal which has been so conspicuously displayed in all these toilsome years, burned upon your soul on the day of your ordination, never grow cool, but only flame forth more ardently, as it is fed by the fuel of the passing years. May the memory of that hallowed, grace-laden day of twenty-five years ago, always abide with you in sunshine and in storm, whether you tread the smiling fields of success, or walk the stormy road of trial and adversity; and as you journey down the rugged road of life, may its fragrant memory be to you as the hanging honeycomb of Jonathan, to which you can raise your hand, lift it to your lips, and lo ! your faintness will speedily pass away; may it be to you as the flowering rod of Aaron, whose magic touch will make the wilderness of your affliction blossom with roses of bright joy, and every desert spot within your heart become an Elim and Eden, where waving palm-trees grow, and wells of living water perennially spring.

“ And *then* thy heavenly crown ! thy dazzling throne,
The beauteous radiance of the Lamb thereon.
What rills of light will bathe thy anointed palms,
What rapturous thanksgiving mark thy psalms,
And most thy bliss, when every joy shall show
Some soul thou saved'st here, in toil, below.”

IV.

FAITH AS THE FALCHION IN THE SPIRITUAL STRUGGLE.

PREACHED IN ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, CHICAGO, ILL.

“This is the victory which overcometh the world, our faith.”—JOHN v. 4.

Claiming to be Christians we ought to lead Christian lives. Now, the Christian life is a life of warfare, for as soldiers of Christ it becomes us to fight for Christ. And what is it to fight for Christ? It is to enlist under His leadership; it is to fight as He fought; it is to fight in His name. Christ came to destroy the dominion of the devil; to suppress the slavery of sin; to war with a wicked world. Now, with Christ we have common cause; and as He has already conquered, we must now fight in His name, for “there is no other whereby we are saved.” Christ Jesus is the victor; faith in His name is now the price of the victory. “This is the victory which overcometh the world, our faith.”

In the mind of the Catholic Christian two ideas, faith and victory, are commonly connected, and, as the apt expression of Christian sentiment, the palm branch, symbolical of a victorious struggle, is, in art, representation, placed in the hand of the hero who dies a martyr to his faith.

What, then, is the relation between faith and spiritual victory? The Sacred Text tells us that faith is the instrument and pledge of success in the strife with the foes of our soul's salvation. If this is so, then faith must contain in itself three reasons: First, that we are *bound* to fight; second, that faith is that itself which *enables* us to fight; and last, that faith gives us *assurance* of victory. Faith effects all this: hence it is the vehicle of victory.

First, faith, of its nature, demonstrates that we are *bound* to fight.

The idea of victory implies the notion of a struggle;—that of suffering. Now, man by nature is as prone to pleasure as he is averse to pain; and hence, before he will strive to conquer, he must feel the necessity of conquering. Faith furnishes the motives. How? We must premise.

Man is a compound of body and soul, of which God is the cause; and from this fact it follows that a threefold life is possible to man. First comes the life of the body,—gross and animal,—common to man and brute; next the life of the soul simply,—one of rank reason, the life of an educated savage; and lastly, the life of soul and body acting in harmony with God, the cause, and this is called the life of faith. This is the life of faith, and that it appear, we must ask what faith is. But first, what is it not? Faith is not reason, though it rests on reason, nor is it rose-colored sentiment. Neither is it the logic of the human heart, for that is entirely too human. No; faith contains two elements: human effort and divine grace. An act of faith is an act of belief,—believing a truth on God's authority. Now, "believing," says St. Thomas, "is an act of the mind clinging to divine truth by command of the will, moved by grace." Here are the effort of the will, and the action of grace. This grace is necessary; for no being can outwork its capacity, and before the mind clings to truths beyond the range of reason, the will must force it to believe. This the will cannot do, but by the aid of grace,—“without me you can do nothing.” The will is free, however, and can resist the gentle current of God's grace; but when it commands the exercise of faith, it co-operates with grace, and bows down submissively before the Creator in token of its own weakness. Now, this is the highest homage we can pay to God; for the golden gift is an evidence of the generosity of the giver, and by the exercise of faith we surrender up to God those faculties which constitute the nobility of our manhood. Now, it is characteristic of Infinite Goodness to draw all creatures to itself,—to share its goodness with them; and the more fully we submit to its attractive force, the more closely we are drawn to that infinite good. Hence, as faith is the most perfect submission we can make to God, so must it be that bond which above all others binds us to our Maker; and hence, too, must it be our highest good in this life, for that must be our greatest good which, above all else, unites us to

Infinite Goodness. But since the true end of life is to attain the life that never ends, it were like gilding gold to point out, by proof, that this life of faith is the only true life for man to lead in his seeking after immortality. It may not be amiss, though, to say that by faith we mean here faith that is fixed by action, and lit up by love. The eternal fitness of things demands that the Creator love His creature, but no less that creature return His love; and the stronger the love on the creature's part, the greater his perfection. Since, then, this life of faith, illumined by love, is the only true life for us; since it is our greatest good on earth, as binding us to the Supreme Good in heaven, it follows that we must accept it and act it out in practice, or we shall be convicted of the height of folly.

Now, my friends, as the life of faith is the life man leads in union with his God, so the Christian life of faith is the life man leads in close communion with Christ our Saviour; for Christ is God; His teachings and revelations are the words of God; His life on earth was the life of God. But we live a life in union with Christ when we subject our will to His will, and conform our life to His life. Now, Christ's will is that we shall suffer; His own life was a life of struggles and suffering. Hence the Christian life of faith is a life of warfare; and, as we are bound to accept this life to attain our end, we find in the nature of faith convincing proofs that, as Christians, we are bound to fight for the crown of glory. Have we any doubt of Christ's will in our regard? Look at the lesson of His life. From His babyhood in Bethlehem to the last sad sigh of His suffering soul on Calvary, His life was one stupendous struggle. In that meek, still voice of resignation under suffering, He calls out to us, and His pathetic pleadings say—oh! how plainly,—“Come, carry the cross of the Man of Sorrows.” “If any man will follow Me, let him take up his cross.” Faith,—the objective truths of faith,—teaches all this; it teaches that there is no merit without suffering; that we must struggle against the world, and strive to be detached from all that is perishable and imperfect. It teaches that we must not live the life of flesh and blood, but must rise superior to the senses, and crucify them for the sake of Christ. It tells us to make no concessions to nature, for we are dragged down by the follies of the flesh, and that if we strive not to stem the downward current, our soul is a sailless

ship on the vast sea of God's grace. And Mother Church, the organ of that faith, declares her militancy, and commands us to go forth girded for the fray, "shod with the preparation of the Gospel," encased in the armor of faith as in a mail-coat of steel, and, like the saintly knights of old, "bearing in our good right hand the sword of the spirit of God." Nor do we believe blindly. "Our service is a reasonable service," for Eternal Truth has said, "Unto you it is given not only to believe in Christ, but also to suffer for Him." The motives of credibility we pass through the crucible of criticism, and, finding an infallible Commander in the Church, we hasten forth to conquer; and the active acceptance of the truth, subjective faith, inspires us with the spirit and strength of God, who never can be conquered. I say, then, faith teaches that we are bound to fight.

But, if faith is the means of victory, *it must enable us to fight*. It does; how?

First, faith gives us the right to fight. By sin mankind became subject to Satan, and in that condition, resistance to him would be a real rebellion. The father of the human family fell from divine favor, and so, from the peaceful paths and bright bowers of the garden of God he was forced to go forth, exiled and degraded, to walk in a wilderness of woe, where the vigilant sentinels of Satan sat, ever seeking to snatch his soul to destruction. But, if lamentable his lot, man was not driven to despair. God, in His limitless love, said that He should sacrifice His sacred Son, that those who should fix their faith in Him might live unto life eternal. God was the offended; He could condone the offense, and prescribe the plan of the pardon. Now, as man by infidelity had fallen, so was it ordered that by fidelity he should rise. Faith in the Redeemer's advent was, for four thousand years, the sole surety of salvation. At last, unhailed as a hero, He came as a conqueror; and, in consequence, man was enabled to surmount his own sphere, and begin, of right, the supernatural life so long lost by sin. Faith gave back to the soul the wings clipped off in its fall. But Christ came, too, by His preaching and practice to point out that the path of perfection was beset by the thorns of affliction sown by Adam's sin-stained hand; and that as we had still to struggle, faith was still the battle-ground of the fight. I say, then, faith gave us the right to fight.

Again, faith enables us to fight by showing to us our Leader and

His plans. Christ is the Leader in the spiritual combat, and Christ is God, the infinite and incomprehensible Being. Then, "Who shall declare his generation?" for "no man hath seen God at any time," and so "the fool"—the faithless man—"hath said, 'there is no God.'" Now, we must know this God, our Leader, if we are to fight, for who will follow an unknown guide, or one who has no being at all?

"In the beginning God made two great lights"—one, the lordly sun, to rule the day; the other, the mild, pale moon, to dispel the darksome nimbus of the night; so, too, He made reason to rule in the bright realms of natural truth, but faith He fashioned as the "pillar of fire," to guide our gropings in the remote regions of supernatural research. Hence, to the eagle eye of faith alone is it given to gain a glimpse of God. No being can do more than it is by its nature fitted to do. Then, how could the soul see God who lives the supernatural life, if it were not made, by the magnetism of faith, to rise above its natural existence? Though in heaven we shall see God as He is, still, even by faith, we cannot fully know Him now; but, as by the naked orb, we cannot see the far-off stars, so neither can we know anything of God, save by faith, the telescope of reason. Faith shows us something of God, for it is an influx of the heavenly light in which He lives. It is the spark of inspiration that makes humanity God-like; and though the science of faith be the science of simplicity, still it is beyond the ken of human genius, or the penetration of the proud philosopher. It is an untaught theology, and, save objectively, it is not bound up in books. It is the property of the peasant, as well as of the preacher, and is not the prerogative of the proud and learned, more than of the poor and ignorant;—no; it is the prop of divine direction that sustains every humble soul in the supernatural sphere, and lifts it up to the knowledge of its God.

But, besides, faith presents to us our Leader's plans, for it is through the Son that in these latter days the Father speaks to us, and by faith the Son's revelations are made visible to us, and we know that which we could not understand. The whole scheme of salvation is grounded on God's gospel, and faith is the flambeau that illuminates the living page, so that "He who runs may read." The scheme is truly simple and the plan quite plain. Christ chose poverty for His portion, and suffering as His substance; and "in the

resistless eloquence of woe" He commands us to continue His course lest we fail in the fight, whilst He declares that "to him who shall conquer it shall be given to sit with Him on His throne; as He also conquered, and now sits with His Father on His Father's throne." Faith, then, shows to us our Leader's plans.

Again, faith enables us to fight, by showing to us our enemies and their plans. Faith reveals our enemies, for it teaches that God's enemies are our enemies, and sin is a great enemy of God. It tells us that we must be in union with Christ; and Christ's example is to hate the world. And we must be of one side or the other. "If you have not the spirit of Christ, you are not of Christ" (Rom. viii. 9). "He that is not with Me is against Me." It threatens us with destruction if we cleave to the world, for "the world is designed for destruction." It says, "Woe to the world and to you, if you worship the world." It teaches the immortality of the soul, and shows that the stab of the sword of sin, sends it unto death unending. Faith fills our ear with the sweet sound of truth eternal, and its whispering voice warns us to beware of the world, and never to put away our weapons, if we wish to win. Besides, it unhoods the vanity of the world, where all is hollow pretension and stark sham; and it points out the crafty indirection of its plans. By silken phrases the world would wheedle us into its sinful service; but faith finds, under guise of a genuine gem, only a handful of delusive dross. In the genial glow of faith's fire, all the seductive images excited by Satan, fade away as fog in sunshine, before the weighty realities of religion; and pleasure's phantoms are as passing as the first flush of the morning flower, that pales ere day has turned to dusk. The devil is a decoy to lure us to destruction; and the siren of pleasure sings her heartless songs to soothe us into a seeming security; but faith betrays this blazonry of humbug, and in simulated friends finds foes who deceive, only the better to destroy. It is appearances that are deceptive, and the coin that is counterfeit would never warp our judgment, were the true test at hand to dim it by comparison. I say, then, it is faith that shows how spurious are substances of earth; for it is the loadstone that lifts our minds to the contemplation of those invisible goods, which are "the objects of our hope," and by the side of which all the wealth of this world is a cipher, or a shadowy semblance.

Lastly, faith enables us to fight, for it gives us the needful strength. This strength supposes two requisites : strong determination on our part to do; help from on High to fit us for execution. Now, dear friends, human effort, such is the bent of the will, is in even ratio with the obstacles to be encountered. Faith presents the obstacles in all their towering enormity. By it we see the devil's pertinacity and cleverness confronting our own inconstancy and shortsightedness, and our will is excited to redouble its energy. Again, the example and teachings of the world work to weaken our convictions; but faith, by withdrawing us from that example tends to keep those convictions strong. Faith, then, is the fulcrum upon which lies the lever of determination; for firmness of mind requires just two things : one, a strong conviction of the truth; the other, an unflinching purpose of acting out that conviction. But beyond this faith renders that conviction and that purpose superhuman,—it gives help from on high; for faith, which, subjectively, is the acceptance of truth on the authority of Him who cannot deceive, is the strongest conviction possible to man; whilst at the same time it teaches that by the powers of nature we can do nothing in the fight,—as we cannot think or choose as we ought, as “by grace we are saved through faith, and that not of ourselves, for it is the gift of God”; hence, admitting the necessity for this grace, and in faith disposing ourselves for its incoming, we obtain an infusion of the Spirit of God, we resolve with the unbending purpose of God, we strive by the strength of God, and we cry, with the Apostle, “Not now I, but the grace of God that is in me.” Faith gives strength to fight.

Finally, dear Christians, faith gives assurance of the victory. The next best thing to the actual possession of a good, is a firm belief that we shall some day certainly obtain it,—enjoyment by anticipation. Now faith is the foreglow of the sunburst of success; it is the anticipated victory; for as it forces us to fight, as it furnishes the ability required, so it makes success infallibly certain. Besides, Christ, Himself the Conqueror, can perform His promises, because of His omnipotence; and as truth itself He must redeem His pledges; hence declaring that the mourners shall be comforted, He vouchsafes that those who wage war shall win. But, again, from the nature of the battle, victory is by faith assured. Ours is a

contest with sin and Satan. And what is the measure of success in a strife with sin? It is gauged by our growth in holiness. But faith does not act negatively only, by teaching us to fight, and pointing out our foes;—it has an active influence in the fray, for it builds up this life of holiness, and just as we rise in sanctity, just so we are strong in suffering. Now sanctity stands on two foundation-stones: communion with the Creator and detachment from the creature. But we have seen that faith is the strongest bond of union with God, as it is the motive for our hatred of the world, and hence it is the inception of the victory here, of which the vision of God hereafter will be the glorious completion, for faith is the soul of sanctity, and sanctity is the standard of success. But, entering on the warfare of a lifetime, one other element is needful to give us emphatic assurance of the coveted triumph—we must know that we will persevere. Perseverance, without prayer, is a closed casket to every Christian. But faith assures us of victory, because the man of faith will pray. Having faith in prayer he will pray for faith. He holds prayer to be faith's handmaid, for by faith he pays his homage to God, and prayer is but asking God to accept our acknowledgments when we bend our mind and will before the majesty of truth Eternal. As the summary, then, of all we have said, faith teaches that fight we must; it enables us to fight, and it assures us of the victory; or, to adopt the bold figure of St. John, it is victory itself: "This is the victory," etc.

Now what practical conclusion do we derive from all this? Suffering is our lot in life; by faith we must fight to win. What follows? That we must cherish this faith and hug it to our hearts. We must stand up bravely for it, if need be, like the saints and martyrs, those first flowers of the Church who sealed it by surrendering their lives; and we should strive to stem the havoc of heresy which, in these days, so ravages God's kingdom upon earth. Oh! for the days of first fervor and primitive purity, when prince and people knelt at one altar, and men's brains were crazed by no jangling controversies concerning creeds. Then bonds of steel and electric wires were not wanted to call men into communion, for they were indissolubly drawn together by the clasp of Christian charity into the benign brotherhood of faith. Yes; we should hate heresy; and in the busy buzz of life, should guard against the errors of the

age whose art it is to sneer at simple faith and pious practices. The cross of Christ, the symbol of our sufferings, and the "finishing of our faith," we should embrace with fond affection, and never blush to sign our forehead with Christ's seal in profession of our faith. Look at those saintly missionaries who carried God's Gospel through the world; they could suffer for the faith. If their deeds are not blazoned on the page of fame, they are lodged in the all-retaining memory of God. Impaled by a thousand perils, they trod the tropic's sandy plains, the torch of truth in their right hand, and the plummet of progress in their left; and where spotless snows encircle icy poles they bravely bore the banner of the faith. Such things we are not called upon to do—only to bear a moral battle with the courage of a Christian. This we can do if we are firm in the faith. We shall be firm if we form the habit. Hence it becomes us to make frequent acts of faith, so as to get an increase of God's grace. Above all we should pray for faith. Faith is the gate of Paradise, but prayer is the key of faith. We should, then, pray as our Lord prayed for Peter that his faith might not fail. All this we should do—what have we done? We know that to live by the senses is to be as the brute; that to be governed solely by reason is to be as a monster more than a man; but that to live in the light of faith is to live in union with God our Creator. And what is our practice?

Have we not acted as if we believed not, or at least as if we doubted, forgetting that there are no half-hearted measures with God? Or is not our faith a dead faith? The value of virtue is estimated by action, for of what use to be persuaded of a truth if we act it not out in our daily lives? Let us, then, thank God for the gift of faith, and beg of Him that profound and living faith which in reality can move mountains. In trial and affliction let us look up to the invisible regions where faith is wont to soar, and comfort will come for certain. Let faith be the guide and ruling influence of our lives, and then we shall learn to suffer, and as we suffer we shall learn to love, and love is the last link in the chain that connects us to our God. Living in that love the Holy Spirit will breathe out upon us blessings, and when the smoke of this earthly strife has scattered far away we shall see our Lord and Maker as He is, no longer through a glass darkly, but full face to face, and shall win the incorruptible crown of the Christian Conqueror.

V.

LYING.

PREACHED IN THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION CHURCH,
CAMDEN, N. J.

“As long as breath remaineth in me, and the Spirit of God in my nostrils, my lips shall not speak iniquity, neither shall my tongue contrive lying.”—
JOB xxxii. 2.

We live in a lying age. Deception and deceit stalk abroad through the land, and hardly any man has confidence or credit in the word of his neighbor. To lie is with many men as easy as to speak. In days, unhappily, past the liar was branded as a social pest and shunned as a scorpion, but it frequently happens, in these days of light and progress, that the man who has a talent for torturing the truth is worshipped as a wit, or a genius endowed with a lively fancy. And, alas! it is too sadly true, that he who begins with tales of his own exaggerated exploits, soon learns to blast with the breath of slander the fair fame of his fellow-man. And the bleeding reputation excites no pity, and the base work of the reviler hardly a cold comment in censure of his conduct.

What accounting shall we give ourselves for this blunted moral sense as to the value of truth? Why is sincerity of soul placed at so poor a price? I can render a single response: It is because we wander away from God, and in this age of feeble faith yet more than ever, for now the lie of lies is rampant which puts God Himself aside by denying His existence and reality. Yes, truly doth the Sacred Text declare: “The wicked are estranged from God, and go away speaking lies” (Ps. lviii. 3).

Let us see how this is:

A lie is, as we say, *locutio contra mentem*, an utterance contrary to

the mind of the speaker; and, therefore, it is something directly opposed to truth, for truth is speech in conformity with the speaker's mind. If a lie is the contradictory of truth, it is an obvious sequence that, in proportion as we embrace falsehood, so do we recede from truth, and as we recede from truth, we depart from God, for God is truth. The converse of this proposition is likewise true; for, if as we cling to falsehood we cast off God, so as we depart from God do we run foul of falsehood. God is truth, God is sincerity, God is simplicity as clear as crystal, and that God of simplicity and truth has created us, as to our soul, after His own image and likeness, pure and true and simple. But that soul of ours, to be true to the Model which it mirrors, must be simple and candid in its operations and in its nature;—in the operations of the intellect, by which it must have one trend and tendency, and that for truth; in the operations of its will, by which it must have one single bent, and that for God.

Yes; God is truth, and all things are true, only in so far as they are in act and nature harmonious with the ideas existing in the divine mind of Him who made them. They are true, as they have that being which God gave them, and that being is true because it is conformable to the concept or idea of the infinite intellect. Now, as all things created have by nature a correspondence with the mind of their Maker, which may be called the truth of being, so also is it ordained that an exact correspondence should subsist between the ideas of the human mind and the realities which those ideas represent; and just so far as this correspondence is deficient, in so far will the mind be charged with error, or, at least, be destitute of truth. But if our conceptions, to be true, must be congruent with the things for which they stand; if, for example, my idea of a tree, to be true, must be an exact mental image of a tree, and if, besides, my intellect was made solely for the possession of truth, then it is plainly deducible that my manifestation of those conceptions must be a true manifestation: which means that I must manifest them as they exist in my mind; that I must speak, if I speak at all, what I think, declare what I mean—in one word, I must speak the truth. The only denial to this position is to hold that the mind was made to receive, but not to express truth, which is equivalent to the contention that it was not made for truth at all. This the more so, as

those intellects which depend on others for their knowledge could have no guarantee whatever that they could learn the truth.

This obligation to speak the truth is founded on the very essences of things; it is a logical consequence of what philosophers call the first fact, viz., that our intellects, having the capacity, were destined to know the truth. For how are they to know the truth unless it be presented? "Faith comes by hearing." And would it be presented, if men were, or could be allowed to lie? The human mind does not invent truth; it discovers, it finds it; and that by many helps outside itself. To obtain truth there exist two principal ways, and they are, reason and authority, or personal research and the teaching of others. How much do we learn of truth by unassisted effort? Even of that which we think we learn by our own lights, how much rests on the reason and authority of others? Solomon was true to his wisdom when he said there was nothing new under the sun. If such be the fact, and if men were made for truth, it could never be allowable that men should declare in language the contradictory of the ideas existing in their minds; for on such insane hypothesis the various classes of men would lead one another a fantastic dance through the mazes of error and falsehood. If men could be permitted to lie, how could the family and society endure, for their existence and stability depend on the veracity of their members and the trust and confidence founded upon that veracity? Where would be religion and reverence for God if men could believe in the nude possibility of His errancy or liability to lie? Would not all tender confidence in Him, in His promises of rewards, and all fear of His threats of punishments, be wiped out utterly and forever?

God, by a real necessity of His nature, as He is truth itself, must lay us under the obligation of telling the truth. If our minds are made for truth, then our tongues must speak the truth. If the first assumption be founded in the eternal fitness, so must the second, and God Himself could not otherwise ordain. Even so it is. True, there exists a positive law of God which says, "Thou shalt not bear false witness," but this law is only an affirmation of that eternal and unchangeable law which is fashioned in those divine decrees which have operated in the essentiality of God from the morning-time of eternity. It would be just as true that man could not deflect from the truth, if God had given no command, as it would be had He

given ten thousand. Some things are evil only because forbidden; others are forbidden because *they are evil*; and to this latter class do lies belong. Here might be made an evident inference. Under no pretext can a lie be justifiable; for what is of its nature evil, no power can authorize to be done. No question of the permission of evil is raised here, because it is beyond the scope of this discussion.

If, then, it depends, not so much on the divine commands, as on the nature of things, or on the eternal, necessary law in the mind of God, that falsehood be evil; it flows, likewise, from the nature and constitution of God that the same thing be evil, for there can be no law in the nature of things but that which coincides with the eternal law to which God is obliged by reason of the preservation of His own nature, His own existence, His own being. Self-preservation is the first law of God's nature as well as of our own. Herein lies the mighty malice of falsehood. For is it not an attempted subversion of the eternal order of things; which order is rooted in the very essence of God? It is, as it were, an attack upon the very nature and the personality of God. The liar seems to tread the borderland of infidelity. And why? The infidel boldly rejects belief in God's existence, while the liar assails that same existence, at least indirectly, by impeaching an attribute inseparable from the essence of the Godhead, the divine veracity. Yes, a lie is an assault upon the very constitution of God, and the puny liar would uproot the foundations of the eternal Founder, and annihilate, in his intent, the indestructible God! Ah! in this view of the matter are those little fibs, as we indulgently call them, things of minor consequence? Think of it, ye who strangle truth and clutch at her tender throat, ye strike with your lying lance at the heart of the living God. Ye do more. You would dash from the arms of His eternal Father, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and quench the light of everlasting love that flames from the Holy Ghost. How so? Because truth lies in the conformity of the intellect with the object of its knowledge. Hence there must be an exact conformity between the mind of God and the object of His contemplation. This conformity, however, could not exist if God had not a commensurate and adequate object for His infinite intellect. We contemplate the world around us, and that world suffices for the contemplation, because the relation is between the finite and the finite; God may be said to contemplate it,

too, for He knows all things in Himself, but the finite world could offer nothing as a sufficient term of divine contemplation. God, therefore, is Himself the sole adequate object of His knowledge, and it is by the act by which He contemplates Himself—this first, great, essential act of truth—the equation between God and His own intellect—by this act, I say, is produced the eternal generation of the Son of God, the infinite *Word*, who was in the beginning with God and was God, and from the love born of this contemplation of Supreme Goodness of Its own inexhaustible perfections, springs the Holy Ghost. The eternal generation of the Son of God, with which coheres the procession of the Holy Ghost, is, then, the first great act of truth, the conformity of God with His own intellect. Whenever, therefore, man embraces falsehood, which is the non-conformity of the mind with its object, he protests, as it were, against the conformity of God with His intellect, which conformity should be imitable and imitated by man; he protests against the eternal generation of the Son of God; he protests against the being of the Holy Ghost; he protests against the existence of the Father, who could not exist without the Son and the Holy Ghost, for He must know and love Himself: in brief, he attempts to uprear the eternal elements of the Triune God!

From this standpoint there is no room to marvel at the awful denunciations of lying which are printed in the Sacred Page. "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord" (Prov. xii. 22). "God hateth the lying tongue" (Prov. vi. 17). "He that speaketh lying shall not escape" (Prov. xiv. 5). "All liars shall have their portion in the lake that burns of brimstone and fire" (Apoc. xxi. 8). No wonder that God execrates a liar, since He must defend His own existence. How can we have partnership with the father of lies, when we look at the subject in this light? Whenever the arch-enemy tempts man to lie, if the tempted will only recall to mind the bearing of falsehood upon the existence and character of God, he will be slow to sear his soul with the shameful sin of lying.

But despite this severe arraignment of the sin of lying, it is not to be inferred that every lie is a mortal sin. That would be to sadly mislead the conscience. I would inculcate one principle: that taking this view of the matter, no lie, however small the matter, is a thing of insignificant moment. And this is a common error of the

day. It is true that many lies, by reason of defect of knowledge, or because of the triviality of the subject-matter, may not exceed a venial sin; but they are venial sins of a dangerous character, which easily conduce to the commission of mortal sins. Yes, they are venial sins, but they are still sins, and men have no right to alter their nature by the puerile plea that they are of no consequence at all. It is strange but sadly true that men nowadays will suffer swarms of lies to escape their lips, and then will "wipe their mouths," in the language of Holy Writ, "and say they have done no evil." Ah! it is a grave thing to sin by habit; but if a man fall, and then in the sincerity of his soul, recognizing that he has done wrong, laments his error, the evil is but transient, and he is in a fair way to rise again. When, however, having done that which his better sense affirms to be evil, a man forges a false principle to justify his action, and makes sin no longer to be sin, he is doing himself a permanent injury, and rapidly rushing along the road of eternal ruin. This is precisely the evil in the sin of lying. People put forth untruths in wholesale quantities, and then try to invent premises whereby they can lull their consciences to sleep, under the damaging delusion that they have wrought no wrong. I allude not to those broad, bare falsehoods which are too deformed to be decorated in the stolen plumes of truth; but refer to that mental maneuvering by which the truth is so cloaked and clouded as to mislead and deceive the listener, and by which falsehood is so glossed and garbed with the veneering of truth, that men are led to think it stamped with the seal of that priceless virtue. To these heads may be referred that series of equivocations, quibbles, mental restrictions, innuendoes, exaggerations, subtilties, fallacies, and subterfuges, and even smart little slanders told, sometimes, in a tragicomical way—half jest, half earnest—which form the staple of conversation among men, to redeem whom, from error and falsehood, Jesus Christ shed His precious blood, and to whom God gave mind and speech, not to make dalliance with devilish deceit, but to declare the praises of Him who is truth, pure, essential, and unalloyed.

It is told of Epaminondas, the pagan, that he could not be persuaded to tell a lie, even in jest. Would that many Christians had the courage of this honest heathen. How many reputations are filched away by the covert sneer, and the more insidious but mendacious art of him who

“Damns with faint praise, assents with civil,
And without sneering, teaches others to sneer.”

But men say these little transparencies, these white lies, are devoid of harm. No lie is white, but is black as hell. This is a pernicious code of morality. We cannot tamper or trifle with truth. It is too precious to be subject to wanton play; it would be in danger of destruction. “Common things grow cheap,” and if we toy with truth, we vilipend it, soon get for it a disesteem, and shortly cast it aside. Besides, this half truth, this little jugglery of words, is worse than a great whopper, which, being plain and patent, can be met and contradicted; but the scarecrow truth, so cunningly devised and decked out, is more difficult to counteract, and hence it can often work out its evil end, undetected and unchallenged. “As long as breath remaineth in me, my lips shall not speak iniquity, neither shall my tongue contrive lying.”

I would not enter upon the refinements of a theological treatise on the lawfulness or unlawfulness of those mental restrictions, as they are called, of which so much discussion has been held. Suffice it to say, that I do not think I shall ever have occasion to use them, and I hope all men never will. On the other hand, it is not contended that it is at all times necessary to speak the truth; but not to declare the truth and to declare falsehood are things widely apart. Silence is often golden. As to mental restrictions, in the broad sense, it would be well for all to adopt the views of Cardinal Newman: “If all killing be not murder, nor all taking from another be not stealing, why should all untruths be lies? I will say freely, that I think it difficult to answer this question; at the same time, *I have never acted.*” But be this as it may, shun all ambiguities of language, and cultivate candor of speech. O! for the old-time sincerity and plainness of discourse, when men spoke as they felt, without counting the cost. It was not customary then to compliment a man to his face, and rend to rags his reputation behind his back. Plain, bluff, honest speech had then vogue and fashion. This plain directness of language is the mark of a noble and courageous mind. Be assured, the man who possesses this virtue is endowed with many others, and more especially that of moral courage; while the smooth and oily dissembler is not infrequently found to be infected with many vices, and chiefly is he chargeable with cowardice and want of fidelity. I

would not have men become boors, to blurt out the blazing facts regardless of the pain inflicted. To be truthful, men need not be disagreeable. Candor and sincerity are not boorishness and bad breeding. Amenities are to be observed in social life and in all intercourse with others. Speech should always be kind and considerate, and *nothing* is often a safe and salutary subject for conversation. Truth must be tempered with charity.

On the contrary, men should not by pseudo-politeness polish themselves out of their conscience. And how often are they guilty of this social sin! I can tell you, good people, that if you were to make an annual reckoning of all the small lies false politeness occasions you, you would be considerably surprised and proportionately mortified. If a person presents himself at a home, where his room is more esteemed than his company, the host professes delight at the visit, and the visitor is pressed to tarry longer than he lists, when in heart the entertainer would wish his guest at the antipodes. If a comer sends up his card, and the occupant of the house gets a chance to hide his head (which a moment before was seen by the intruder at the window), the visitor is politely informed that the man of the house is "not at home." This is taken to mean, "not at home to such company"; and, of course, it is so understood, as the lying phiz was seen at the window. If a neighbor says, "May I have one word with you?" and you conclude the loan would be an unprofitable one, you prefer not to appear rude to one you so much regard, and you say, "I am really sorry, but I can't oblige you." O! but you are surcharged with sorrow. Truly, grief is beautiful, but, alas! half of it is a beautiful humbug. What hollow mockery, what deceit, what hypocrisy, what unblushing falsehood! Don't let politeness be a source of sin.

How much lying there is in the ordinary transactions of life, where speech hardly comes into play at all, and which we call lying actions. We can lie by action as well as by word. Words are but the signs of ideas, and as men can lie by words, so also can they by any sign by which ideas are manifested. A clerk, or a man of business, who has made a speculation and lost with great ability "doctors up" his accounts, so that the employer or partner, when he comes to audit the work at the end of the year, misled by the manifestation of facts and figures, congratulates himself upon the sound and prosperous

condition of his business, when alas! a month hence the bourse is startled with a huge financial explosion, and the labors of a life are in ruin. The criminal never spoke a syllable, but he lied furiously by addition, subtraction, multiplication, and—silence.

This method of lying is not uncommon among domestics. Hard-worked and ill-requited girls, I would say nothing harsh of them. It is not the women of wealth and fashion, but the wage-working girls, with their dear-bought dimes and dollars, who have built up the churches of this country. But neither shall we say anything untrue in praise of them. Young woman, when you have broken that valuable *bisque* ornament, don't glue the pieces together, so that when the mistress of the establishment picks it up, and it falls into fragments, she may think she has done the damage herself. When you have done something amiss, own up, and your employer will commend your candor, even though you have to leave the service. She can only say, as one employer said of a discharged domestic: "Well, she may have her faults, but she is a stranger to untruth."

Finally, men often lie by doing nothing at all, as when failure to act has a positive meaning. Thus in company a man sits down, and assumes an air of gravity, but says nothing at all, or at most, indulges in monosyllabic speech, that palms off his shallow self for a man of learning and wisdom. "Gravity may be a good accompaniment of wisdom, but it is a very poor substitute of the same." If a man cannot gain the good graces of the rich, at least, he will never consort with the poor, lest he might himself pass for a man of poverty. Or, what is worse infinitely, men will hold silence when they are bound to speak for the honor of God or their neighbor, or adopt a negative attitude with reference to customs, usages, and opinions, not so much to be considered an anti-Catholic, as to have it conjectured that they are not members of Mother Church. This is a sin against faith. "He that denieth Me before men, him will I deny before My Father who is in heaven."

Thus men in divers ways trample on truth and give it tortuous twists which, like the tricks of the Indian fakir, bewilder and daze the beholder. I will not inquire the causes that lead to them—they are many: love of exaggeration, false politeness, vanity, pride, desire to create a sensation, theft, avarice, pusillanimity, and many others. I will only observe that where there is a smart statement

which may be said to have a turn of truth in it, or where a deed is deftly and cleverly done, the sinfulness of the act is often lost sight of in admiration of the adroitness of the actor. The Devil is adroit; he is an astute actor and he is the father of lies. There is but one safe rule for those to follow who wish to avoid lying, and yet have a fatal fondness for turns and twists of the tongue. It is to remember that falsehood is so like truth that a wise man would well not to trust himself too close to it; and rather than attempting to see how narrowly he can escape falsehood, he should strive to see how near he can keep to the plain, exact, and literal truth. The man who adopts the first principle usually ends as a chronic liar and the last stage of his dementia is to believe his own lies,

. " Like one
Who having unto truth by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory
To credit his own lie."

Oh! if there is any one thing which, more than another, we prize in this life; if in men's relations with one another there is one thing of surpassing excellence and inestimable value, it is truth. If there is anything that could be done by wayward man to atone for the numerous follies of a misspent life, it would be his absolute refusal to depart one iota from the truth. If there be any one attribute of God higher and nobler than the rest, it is integrity and truth.

In conclusion, then, when it is remembered what was said in the beginning of the nature of falsehood, I think it superfluous to urge you to avoid lying. I know that a lie is abhorrent to your soul; but one thing I will ask as the fruit of this talk, which is, that you make it the motto of your lives that duplicity deceives—but deceives yourselves. In the long run double-dealing will be detected, and the prospects, even of this life, are rudely blighted. Honesty is, indeed, the best policy; but of all dishonest men, who so merits, as he often meets, contempt and reproach as the lily-livered liar? Be men and women of sincerity and straightforwardness. Be a Cato in integrity. When a case came to trial where the testimony of two was, by law, required, and but one appearing, upon whose integrity the pleader insisted, the stern judge declared that he would not accept the testimony of one, though that one were Cato. What a tribute in public

court to the honor of a private citizen ! The law alone could stand against the word of Cato.

Be honest, then, for the sake of honesty; be truthful for the sake of truth. "Nothing can need a lie." Be sincere and simple as the dove, for He that enjoined the practice knew not guile and abhorred deceit. He came to teach truth, and He invited us to follow Him, because He was the way, the truth, and the life. He is the way, and He is the truth, and He is the life; for the way is to truth, and truth is the life. If we possess the truth we shall possess the life, for this life is the life of the blessed, the happiness of heaven, which is the possession of truth, for it is the possession of God, and God is truth. That truth we shall not possess hereafter if we do not now practice it, for as the life is but the inception of that which is to be, as this is so shall that be also. Truth is a precious gem. If you possess it suffer not the tarnish of deceit to bedim its lustre; if you possess it not, find it quickly, for it is the passport to the palaces of Paradise. To find it and to know it has God given you an intellect, and implanted in your soul a tireless thirst for truth. Employ well the time God grants you in picking up the pearls of truth which abound not on the highways of worldly action and endeavor, but in the narrow and rugged paths of sanctity and righteousness which lead to our heavenly home. Love that truth as above all earthly treasures, and never defile your lips with lying or your souls with deceit; and when angel hands shall unbar for you the gates of the everlasting dwellings, that intellect of yours, which loved the living truth, shall see and enjoy the long-sought object of its powers, and as the eternal God shall rise from His throne of truth to greet it with the kiss of heavenly welcome, the ecstatic soul shall cry, "Into Thy arms I fly, O Lord God of truth."

VI.

"THE TEACHER OF THE NATIONS."

DELIVERED AT THE VESPER SERVICE OF THE DEDICATION OF
THE SACRED HEART CHURCH, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

"All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth."—MATT. xxviii. 18.

How sublime are the words of our divine Redeemer! "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth," says the Lord Jesus Christ to His Apostles. If, therefore, Jesus could, without arrogance, ascribe to Himself the possession of all power, whether in heaven or on earth, then He confessedly is God, for to God alone belongs the attribute of omnipotence. God alone can do all things, and "nothing is hard or impossible to Him."

There is in the very conception of power something that yields an awe-inspiring influence on the human mind. There is a character of sublimity in power which chains the boundless imagination of man, hushes into silence the words he would express and confounds the very thoughts he would conceive. The natural creation, in its manifestations of power, is replete with sublime grandeur. The mighty torrent dashing down the mountain's side; the roaring cataract; the tumultuous and loud-sounding sea; the vast volcano, spouting forth its fearful fires;—all show forth a power which produces in the mind of man that elevation of thought and feeling which, being called sublime, is better imagined than portrayed. Violent commotions of the elements strike the imagination with a sense of awful grandeur and omnipotent power. The lurid lightnings which, serpent-tongued, shoot along the sky, and the terrific thunder that shakes the earth, are a display of irresistible force and majestic power. Even the large animals are capable of awakening, by reason of their power and majesty, the emotion of sublimity in

the beholder. Thus the leviathan, the behemoth, and the warhorse are described in the book of Job (chs. xxxix. and xl.).

“Wilt thou give strength to the horse or clothe his neck with neighing? Wilt thou lift him up like the locust? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He breaketh up the ground with his foot, he pranceth boldly, and he goeth forth to meet armed men. He despiseth fear, and he turneth not his back to the sword. Above him shall the quiver rattle, and the spear and shield shall glitter. Chafing and raging, he swalloweth the ground, neither doth he make account when the noise of the trumpet soundeth. When he heareth the trumpet he saith: Ha! ha! He smelleth the battle afar off, the encouraging of captains and the shouting of the army.”

Now, our conception of power rises in proportion to its vastness, duration, and extent. If, then, the powers of nature awaken in the mind of man so strong a sense of the sublime, how shall not the omnipotent power of God inspire us? For God is the God of nature, and there is no power but from God, whether in the moral or the material order. To Him is “benediction and honor and *power* and glory forever and forever.”

In the beginning He created the heaven and the earth. “*Ipsé dixit, et facta sunt; Ipsé mandavit et creata sunt.*” He said, “Let there be light,” and there was light; “let the earth bring forth her fruits,” and it was so. He poised the foundations of the earth; He hung the firmament with stars; He set the suns in their revolving spheres; He made the day and night; He ordered the changes of the seasons, the revolutions of the years, and all the powers and forces and energies of the universe of things. Every atom of dust is a revelation of His power. He made us, and not we ourselves. “*Ipsé fecit nos, et non ipsi nos.*” Riding upon the wings of the whirlwind, He spake to His servant Job: “Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth;—when the morning stars praised Me together, and all the sons of God made joyful melody? Who shut up the sea within doors, when it broke forth, issuing out of the womb? When I made a cloud the garment thereof, and wrapped it in a mist as in swaddling bands. Who gave a course to violent showers, or a way to noisy thunder? That it should fill the desert and desolate place and bring forth the green grass? Who is the father of rain, or who begot the drops of dew? Out of whose womb

came the ice, and the frost of heaven who hath gendered it? Who can declare the order of the heavens or who can make the harmony of heaven to sleep? Who provided food for the raven, when her young ones cry to God, wandering about because they had no meat?" "It is I, the Jehovah, the Creator, and first cause of all things."

But Christ is God; His power is the power of God. Conjured by the High-Priest to declare His identity, Jesus affirmed Himself to be God. His works, His words, His life—all attest His divinity. In describing the most stupendous miracles the record, with sublime simplicity, says: "Jesus said to Lazarus, 'Come forth!' and he that was dead came forth." To the widow's son: "'Young man, arise!' and he that was dead arose." In healing the most frightful of diseases, He said to the stricken leper: "'Be thou made clean!' and immediately his leprosy was cleansed." Tempest-tossed upon the bosom of the deep, His timid disciples cry for help. Jesus says: "'Peace! be still,'" and the boisterous waters are hushed into a calm. When did public teacher ever compel the admiration of his implacable foes, that they should say of him, as the Jews of Jesus, "Never has man spake like unto this Man." Where was ever the consoler who could say, as this divine Physician did, to all the countless children of sorrow and affliction: "Come to Me, all ye that labor, and I will replenish you." "I am the resurrection and the life." "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." "I am the living bread that came down from heaven." "I am the light of the world." "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth."

Yes, Jesus is God; His power is the power of God; His authority is the authority of God. That power is without limitation or restriction, without measure and without bounds.

And this power Jesus confers in its plenitude upon His chosen Apostles. "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth; going, *therefore*, teach you all nations." Observe the force and efficacy of that word *therefore*. It is not mere connective, no empty expletive; but it has what is called a causal and effective signification. It implies a concession of power and a grant of authority. All power is given to *Me*; *therefore*, because of the universality of My power, I send you. My power I give to you; My authority I transmit to you, unimpaired and undiminished, for the great purpose for which I

came down upon this earth,—the salvation of men and the glory of My eternal Father. And all this power I confer upon you that you may extend the kingdom of God upon this earth, and realize in your labors the designs which were born from eternity. “As the Father hath sent Me, so I commission you, that the work which I have but begun, you shall carry on to a glorious consummation and fulfillment. Go forth, then, My chosen ones; go forth on your mission of mercy and your work of love; go forth to teach *all* nations beneath the circling sun; to teach them *all* things wherewith I have charged you to teach them, and lo! I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.”

But perchance, some nineteenth century caviller will say to the minister of Christ, “Away, thou medieval monk; away, thou fossil of a dead and buried past; hast thou the hardihood, the frigid insolence to arrogantly claim the power of Jesus Christ? Who art thou? Art thou the Christ? Art thou then equal to God? Away! thou canting hypocrite and mad mountebank, away!” To this imaginary foe we may make the meek reply: “Here are the words of the Gospel; we have not written them and we cannot blot them out; we can neither diminish their force nor obscure their meaning. ‘All power is given to Me and I give it to you—to you, My Apostles, and to your successors in the Church of God.’”

Such, then, is the character of that power with which our divine Redeemer clothed His Apostles in that indefectible Church, of which He is “the chief corner-stone,” and they are the unshaken and unshakable foundation. That power is pre-eminently greater than any other upon earth. It is grand, august; it is sublime in its origin, its nature, its scope, and its purpose. It is universal. It is the power of God. “All power is given to Me.” “As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you.” All power is given to the ministers of the Church of Jesus Christ. And for what? To teach *all things*.—And to whom? To all nations, all tribes, and all peoples, of whatever race and land, that dwell upon God’s footstool. And how long? *All days*;—until the last beat of the pulse of time; until the heavens shall be shrivelled like a scroll, and “the final day, the day of ire, shall wrap the universe in fire”; until the last soul stamped with the image of God shall have been forever gathered to the bliss of heaven, or consigned to the misery of hell; shall have been

securely saved or hopelessly, irretrievably, and irrevocably lost and damned.

That Church shall never fail. "I am with you all days." The ark of God will never fall nor totter. Its walls will never crumble; its foundations never move. It is imperishable and indestructible, for its soul is endowed with the immortality of God. The black beak of envy may hawk and tear at it; the fiery bolts of fanaticism may be hurled against it; the cutting shafts of calumny may be levelled against it; all the minions of malice and the powers of persecution, come hot from hell, combined or severally, shall never destroy, or even disturb the rock-built, Christ-founded, heaven-born, and hell-defying, Catholic Church of Jesus Christ.

To His Church, her heavenly founder gave the power to teach all nations. Well has she fulfilled her divine mission,—"*In omnem terram exivit sonus eorum; et in fines orbis terrae verba eorum.*" For where is the land into which her voice has not penetrated, and where is the nation that has not felt her benign influence? By the zeal and devotion of her missionaries, the name of Jesus Christ has been carried into every quarter of the globe, from the rising to the setting of the sun; and the Cross of Christ gleams in the heavens where Roman eagles never flew, for the kingdom of the Nazarene has been spread far beyond the most extensive empires of antiquity. Nations for ages buried in the obscurity of paganism and the darkness of infidelity, and walking "in the valley of the shadow of death," have been lifted by her into light. She showed them the day-star of deliverance, and led them forth, the ransomed children of God, from the slavery of error and superstition, to be sharers in the glorious and unfettered liberty of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Everywhere, wherever the sun shone, or the moon sent down her silvery beams, the Catholic Church has planted the standard of the cross and preached the Gospel of the crucified Redeemer. None were so low that her humility could not reach, nor so exalted that her authority could not claim. Kings, emperors, potentates, and princes; serfs, slaves, and captives, were alike the object of her unsleeping solicitude and tireless concern. And her anointed sons, in the discharge of their sublime duty, knew no danger, and feared no peril. With no shield or buckler but that of faith, no sword but that of the Cross, no armor but the livery of Christ, they went forth

with a divine enthusiasm which the storms of no earthly opposition could ever quench, to conquer, or to die, for Christ. And many indeed laid down their lives a willing holocaust to God. The green hillsides of Ireland are crimsoned with their blood; shed, not for the propagation, but for the preservation of the faith; the sacred land of Palestine has been yet more sanctified by their deaths; and their bones lie bleaching on many a far-off shore. Into the heart of the dark continent; into the jungles of Africa; undeterred by famine, pestilence, or fever, they went to face the ferocity of savage beasts, or the fury of yet more savage men. On the frigid steppes of Siberia, the burning sands of Arabia, and on the inhospitable mountains of China, their bodies lie entombed by thousands. To America, to the New World of Columbus, they came with the same undying zeal and devotion. Yes, centuries before the glorious Genoese navigator had set his foot upon San Salvador, they came from the cold Northland across the wide waste of waters, to Greenland, and, mayhap, to our own New England shores, and the crozier of Eric flashed upon the waters of Narragansett Bay as his followers raised the banners of the cross and claimed the virgin continent for Christ. And many a day before the Puritan, who, forgetting that they fled the whip of persecution in England, scourged his fellow-exiles with scorpions, in America,—had ever thought of tolerance or freedom, they proclaimed the sacred and God-like principles of civil and religious liberty in happy Maryland.

And where is the corner of our country in which they have not stood? Through the untrodden solitudes of the West, and to the far-off golden slope of the Pacific, they toiled their weary way to bear the blessing of light and hope to the untutored child of the forest, the mountain, and the prairie. And to secure for him these blessings, they faced unflinchingly the stake, the fagot, the scalping-knife, and the funeral pyre. Numbers of them sank silently into unknown and nameless graves. The mountain breezes chant their requiem; and our streams and rivers sing the sacred story of their lives. In the temple of fame no tablet is inscribed with the record of their deeds; but their names are graven in letters of God's purest gold, along the walls and corridors of Paradise, and there they shall shine forevermore.

But what is the history of our early American missions but the

history of the Church from the beginning, only crowned with more shining success ?

Concealed for centuries in the Catacombs, whose dark recesses afforded her a shelter from the cruel storm of Roman persecution, she at last emerged victorious and triumphant, under the miraculous cross of Constantine. She won the reward of undefiled conflicts. She came forth from the crucible of suffering with her sacred brow begirt with laurels, and a brighter halo of heavenly glory shining lustroously around her divine form. She was all to all, that she might gain all to Christ. She was to teach all nations, and even the stiff necks of her own persecutors she bent to the sweet yoke of Jesus Christ. She broke down all opposition; she silenced every foe; she scattered to the winds of heaven the subtleties of pagan sophistry, and she wrought the stupendous miracle of changing the stony-hearted idolater into the meek and humble follower of the meek and humble Jesus.

But trials of still greater severity were in store for her. The occasion came with the downfall of the Roman Empire.

Out of the storm-ridden clouds of the North was heard the fearful sound of the barbarian hordes upon the march; even as the thunder-storm gathers in the sky, blackens the whole heavens, sweeps along the seashore, and hurls itself against the mountain-tops, till it breaks in destructive fury over a devoted city; even so did the mighty host rise like a cloud in the north, and their tramp was as the sound of accumulated thunders. On they came, gathering force upon the way, sweeping everything, crumbling empires and destroying kingdoms, and scattering death around them, till they hurled themselves, with all their concentrated energy and fury, against the walls of proud, imperial Rome. Was the city doomed when doom seemed so inevitable ? No; for as there was a Leo yesterday to stay the hand of war between Spain and Germany, so there was a Leo then, who, with no power but the force of truth, caused the sword to drop from the nerveless grasp of Attila and his fiery followers.

Thus has the Church fulfilled her sublime mission to teach all nations. Thus has she proved herself to be the divinely-appointed agent of Jesus Christ for the redemption of mankind. Her mission is without precedent or parallel in the history of the world. O! grand old Mother Church, I hail thee as the mother of the nations,

and the mistress of the earth. I hail thee with an unbounded admiration, for wheresoever I turn my eyes I behold naught that is comparable to thee. The wide earth is thy footstool, the heavens thy canopy, eternity thy goal. I see thee speed, like the eagle, to the uttermost bounds of the earth, and like the sun, great lamp of this green globe, darting thy bright beams of truth on every people, on every land. I see thee, once a little grain of mustard-seed, sown 1,900 years ago by the hand of Jesus Christ, now a wide and spreading tree, fair and goodly to behold, whose roots are in the earth, whose boughs are in the heavens, and beneath the grateful shade of whose wide-extended branches are gathered together the children of untold generations, in peace and harmony, in tranquillity and rest.

Christ gave to the Church the commission to teach all nations, but to teach them what? Not indeed the number of the fixed stars, nor of the green blades of grass upon the globe, nor yet the number of the sands upon the seashores. Not to build railroads, to establish banks, nor to found political associations. Not the arts and sciences of trade, war, commerce, or navigation. And yet it was the commission to teach *all things*

Is there any restriction here? Yes; there is one: "All things whatsoever *I have commanded you.*" And what have I commanded you? Everything that pertains to the science of salvation, and the spiritual welfare of mankind. Everything that points the way to eternal life and unveils to the vision of men the beauty and glory of the kingdom of God. The words which fell from My sacred lips you will announce to every nation; and all things which the Holy Ghost shall suggest to you, you shall make known from the house-tops, and shall go and preach the Gospel to every creature.

And, therefore, the Catholic priest comes not to men as the herald of new-fangled doctrines, nor as the apostle of his own opinions. He comes to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and woe betide him if he preach another. He carries his credentials from the very hand of God, and he speaks as one having authority. The shifting and veering winds of opinion disturb him not, for he has a divine certitude for what he teaches, since he can teach nothing which is not contained in the deposit of faith once delivered to the Saints, which is the truth of Christ, the eternal truth of God.

And this is the truth which Catholics shall hear expounded from

the altars of the churches which their loving liberality has raised to the living God. Oh! may they dilate their hearts to receive it, for it is the truth of God, and when they shall know this truth, this truth shall make them free. The voice of Him who spake as never man spake before, will echo within their churches' walls, through the mouth of an humble minister, with a no less uncertain sound than that whose sweet tones were heard upon the waters of Genesareth and by the lake of Galilee. Well may Catholics rejoice that they have crowned so many noble sites in our land with temples dedicated to truth. They have built here not houses of their own, but houses of God; they labored not in their own name, but in the name of God, and they constructed not by their own power or authority, but by the power and authority of Him to whom was given all power as the God of heaven and earth. For Him is every Catholic church built; to Him is it dedicated; in His honor and glory is it blessed. And in it shall He abide; for it is His sacred dwelling-place. In it shall the veiled God of glory tarry in the tabernacle to bring balm to sin-sore hearts, to heal every affliction, and soothe every sorrow. In it shall the clean oblation, foretold by Malachy of old, be offered up to the Lamb who was slain from the foundation of the world. In it, at the rising of the sun at morning, shall the sweet incense of prayer and adoration ascend to Him who sitteth upon high; and when twilight's close shall come, in it shall resound the sacred Vesper song whose angel echoes awake the halls of heaven. In it flows the blood of the Crucified to wash away the sins of hoary age, and in it the waters of regeneration shall purge the brow of infancy from the primal stain of Adam. In it the copious cup of sacred knowledge shall be lifted to the thirsty lips of man; and in it the Holy Ghost Himself shall garnish the soul with that heavenly wisdom whose lambent light shall lead men on through the darkness of this world to that house eternal in the heavens, where the glory of God's countenance shall burn upon them with fadeless splendor forevermore.

There is, then, cause for jubilation to Catholics in this land. Well may they exult in the work which they have so successfully, and with many sacrifices, accomplished. Every temple is a standing testimonial of their zeal and devotion and their love of that holy religion which Jesus established on earth. They have built them a

monument more enduring than brass,—a monument which, when they shall have passed away and been forgotten, shall tell to others how they lived and died for God. Their children, and their children's children shall rise up and call them blessed. Those who follow them shall hold their memory in honor and benediction. And every child of error, who, attracted by the lamp of truth that shines in every Holy house, may enter the one, true fold, shall breathe benisons upon them. Oh! that all might see the light as they have seen it;—that only light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world. God grant that all may see it soon. May God speed the coming of that day when jangling controversies about creeds shall no longer disturb men's souls; when all shall kneel down at the selfsame altar to adore the selfsame God; when the false shall give place to the true; when Christ alone shall reign over all and in all; and when all, believing in the same Lord, the same faith, and the same divine sacraments, shall be gathered together into one fold, under one Shepherd, the Lord Jesus Christ. For,

“ Except the Lord to build the house shall deign,
All they that build it, labor but in vain.
Except the Lord the city keep from harm,
In vain the watchmen wake and give alarm.

“ In vain from rest we haste with early feet,
And late return, and bread of sorrow eat;
Who feeds the birds that neither sow nor reap,
To His beloved giveth in their sleep.

“ If Thou but work in us and strength accord,
To will and do of Thy good pleasure, Lord,
The setting sun will with its glory gild
The crowning capstone of the house we build.

“ And now as fades the daylight's lingering rays,
We rest from toil, and sing our evening praise.
All through the night Thy vigil o'er us keep,
Oh! Thou who giveth Thy beloved sleep.”

VII.

MONTH'S MIND OF V. REV. JAMES H. CORRIGAN.

PREACHED AT ST. MARY'S CHURCH, HOBOKEN, N. J.

“And Moses, the servant of the Lord, died there in the land of Moab, by the commandment of the Lord, and He buried him in the valley of the land of Phogor, and no man hath known of his sepulchre until this present day. And the children of Israel mourned for him in the plains of Moab thirty days, and the days of their mourning in which they mourned for Moses were ended.”—DEUT. xxxiv. 5.

Such, my brethren, is the simple language which describes the close of the career of one who was a great pontiff to his people. Having grown gray in the service of the Lord, the great leader's time was come, and at the ripe age of one hundred and twenty, the silver thread was sundered, the golden bowl was broken, and the wine of life was wasted. Full of years and full of honors, Moses dropped from his nerveless grasp the staff he no longer needed, as he walked into the high mountain of the Lord. Thus passed away from the sight, but not from the memory of his people, the greatest prophet ever raised up by God in his divine economy for the redemption of his people.

It were a puerile purpose to seek a parallel between the life of the illustrious subject of the inspired text and that of the simple priest of whom fond memory bids us speak to-day. The disproportionableness of the themes excludes comparison. But if we concentrate our attention upon the mortuary record of Moses, we shall find therein some points pertinent to our present discourse, and those that shall engage our consideration are, first, that Moses died by the command of God; secondly, that the children of Israel mourned for

Moses during thirty days; and finally, that at the expiration of that time the days of their mourning were ended.

Mark, then, that Moses died by God's command. If, therefore, reason and experience did not concur to produce in the mind of man a conviction of death's certainty, we should still have Scriptural warrant to ground belief in our mortality, for what God has commanded no power can circumvent. Yes, my brethren, there is a Supreme Being who holds in the hollow of His hand all the lines of our existence and measures out to every man the number of his days. In the beginning He first fashioned our frame from the common clay, and when the period by Him appointed shall have elapsed, we shall return to the silent dust whence we came forth. He brings forth in their course the succeeding generations of men, and when the time is come for their entering into light they appear upon the stage of life, and having performed their part, He changes their countenance and sends them away.

All things are by nature subject to change and decay. The sun that rolls above our heads will doubtless shine for centuries unnumbered and unknown; the stars that stud the diadem of night will sparkle through the circling years; the aged mountains will lift their hoary heads above the clouds in far futurity, and the rivers will run from their sources to the sea for ages yet to come; by the powerful operation of the Ruler of the earth the current of events shall still flow on, and new orders of civilization shall be born and decline; succeeding generations of men will rise and fall, and like the billows of the sea, rolling one upon the other, the waves of human history shall dash against the shores of centuries now uncounted and undreamed—but all must fail at last, all must fade away, and by the command of the Sovereign Disposer of events, who is alone changeless and immutable, all shall grow old as a garment, and as a vesture He shall change them and they shall be changed, for heaven and earth shall pass away and time itself shall be swallowed in eternity.

Thus agreeably to the command of God, there is a limit to our life beyond which it may not be extended, and perhaps long before it reach the average bounds, the thread of existence may be cut asunder by that invisible hand, which is stretched over all the inhabitants of God's widespread creation. But whether long or short, smooth or rugged, the path marked out for us we must walk unto

the end. The veil that shuts the prospect from our sight is woven by the hand of Him that called us into life in the wise purpose of His beneficence; that we may be ready for the issue whensoever or howsoever it comes. Of this truth, the obvious consequence is, that we must wait patiently for the summons that shall call us hence, by a cordial consent to the divine appointments, and by an earnest effort to harmonize our minds to what we cannot prevent nor prolong, the destiny which Heaven has fixed for all the sons of men.

To live long upon the earth is an almost general desire founded upon the shadowy prospect of enjoyment, which, perchance, would never find its realization, and if it did would avail nothing for eternity. We might live so long that existence would be burdensome; we might live to feel the barb of sorrow and calamity pierce our breast, and find distress and misery overtake us; we might live to see our cherished hopes blasted, and our fine resolves become fruitless, vain, or even blameful in the sight of God; we might live to survive all that loved us and all by us beloved, till we stood like a solitary oak, withered with age and bowed by every storm—yes, you might live to see that day that you would look upon death as a seasonable deliverance from the ills of life, and then, doubtless, you would be convinced that the whole tenor of your conduct and the whole drift of your existence should be that of calm submission to Him who has commanded death, who has fixed the day and the hour for our departure, and “who knoweth,” as the wise man said, “what is best for man in this life; all the days of his vain life which he spendeth as a shadow.”

All men die by God's command. Even the priest must die. Moses was a priest and he died. Yes, the priest must die. He is no honored exception. He whose office it is to minister to the dying, himself must die at last. He who stood by to witness the final agony of so many; to pour the balm of religious consolation into the trembling soul; to feed it with the fat of corn, the milk of God's children, and the bread of the strong; even he who stands by to usher human souls from the vestibule of time into the vast temple of eternity—even he must die. If the dread Archer loves a shining mark, why should he not pierce the priest?

But how shall it fare with him in the dark day of dissolution? Shall he be bereft of that support and consolation which he adminis-

tered to others, of those sacraments wherewith he fortified them, or shall he find some anointed of the Lord at hand to shrive and hansom his soul for a home in heaven? Will death be to him as the king of terrors, the frowning Rider upon the grim, pale horse, or will it come as the Angel of Peace, twining the olive branch about the cypress, and scattering flowers upon the way to the palmy summits of Paradise?

Has he died daily to himself? Has he walked like Enoch and Moses with the Lord; has he, like the royal prophet, long and seriously considered the wondrous ways of God, and meditated on His law both at the breaking of the morning and the declining of the day; has he held the flowering rod of Aaron with undefiled hands, and worn the threshold of the doors in the homes of the poor, the sick, and the dying; in fine, has he been loyal to the truth, steadfast for the right, and shown himself the uncompromising champion of the Crucified, a devoted and self-denying minister of the Master? then, indeed, when the summons comes for his removal he can cry with him, who being after God's own heart, always feared and served the Lord, "My heart is ready, O! my God; my heart is ready." I do not know the manner of our friend's death, nor have any of the circumstances been detailed to me; but if the past be the best guarantee for the future; if there be any truth in the accepted axiom, that as men live, so shall they die, then am I in sober truth entitled to affirm that Father Corrigan's death was the death of the just, and his last end was like to theirs.

Observe, once more, that God has commanded death. Of this, the natural inference is, that come when or how it will, death can be neither untimely nor unseasonable. Whether in life's spring-time, in manhood's summer glory, or in the frosty winter of old age, the silent Reaper comes to cut us down, he comes to glean the harvest for the Master of the vineyard, and garner up the sheaves for the winnowing of eternity. At all times he is equally the messenger of God. One hundred and twenty years had waned and wasted ere Moses passed from human sight on Phasga's lonely height, and four and forty only when the simple man we mourn was—cut off! But why do I say cut off? I revoke that expression. No one is cut off who fulfills the term by God appointed, whether long or short. The true end of life is to know the life that never ends, and this

knowledge is acquired in one day as well as in a thousand years. I cannot join that threnody of tears shed for the early lost. The poetic plaint for the youthful dead bewails the broken column and the fallen flowers. It is a wail for those who have gone down to the silent shore in brave and buoyant youth, their ears still musical with prophecy of high achievement. But, Christian mourner, hold up thy head. Be patient and be strong. The column shall yet rise to its destined height in the temple of the New Jerusalem, and the faded bud shall open to disclose the rose, to bloom as an immortal essence among the spirits of the blessed. All power is from God. 'Tis He that governs the world. He gives life when He listeth, and thus He taketh it away. Has not the Maker the right to dispose of His work in a manner agreeable to His pleasure? And is not His will most wise? He has taken away our friend in the morning-time of manhood, and in the flower of his priesthood, but he is a priest forever according to the order of Melchizedek, and the Lamb that was slain from the foundation of the world, he shall continue to offer to the eternal Father all through the everlasting years of God. The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord. God has commanded death, hence to die is a duty, for what is duty but what God commands? With gladness and with joy, then, should the priest prepare to go when his call shall come, for in death, as in life, he is the teacher of his people; and,

“ As the bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,”

so shall he lead the way by the shining example of his own death-bed.

The Israelites, as you have noticed, mourned for Moses, their leader in the Lord, for thirty days. Behold the ancient precedent for our demeanor since our brother's death. This example legitimizes and consecrates our sorrow. The Jews were a pensive people and prone to melancholy, as their conduct by Babylon's sad waters plainly shows; but why should they not mourn for Moses? He was their leader, their prophet, and, in some sense, their Saviour. He led them forth from bondage; he smote the rock to slake their thirst; he invoked the manna of heaven to appease their hunger; he

meekly bore their ingratitude and impatience, and in toil and privation, in suffering and tears, he conducted them upon their perilous journey to the promised land, though his aching eyes should never gaze upon its running sweetness. And thus his people and we his fellow-priests mourn the man whose memory we recall to-day.

My brethren, the priest is a leader. As a star in the night he goes before his people, to lead them from the home of sin's heavy bondage into the promised land of Gospel liberty. The priest is a father, for by spiritual paternity he generates souls to God. How much more a father is he who is a father of fathers, because he procreated priests, soldiers for God's sanctuary, in the seminary and the college over which he presided so fruitfully and so long. Some of us may call him father; we were with him there, and we know now what reason there is to lament. Ah! the heart knows that it may sorrow. Rachel was not chid when she wept for her children. The stillness commanded is not that of apathy or forced acquiescence; "it is a patient waiting for the promised crown, while bending under the weight of the predicted cross." What law, or what sentiment, shall restrain us from wearing our chaplet of flowers and twining it lovingly about the memory of the dead? What instincts or feelings shall forbid his little flock in Christ from dropping the tear of silent recollection upon the turf above his tomb?

And why should not the people lament their beloved priest? For their sake he left father and mother, severed every tie of blood and kindred, put his hand to the plough and turned not back again. He lives for them and they in him. Between them and God no one can stand but him. He is the agent of God to regenerate the soul, upon its first entrance into life, in guiding it upon its earthly career, in strengthening and consoling it, when it goes before its God. For his flock he prays, as Christ prayed for His brethren: "Holy Father, keep them in Thy name. And those whom Thou hast given Me I have kept, and none of them is lost, but the son of perdition." In all trials and necessities, he is their "guide, philosopher, and friend." Against the stormy wind and tempest he is their stay and support, and in the wilderness of their affliction he seeks to spread their table, and make their cup to overflow. And he is always true. Others may play them false, but he is true as steel. He is true to them in toils and stripes, if they come; in sunshine and in storm, in

adversity and prosperity; in life and death he has no thought but to serve and to save them. And when he is torn from them by the dividing stroke of death, every fountain of feeling is profoundly stirred, the tempest of emotion oversweeps their souls, and the cry of grief breaks forth in fullness from sorrow-stricken hearts. A friend, yea, more than a friend, a father, has gone out from among them, and now they know his place no more. But is there no balm in Gilead, no physician there? Yes, my brethren, for afflictions are the same to the soul as the plough to the fallow ground, the pruning-knife to the vine, and the furnace to the gold.

Therefore, I would ask you, finally, to remark, that when the children of Israel had mourned for Moses thirty days, the time of their mourning was ended. Had they consigned his memory to the Lethæan lake, had they forgotten him? No; but they tempered their sorrow and moderated their grief. Shall we forget our dead—blot out the memory of our priestly dead? No; for

“ Even the grave is a bond of union;
Spirit and spirit best hold communion;
Seen through faith by the inward eye,
It is after death they are truly nigh.”

The Angel of Death, as he bore the loved one away, opened the heavens in his flight, and now the eye of faith penetrates and the heart of faith lives in that world of spirits beyond this present kingdom. On prayer and communion, the pinions of the soul, it soars into the radiant and immortal presence of the lost one whom it loves. And now the future and eternity are brought close around us, because our friend is there; there to plead for us, there to pray for us, there to greet and welcome us upon some bright summer's morning, when we shall clasp his hand in the unbroken friendship of eternity.

Why do I thank him then? I shall give some reasons. I am not here to pronounce his panegyric, nor to indulge high-sounding praise. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, says the poet; *de mortuis nil nisi verum*, says your servant. Yet, pardon me a word; let me cast a few poor flowers of fond remembrance on his tomb.

For seven years I dwelt under the same roof, and for four I had to do with him in an official capacity, he as President and I as Prefect, and I think I took some measure of the man. He was a man in some of the finest attributes of manhood. He was “*Magnis nat-*

urae donis instructus," gifted with a fair share of genius and a large fund of geniality. He had a liberal stock of homely sense, quick intuitions, lively perceptions, and a large and wide sympathy with human nature. He never bore resentment, nor cherished the memory of a wrong. He was generous to a fault, and kind to a rarity among men.

As a priest, he was the personification of the priestly life. His piety was as real as it was unostentatious, and I need not tell the students of Seton Hall how devoutly he said the Holy Mass, and I confess I was always inspired with a sense of awe when he performed the sublime act of consecration. He filled the chalice almost to the brim, assigning as his pious reason, that he desired a more copious libation of our Lord's precious blood.

Though he had no mean expectations from his future in the world, he made no hesitation in choosing his life-work in the sanctuary. His future, and his social status, might have raised him to no inconspicuous place among his fellows; but in what would he be better than he is now? But by voluntary preference and choice he became a priest, that he might, for his heavenly Father's sake, let his light shine before men, and be as a lamp unto their feet. And his good old Irish father, and his Irish mother, gave him up without a pang to the lofty life-work to which he consecrated the strength of his arm, the fire of his intellect, and the energies of his being.

And he was no hireling shepherd of the flock. "The end of man," says Manning, "is the glory of God, and the end of the priest is the highest glory of God." And no man who knew him can gainsay that this highest glory was the goal of all his aspirations and endeavors, according to the measure of his powers. The good Shepherd said of His true followers: "My sheep hear My voice and they follow Me, and I give them life everlasting; and they shall not perish forever, and no man shall pluck them out of My hand." Father James Corrigan had the primacy of Abel, the patriarchate of Abraham, the government of Noe, the order of Melchizedek, the dignity of Aaron, the authority of Moses, the power of Peter, and the unction of Christ, and he used them well, according to the limited years God granted him, and hence, in that brief space, he attained unto the perfection of Samuel. "He walked in true humility; he loved in simple obedience; he stood in the ways of truth"; he was, in the fullness of the term, a meek and humble follower of the meek and

humble Jesus. He loved the Church, and he loved God's altar. With the prophet he could cry: "How spacious are Thy courts, O Lord. I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth. How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord God of hosts; how my soul panteth and longeth to come thither."

The wish is now gratified. He is at rest; eternal light shines upon him. But lest, like nearly all the sons of frail humanity, he have to pay the penalty for the faults done in the flesh, we will pray for his release from banishment and exile, that he may soon gaze into the meek and holy eyes of Jesus; may put on the bright garments of the glory of salvation; may wear the crown woven by angel hands, and sing the songs that angels sing, and hear the sons of God make joyful melody in the mansions of immortality and peace.

A little while and we shall see him; but for the present he is not here.

"He is gone to the slumber that knows no waking,
Till the loud requiem of the world shall swell;
Gone where no sound his still repose is breaking,
In a lone mansion through long years to dwell."

Yes, his large and sympathetic heart has ceased to beat; that warm and sensitive soul has fled its earthly habitation, and not more than a month ago the mortal part of him we knew so well was stamped with death's dark signet and his cold and icy seal. Tearfully and sorrowfully, but gently and lovingly, they bore him away. Underneath the sod, low-lying, doth the body rest. The autumn winds shall scatter leafy mantles on his quiet couch, and when the winter is over and gone, and the flowers appear in our land, the gentle voices of the spring will make music nigh his grassy dell, and the pale snow-drop and lowly violet, true types of his humility, will bloom in fragrant loveliness above his moss-garlanded grave.

Yes, there shall live his body, but the soul shall be with God. The bright tabernacles of God shall be opened to his eyes, his ears shall with sounds seraphic ring. Death then shall be absorbed in triumph, swallowed up in victory, and neither pain nor sorrow shall afflict him more, for all these former things shall be passed away forever. Such is our blessed hope. "For I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them that are asleep, that we sorrow not as those who have no hope, for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, so all them who fall asleep in Jesus will God bring with Him on the last day."

VIII.

THE BLESSED EUCHARIST.

PREACHED ON THE OCCASION OF THE FORTY HOURS' DEVOTION, AT ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, JERSEY CITY.

"He that eateth Me, the same shall live by Me"—JOHN vi.

We hear much in these days of the efforts some men are making to get God out of the world, and number Him among the many myths of the human mind. But as long as God is God, and as long as man is man, man can never get away from God, nor, what is the same thing, get God out of the world, by remanding Him to the regions of non-existence. Absolute separation from God is for man damnation, or annihilation.

God is all in all to man. Man, in all that he has, comes from God; in all that he is, or ever will be, depends on God; he gets his being from God, leans for his life on God, and can never be wholly weaned away from God. Hence, man's life is a single sigh for God; a wish to be near God, to be with God, and to live by the life of God. This same desire it was, which, misdirected, led Adam into sin, for he longed to be like to God. If man sounds the depths of his own consciousness and hearkens with the ear of the soul to the movements within, he will hear the strivings of a spirit working its way with eager energy up to God. Reason, rightly tested, is but a revelation of the same truth. For a short span man may glut his thirst for good with the poor substitute of sin, but soon the famished soul hungers after God with a heightened hunger. Man's stubborn will may force reason to fancy that he craves not God, but the beatings of his hollow heart soon betray the lie on the lip of the intellect.

Wherefore, it appears that it is not natural for man to be away

from God, apart from God; it is man's normal state to be in close relation with God. Even in the natural order man feels God's touch upon him; God's breath upon his cheek. In the starry sky he sees his Maker's aspect; His movement in the rolling storm; His majesty in the lurid lightning. But all this, much though it be, is not yet enough; man longs for plainer tokens of his Creator. He wants, not so much to argue the existence of the sun by looking at its light through a reflecting medium, as to lift his eyes aloft and see the sun itself in all its gorgeous glory. No vague, undefined appearance is enough for man; he longs for the real, sensible presence of his Maker and his God. Like Thomas of old, incredulous creature, he would fix his finger in the nail prints, his hand in the sacred side to identify his God. Nor is this craving for the closer vision of God born of Christianity; it is coeval with man's creation. The prophets of old cried out, "Show us Thy face, O Lord, and we shall be saved." And Moses meekly pleaded: "O Lord, show me Thy glory." And all the dark errors of the ages—what are they but the sad and solemn story of men struggling to get God at any hazard, and finding only a graven thing, because of their unwillingness to plod that weary way which was pointed out as the only right road to God's dwelling. And thus it was that some bent down before the golden calf and burned incense to Baal, while others built big temples, as in Athens, to the "Unknown God." In remoter days they found God in fire, as well as in plants and stones, and in these newer times reason reigns a deity for some, and others in worship nod before great Nature's shrine. But, thanks to God, the Author of this void in our souls, man cannot rest content with any shadowy semblance or untruth; he must have close and sensibly present a genuine God, or his life will be through all but a dark and dismal death.

Man, then, craves the company of God with an undying yearning. But does God condemn this heart-wrung cry of man? No, He does not; He cannot. No again, for there exists a void in the heart and God must fill it up, since He Himself is the Author of that vacancy. He does not confer a faculty without an object, nor implant in our nature an impulse for the impossible and unattainable. That would be to make a mockery of man. He made man to seek Him, and shall He not show Himself to man? Assuredly He shall. Let us then look at the history of God's dealings with man.

In the light of this history we discover God ever giving more knowledge of Himself to man; making plainer and more perfect the plan of union between Himself and man. The louder human cries, the more ready the response. At creation's dawn, when the holy light of heaven lit up the youthful universe, the father of the human family saw clearly his Creator in the wonderful works of God's creation. But more than this—God spoke to Adam, for when he sinned he heard God's voice and was afraid. To the patriarchs and prophets God, at various times, revealed Himself, and by His angel messengers He often made known to man the behests of His divine will. Now He appears as a pillar of fire to guide His groping people on their weary way; and again He is seen in the lustrous light of the Shekinah, as it shone forth from the tabernacle. But is this all? No, for who can fathom the depth and strength of the limitless love of God for man? When man forsook the ways of God, God might have silenced his wild wail with a flood of fire. But this He would not do. "Can a woman"—thus God reasons with Himself—"can a woman forget her offspring so as not to have pity on the son of her womb? And if she should forget, yet will I not forget you." And so, in answer to that quenchless craving for the visible presence of God, He empties Himself of all His supernal splendor, which we could not see and live, and descends to earth to dwell as a man in the midst of men. It was not enough to show Himself to man by signs and by appearances; not enough to hold sweet converse as from afar with the children of men. No; He must needs strike every human sense with His personal presence. Hence, He clothes Himself with our frail humanity, and He walks forth to be seen by men, to be felt by men. In short, He becomes Himself a man.

But surely for God to become man is all that even the infinite genius and love of God can suggest to satisfy the hunger of the heart for its Creator's presence. The climax is yet to come.

Union of the soul with God is the groundwork of the whole scheme of Redemption. But what was man to do when Christ had gone to dwell with His Father in the Father's kingdom? Was He to leave His children orphans? No; that could never be. He might have paid the price of our Redemption and then left us to apply the fruits in our own way. It is, perhaps, true that our desired union might be deferred till man could meet his Maker face to face in

glory. But God's love can brook no delay; He longs for present, immediate union. The difference between the old dispensation and the new is, that Jesus was promised in the one and present in the other. Yes, He must be present, for the longing of the soul, the void of the heart, still exists, and God must fill it up by a union with Himself of the closest character. But what else can His yearning tenderness suggest to cement our union and make heart melt into heart. He has already revealed Himself to man by creation, and man has forgotten Him; He has spoken to His creature by His own sacred voice, and that creature would not hearken unto Him; and, finally, He stood face to face with man in the flesh, and man condemned Him to die on the wood of the cross. But this is not the limit of eternal love, for having loved His own who were in the world, He loved them to the end.

Behold, then, dear Christians, the last sublime revelation of God to man; this last and most perfect performance in the plan of union, to effect which Jesus came down on earth; this last, this best and most tender testimonial of the burning, living love of God for man. See now how Jesus Christ shows Himself to us by faith, but no longer from afar, for He is just within the reach of the smallest child among us all. See now, how the good God gives Himself to us in answer to the creatures' craving cry. Look now, He gives to us the substance of His body to be our food, the essence of His blood to be our drink, that we may be one with Him, even as He and the Father are one; that we may, as it were, cast off our mortal coil and become as gods; and that, finally, we no longer "lead here a poor life," but that we may live by the life of Christ our Lord, for He Himself avers the truth, declaring most solemnly, "He that eateth Me, the same shall live by Me." In one word, dear brethren, behold how and for what reasons Jesus Christ instituted the most holy Sacrament of His body and blood. "It was a great thing," exclaims the Apostle, "it was a great thing that He became our fellow; a greater that He became the price of our salvation; but the greatest of all to give Himself to us in our food."

Let us now see how the institution of the most blessed Sacrament is God's most perfect answer to the cry of mankind for the sensible presence of the Creator.

First of all, it is the most perfect answer, because *God chose it.*

God, dear friends, is the all-wise as He is the all-loving Father. Hence on the night of that sublime scene in the coénacle of Jerusalem, seeing with the eyes of His mind all the myriads of souls that would exist to the end of time, and knowing to exactness the needs and wishes of every single one among them all; and loving every one with an everlasting love, the great God of love could not but choose for man that which would best and most fully meet the measure of man's miseries, and satisfy the longings of his life for the near presence of his God. And what is God's latest answer to man's cry for union with the Author of his being? It is the institution of the ever-adorable sacrament of love. This is God's *chosen* answer, and therefore it is the best regarding the condition of man.

Again, the blessed Eucharist is the most perfect answer, because it is the most loving. And why the most loving? Because God chose it, and God chooses what is the most loving, because He is the all-loving God. It is true that God loved us before we were born—yea, even from all eternity. It is true, He loved us so ardently as to lift us out of nothing, and give us gifts of soul and sense of beauty and of worth. It is again true, He loved us with such burning intensity as to robe Himself in our frail flesh, carry on His blessed and bleeding back the cruel cross, and then wash away all our scurvy sins in the laver of His life's blood. But He shall do even greater than this. The climax of His love is not reached here. He could have, had He so willed, pardoned the sinful soul, without showering upon it untold blessings. This might be the measure of mercy, but it would not be the limit of love. And so, He not only wipes away the stain of sin from the seared soul, but bathes its wounds in the balsam of benediction, and binds it to His tender heart by the unbreakable bonds of grace and love.

The Blessed Sacrament is the perfect answer of the Creator to the creature's cry for the divine presence, because it produces the highest union between God and man. Among rational creatures union cannot be forced; it must be free, for a forced union is nothing but disunion. Union must be desired, and the degree of the desire is the measure of the union. In the Holy Eucharist God's great condescension is proof of His all-consuming desire. If He humbled Himself to such depths as to descend from His abode of bliss and

assume the flesh of a spotless Virgin, what infinite abasement it was for a God of sanctity to yield Himself to be the meat and drink of our poor, sordid, sin-steeped souls! Ah! that we might dive into the depths of that divine desire which leaped to His lips on the night that He so longingly declared: “*Desiderio desideravi.*” And O! that we could feel the yearnings of His spirit when, outstretched upon the cross, and like to die, He cried aloud, *Sitio!* For what did He, the God-man, thirst? For water? No, my friends; for one thing only did He thirst; His was an unslakable thirst for souls—for union with the souls of men. Need we more proof of His hungering desire? Look at His lowly life in the tabernacle of our temples. Behold what abandonment He bears from the coldness of His children! The victim of neglect, there He lives the live-long day, and through all the weary watches of the night, and none so poor to do Him reverence. Scorned by those He loves; grieved to the soul’s core by the ingratitude of those enriched with all the wealth of His graces, He yet tarries through the time, suffering, hungering, desiring, and unceasingly yearning for men to come and dwell in the house of the living God. Such is the desire of the Saviour for human souls. But since union is between two, the desire of one suffices not. Well, then, my friends, in the Blessed Sacrament, despite the indifference of many, our desire for God is deeper and stronger than it was before the advent of our Saviour. In the early days, before Christ’s coming, it was only a kind of natural desire, such as men could have with a vague and imperfect knowledge of God. While Jesus walked the earth, the desire was hardly stronger, for outside the handful of believers, His divinity was not even dimly discerned. But when His Godhead shone forth in the resurrection and ascension, then the full tide of our affections swept out towards Jesus, the Son of God and the Son of Man. Now we know that the sweet “Man of Sorrows” is the Son of God, and our love is more soft and tender, because it is no longer the mingled love and fear of the great unseen God, but it is the earnest, confiding outflow of the human heart for a meek and gentle Jesus, who in all things became like us, that we might become like Him. Now that natural desire becomes supernatural, for all selfishness must be eliminated, when we behold what He, in His great mercy and humility, has done for our special account. Shall we not love Him for

His own dear sake, who has done such things for our sake? How can we be so selfish with an unselfish God?

Again, this union is of the most intimate character, because it is a union of divine grace; it is the union of unions. Close, indeed, is the union of thought and feeling, when mind meets mind in exact accord, and heart throbs unto heart in friendship's kindling flame. Close, too, is the union of blood and kinship, and what force shall break the bond that knits the mother to the offspring of her being? This love is stronger far than death, which it even dares to brave. But stronger and more perfect is the union of Christ Jesus and the sinless soul in the sacrament of love. Each sacrament has its peculiar grace, and the peculiar grace of the Blessed Sacrament is the grace of union with God. In other sacraments we get this or that special grace, according to the end for which Christ instituted each particular sacrament, but in the Eucharist we get God Himself, the fountain of all grace, and hence it is the highest possible union between God and man, in one sense, even, above the hypostatic union and the union of the divine maternity, for the first related to our common humanity, and the second to an individual soul. But the Blessed Eucharist is the complement and the fulfillment of all that went before, for, as the Fathers say, it is a sort of Incarnation for each and every one of us. Hence, it is a more perfect union, a more perfect expression of God's answer to man's cry for union with his Maker; for, after all, the final purpose in the plan of salvation, is, not human nature in common, but each and every individual soul. The union of the Blessed Sacrament, then, is a union of grace, but more perfect than all former unions by grace, for it is the grace of actual love. The effect of sanctifying grace is, we know, to make the soul worthy of the love of its Creator; but to be love-worthy and to be actually loved are things widely apart. But the grace of the Holy Eucharist is the grace of actual love; it unites to God, and it unites us to Him by the force of mutual love bursting out into an actual flame. The Blessed Sacrament, then, is a sacrament of love; its union is a union of love, and its union of love is the very climax of closeness between God and man.

Besides, dear friends, this union of the Blessed Sacrament is God's best answer to man's cry for the positive presence of God, because we are sensible of it to a wonderful degree. We have a clear

consciousness of it in one sense, although it is a mystery of holy faith. In former days men saw God as He gleamed forth in the grandeur of the tempest, in the sigh of the zephyr; they beheld Him as He was revealed in His wonderful works, or as He voiced Himself by the mouth of His messengers. We felt Him from afar, but in no special spot, for He was everywhere. But now we can see Him in the contracted compass of the Sacred Host. So palpable, so tangible is He become, that we can say: "Behold now He is right here; see in this little spot is the great God of glory; look, as He descends from on high to take up His home in the Holy Host, myriads of angels environ Him, and now they bow down about the altar in silent adoration of the almighty Power that made them." Nor is this all. We can now take upon our tongue the consecrated, God-animated host, and then proclaim the wondrous truth: "See, God dwells within my soul. Yes, Jesus Christ, our Saviour, His humanity, His divinity, the Holy Trinity and the eternal Godhead are now abiding in my breast." Now God is the food of my soul, the principle of my life, my everything and all. Ah! who can muster terms to tell the union between me and my God! It is a union that defies description. It is a real, local, sensible union. It is a union of grace, a union of love, a union of life. He is my food and drink. *Transimus in id quod comedimus*. We become that which we eat. Food becomes our life; it goes to the brain by which we think; to the heart by which we love; to the blood by which we live. And Christ Jesus is my food. He is, then, my life, not indeed in the carnal sense, as the Jews believed, when they said, "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" But in the sense which He Himself averred, when He declared to mankind, "He that eateth Me, the same shall live by Me."

Now, my friends, we have speculated much, but what shall we point out for practice? We have seen that man's life is a constant cry for the presence of his God. Do you not feel this day by day?

" There is a mystery in human hearts,
And though we be encircled by a host
Of those who love us well, and are beloved;
To every one of us, from time to time,
There comes a sense of utter loneliness.
Our dearest friend is stranger to our joy,
And cannot realize our bitterness.

'There is not one who really understands,'
 Not one to enter unto *all* I feel;
 Such is the cry of each of us in turn,
 'We wander in a solitary way.'
 No matter what or where our life may be,
 Each heart, mysterious even to itself,
 Must live its inner life of solitude.
 And would you know the reason why this is?
 It is because the Lord desires our love;
 In every heart He wishes to be *first*.
 He, therefore, keeps the secret key Himself,
 To open all its chambers, and to bless,
 With perfect sympathy and holy peace,
 Each solitary soul which comes to Him.
 So when we feel this loneliness, it is
 The voice of Jesus saying, 'Come to Me';
 And every time we are not understood,
 It is a call to us to come again;
 For Christ alone can satisfy the soul,
 And those who walk with Him, from day to day,
 Can never have a solitary way.
 And when beneath some heavy cross you faint,
 And say, 'I cannot bear the load alone,'
 You say the truth. Christ made it purposely
 So heavy that you must return to Him.
 The bitter grief, which no one understands,
 Conveys a secret message from the King,
 Entreating you to come to Him again.
 The 'Man of Sorrows' understands it well,
 In all points tempted, He can feel with you,
 You cannot come too often, or too near.
 The Son of God is infinite in grace,
 His presence satisfies the longings of the soul,
 And those who walk with Him from day to day,
 Can never have a 'solitary way.'

Yes, man craves the company of his Creator, and God has always answered this demand according to the needs of man; and as the last, perfect, and complete response to the longings of mankind, He institutes the sublime Sacrament of the Altar, and gives Himself to us to be our food and life.

What follows? The conclusion is quite plain.

Can you live without God? If, which God forbid, you think you can, then go, you have no place in the house of God. If not, however, if you must lean for your life on God, behold here is the fountain of life, come and lave in its life-giving waters. Yes, here is the bread of life, the food of angels, that came down from heaven, even as the manna came down to soothe the hunger of the Israelites of old. "Ecce panis Angelorum," behold the bread of angels, it disdains not to descend into the mouths of men, and will ye—O! ye of little faith—why will you not haste to be filled with this God-given food for famished souls! Behold, here is Jesus Christ sighing and yearning for souls to come to this blessed banquet of supernal love; and shall you spurn the tender invitation? "Come to Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you." "If to-day you hear that voice harden not your hearts," but come at once and open quickly the door of your souls and let Jesus in to abide with you forever. Repent now your past folly and neglect, and Jesus will clasp you to His breast, and the tear of trouble He will wipe from your weeping eyes, and He will bind up all your bruises, and the oil of gladness pour in upon your soul; and when the curtain of death shall close around your last earthly act, and when for the last time your eye feasts on the great God of glory coming to possess your soul in the Viaticum, you will calmly close your eyes in the last sleep of earthly existence, but in the bright morning of eternity you will awaken to an everlasting life in the bosom of your Father and your God.

Come, ye whose spirits droop, whose souls are sorrowful and sad, whose pathway is dark and dreary, and whose burden is hard to bear—come, for it is you that the Comforter calls to the banqueting-board, where the great God of love feedeth the poor and the little ones and giveth good things to His children. Is your present life faded, worn and insipid to you? come and Jesus will take it and give you another lovely in devotion to duty, in sharing the burdens of others and bearing those of your own, in its knight-errantry for right and truth in the world. Is it stained with sin? come and Jesus will give you a clean and a pure life—pure as the falling snow, immaculate as the birth of dawn, and radiant as the light that shines upon the golden shores of Paradise. Is it weak, decrepit, and spent with the carking cares of life? come, and Jesus will give a new and

fresh life, as if you were born over, a little child again. Is it racked with pain and suffering, borne down by crosses and wet with tears? come, oh! come, and Jesus will give you a perennial life, where is no more pain, nor sorrow, no crying, nor tears, because in that blessed land these former things are passed away forever. "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath eternal life, and I will raise him up on the last day."

IX.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

DELIVERED AT ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, HOBOKEN, N. J.

WE celebrate to-day the feast of the patronal saint of the heroic women who conduct this institution of mercy, the illustrious St. Francis of Assisi;—a man whose followers are multiplied with the advance of centuries; a man whose memory shall never grow old, but shall be held in love and veneration by all who esteem purity of character, sanctity of life, and exalted devotion to the cause of humanity as long as the record of a sublime life can evoke the admiration of mankind.

God is wonderful in His works, and He is “wonderful in His saints.” The splendor of His power shines forth in every part of creation, for the same hand that decks the lily with its lustre, gilds the summer cloud with glory. His majesty bursts forth in the rushing tempest, gleams in the lurid lightning, speaks in the rolling thunder; His benignity breathes in the tenderness of twilight, in the rosy calm of morning-tide and in the genial glow of day. The flowers are redolent of His beauty; the harvests are laden with His bounty; the stars sparkle with His reflected splendor, and earth, air, sea, and sky are bathed in His light.

But God is still more wonderful in His saints; for by the operation of His unseen grace upon their souls; by the magnificence of the miracles which He has wrought at their hands; by the superhuman virtues with which He has adorned their character and glorified their lives, and by the lofty example which, through His faithful servants, He has presented to mankind, He exhibits His power in far more excellent degree, because the moral immeasurably transcends the material creation, and the order of grace the order of

nature. The creation of the universe is the work of God's finger; but in creating a saint He exerts the might of His right arm. "To me, O God," says the Psalmist, "Thy friends are exceedingly honorable; their principality is exceedingly strengthened; their numbers surpass the sands of the sea."

Of one of God's chosen favorites, I am to speak to-day. He was an extraordinary man, called up by God to meet an extraordinary emergency. To carry out the purposes which high heaven had set for him was the ruling, the sole ambition of his life; and with such signal success did he fulfill his mission that he left an impress upon the world as ineffaceable as time itself.

One period of the world's history is called the "dark ages" by those who are in the dark about them. If with impartiality and candor we examine into the character of those ages, we shall not fail to discover that they were in reality among the most remarkable in human history; for though in some respects deficient in those shining monuments of material progress which strike the senses rather than the heart, they were nevertheless rendered glorious by their conquests over the corruptions of vice and the sway of evil passions, and by their singular fidelity to the dictates of humanity and the laws of Christian charity, which are the only lasting foundations of the peace and happiness of mankind.

In this period it was that the great moral hero whose memory we honor stepped forth upon the theatre of events. He was a man with an idea, and an enthusiastic devotion to that idea. The pivotal purpose of his life was to realize the idea which glowed in his soul like a flame of heavenly fire.

The religious sentiment was strongly rooted in the minds of men when St. Francis stood forth among them, but it was mingled with much selfishness, much grossness, and much triviality. In such a state of society religion readily degenerates into superstition, inane speculation, or mere pomp and external show, which is no better than pharisaism. Men must be guided by correct principles and sound doctrines, and must by the fire of example be made to burn to behold infinite truth and beauty. "I have come to cast fire upon the earth, and what do I wish but that it be enkindled." Christianity's best exponents are the saints of God. Nations and individuals do not live on bread alone—they live on ideas, maxims, deeds, con-

verted into spiritual aliment by the grace of God. The order of ideas always precedes the order of events, and hence instruction comes before action. But example is the most powerful preacher. St. Francis essayed, not merely to enlighten the minds of men by furnishing them with pure religious principles, but especially to move their hearts by the incomparable example of a perfect realization of those principles in his own sanctified life. Like his divine Master, he could say with the force of truth: "Follow me." The lesson of a life was the need of his age, as it is of all ages. Christ began to practice ere He began to teach. In St. Francis' day, as in our day, faith was dull, hope was faint, charity was cold. Faith had to be re-enchanted, and men made to understand that the rewards in store for the good were grand beyond all conception, and the punishments reserved for the impious terrible beyond description. Hope had to be revived, and men made to feel that the sufferings of Christ upon the cross opened the doors of Paradise to all who choose to follow the strait and rugged path which leads to the fountains of felicity. Charity, dear, precious charity, the apple of God's eye, had to be infused into souls whence it had departed. Frozen hearts had to be melted; tepid hearts warmed; lifeless and unsympathetic hearts revived and recalled to the sublime life of unselfish service for humanity, to turn thereby the hollow mockery of philanthropy into a glorious and blessed reality. How was it to be done? By the irresistible power of personal example and the grace of Almighty God. By absolute self-renunciation and complete self-effacement; by the faith, the fasts, the night-watchings, the deep sorrow, the continued prayer, the poverty, and the asceticism of that meek Master whom Francis followed and loved with the ardor of an infatuated lover and the devotion of a seraph. All the raptures of mystic devotion, the lights of interior illumination, the fires of self-abnegation were concentrated in him, as in a focus. He lived in a luminous atmosphere, of which Jesus, his God and his all, was the effulgent and ever-gleaming star. Jesus was with him everywhere—in the groves, the pastures, the hills and the lakes of his native land; but more especially in that inner sphere, the kingdom of the heart, where his spirit held constant communion with the Spirit of Eternal Life; and thus beholding God in himself and himself in God, he could indeed cry out, "My God and my all." He lived in a material

body, it is true; but his heart and mind were ever in a sphere beyond the dark shadows of this sad, fallen world, the kingdom of God's unspeakable peace and love. He dwelt in one world, but he lived in another, and while he wrought in the one, he worked for the other. Hence he was not solicitous about temporal needs. He was not intent upon what he would eat, or what he would wear, for he reposed on the bosom of the paternal Spirit of God, sharing of food the worldly-minded know not of, and drinking of a fountain which was fed by the very life of God. Even in the material nature around he seemed to behold only the spirit of goodness and love. The birds came and perched upon his hand and sweetly sang to him their blithesome lays, and the doves, true types of his own gentleness, cooed round his house the whole day long, and feasted in fearless glee beside his table, and stopped to listen to the accents of his tongue in mute wonderment. The outer world was to him an ever-present providence upon which he could depend for all his human needs. And he gazed upon the fields and flowers, the flocks and the herds with seer-like vision, and gathered from them lessons which the carnal and high-minded could never know. The invisible he made visible in himself while he lived and walked upon the earth, and now that he is invisible and gone, and we would fain behold his face once more, but cannot, we are consoled and strengthened by the story of his life,—nay, enriched by the legacy he has left us of sweet, uncomplaining service for our fellow-men, childlike, simple, steadfast trust in Providence, which is the only solid and substantial world of comfort, hope, and blessing, in this empty world of change and show and vanity. Yet men called him a madman; they would esteem him a crank to-day. It is ever so with a hard, uncaring world; cold, suspicious, and jealous of those who mount above their fellow-mortals, even to do them a godly and necessary service. Even when he sought the sanction of the Pope for the new order he designed to found, the Supreme Pontiff turned away abruptly, and the commission of cardinals who considered his claims regarded him as a visionary and a day-dreamer, and his scheme of living on nothing but Providence and air, as vain and impracticable. But the supreme necessity of life is frequently misunderstood. Absolute self-surrender into the hands of God has not always been comprehended even by the greatest apostles of asceticism. Perfect

security of physical support is not the paramount necessity of life. That necessity is strict conformity to the highest and purest aspirations of the spirit within, ruled by the Spirit of God. That is the supreme and all-important secret of true life. The food that a man may eat is of small account, and he that sacrifices his hope, his aim, his high ideal to his bread, may find, when too late, that man does not live by bread alone. Few, truly faithful in heart and conscience to God, die for want of bread; if Providence permits poverty, Providence provides for it. But many who spend their lives in earning and storing up the wherewithal of this world die in hunger and thirst which no human possessions can ever quench. The Providence that pervades all things vouchsafes to the discerning mind of the man of faith the true means of support, both for body and soul. That means is full recognition of, and unfaltering trust in the goodness, the love, and bounty of the Creator. "Behold the lilies of the field; they sow not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of them." That is the audible word that proceeds from the mouth of the living God. That is the philosophy of faith, of spiritual dependence, of self-renunciation. Therein lies the force and meaning of the prayer—"Give us this day our daily bread." Blessed is the man who knows how to pray that prayer and live by it.

St. Francis was conscious of his vocation. He knew whom he had been called to serve. He knew the wealth and munificence of his heavenly Father, and he knew that faith whose power can remove mountains. By that faith he would move the world. He would teach men the value of rising above carnal necessity. He would inculcate detachment from the world and from the unsatisfying things of the world, that men might live with Christ in God. He died daily to himself that he might live to God. He showed forth in his life the beauty of holiness and truth. Religion represented in his life a thing of essential loveliness which brightened and elevated everything wherewith it was associated, touching the deepest chords of the human heart, exalting and refining the mind, and imparting superhuman strength to the moral energies. The mind which, like his, was accustomed to contemplate the Deity in all His works could not fail to become elevated in tone and lofty in purpose; and the heart which was constantly schooled in the lessons

of divine love could not fail to recognize and appreciate whatever was beautiful or inspiring in the moral order.

St. Francis was born at Assisi, a town of Umbria, in Italy, in 1182. His birthplace, according to some, was a stable and his cradle a bundle of straw. How like the Lord of the universe, who, though a king, had no throne of sapphires, no crown but the crown of thorns, no sceptre but a reed, no robe but a faded purple cloak. Time rolls on. The child becomes a boy; the boy ripens into manhood. The allurements of flesh and blood appeal to his fervid fancy, and he at first enters the giddy round of dissipation, but maintains unsullied his purity of heart. But God sometimes works slowly. The marble block is rough and unsightly until by repeated strokes of the chisel the sculptor gives it divine form and beauty.

“ Sculptors of life are we as we stand
 With our soul uncarved before us;
 Waiting the hour when, at God’s command,
 Our life-dream passes o’er us.
 If we carve it then on the yielding stone,
 With many a sharp incision,
 Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,
 Our lives that angel vision.”

A few years pass along and St. Francis beholds that “angel vision.” Within a sacred fane a pale and emaciated figure kneels before the altar at the noontide hour. His raiment, bound to his body by a leathern girdle, is malformed and grotesque. His hands, uplifted in supplication, are seamy and rough and give evidence of painful manual toil. He has been making the rounds of the city, begging for his slender sustenance. As he moves along he is made the object of the raillery and mockery of his own brother. “Go ask that man,” he says to another scoffer, “to sell you a little of his sweat.” “I do not choose to sell my sweat to men; I can sell it better to God,” the Saint replies

Upon the road appears a ghastly, gruesome object, a fright to the beholders. ’Tis a man whose lips and face are eaten away by a hideous and repulsive cancer. The observers turn away in disgust, but Francis runs up and embraces the sufferer, and affectionately kisses the cancerous face, which is instantly healed. Devoted servant of the lepers, he washes them, and journeys everywhere beg-

ging, for the sweet charity of Christ, the means to feed and support them.

The mere sight of the image of his crucified Redeemer made him feel the sufferings of the poor with such intensity, that he stripped himself to clothe them, and often went supperless to bed to save them from famishing. Touched to the heart's core by the spectacle of the misery and distress about him, he entered the chapel at the hour of midnight, while others slept on "beds as soft as downy pinions are," and poured forth his tears till his eyes were red with weeping and his sobs and groans echoed far out upon the night.

No power is greater than that of the Spirit of God acting upon a sympathetic soul. God's works are wonderful and magnificent. He breathed, and man became a living soul. His Spirit brooded over the waters and forthwith they teemed with animation. As it worked in the creation of matter, so does it operate in the conversion of souls. Thundering eloquence and personal magnetism have done but little to convert the world. The grace of God alone can move the soul. When the heart is really touched, it thrills with the vibrations of God's holy Spirit. Christ is the power of God unto salvation. St. Francis had this power. When he went forth to preach, men bowed their heads; he spoke and their hearts were thrilled by the fire that glowed in the face before them. Their souls burned within them and they were drawn by irresistible impulse to follow and to imitate.

Thus Francis lived, spending himself for Christ, consumed with compassion for the poor, absorbed with meditation on the sufferings of his Saviour, till he was so signally favored as to have reproduced in his person the words of Christ, his God, to the amazement of the incredulous and the edification of the pious portion of mankind.

With no abatement to his labors, his health gradually failed, and under the most exquisite torture produced by the *stigmata*, he sank day by day, constantly thanking God for the pains he was permitted to endure. Just before his death, he dictated his last testament to his religious brethren, and warmly recommends to them the observance of the rule, respect for the Church authorities and the practice of mendicancy as a mode of livelihood. The testament finished, the Saint directed that a song of thanksgiving, of his own composition, be sung to God for His multitudinous mercies. He then

ordered that he be laid upon the ground and covered with an old habit obtained from the guardian of the community. In this humble posture he continued to exhort his disciples to patience and the love of God, and gave his final blessing to all in the following moving words: "Farewell, my children! Remain always in the fear of the Lord. That temptation and tribulation which are to come, are now at hand, and happy shall they be who shall persevere in the good they have begun. I hasten to go to our Lord, to whose grace I recommend you." Having caused the history of our Lord's passion, from the Gospel of St. John, to be read, he then began to recite the one hundred and forty-first Psalm, "With my voice I have cried unto the Lord." As soon as he had finished the last verse, "Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise Thy name; the just wait for me till thou reward me," he yielded up his saintly soul to God on the 4th of October, 1226, the twentieth after his conversion and the forty-first of his age.

He is gone from the land of the living, but his works remain behind, an imperishable monument of his zeal, his self-sacrifice, and his unquenchable love of God. To describe the institutions of mercy which are the legitimate outcome of his labors would be an endless task. In cities and in deserts where his followers have passed along, within the realms of faith and love illumined by the light of his example, they have left behind some memorial to show that the blessed and merciful sons of St. Francis have been there; some monument vital in attesting the subtle action of a loving heart, which to a heedless observer may seem but a broken trophy or a rude wall, but which a great soul would gaze upon with "an eye tear-glazed and a heart on fire."

It is well authenticated that, at a very early period of his career, St. Francis conceived the purpose of founding his order, whose members, utterly unselfish in life, should be fit heralds of God and mighty helpers of men. The absolute self-renunciation which he inculcated shocked even the rigid standard of virtue in vogue in his day, and surely no man dared to dream or foretell that the seraphic Saint's little band of Brothers Minor would one day reach to the ends of the earth. Other orders may have had more distinction in theological lore, more renown in ruling the Church, more reverence for their penitential austerities; but "the record of the Franciscans is

chiefly a record of lives and work, like the life and work of their immortal founder, of whom a Protestant biographer has gracefully written: 'He thought little of himself, even of his own soul to be saved, all his life. The trouble on his mind was how sufficiently to work for God and to help men.'"

To this head of helping men are to be referred all enterprises of discovery (Christopher Columbus was a member of the Third Order), all development and civilization that has appeared in the world; and in all these, and in many more kindred blessings than the world cares to consider, may be distinguished a powerful and beneficent influence dating back to the days of the seraphic Saint of Assisi.

For his daughters in Christ I appeal to you this day. The holy work of their founder they carry on among the people of this city. Their hands are seamed with toil, like his; their lives are spent in ministering to the same loathsome diseases; their work is equally entitled to our admiration. Workers for God, helpers of men they are; may it be your privilege to have them always among you, as it is your God-appointed duty to give them support and encouragement.

X.

MARY, OUR MOTHER.

PREACHED AT A SODALITY RECEPTION IN ST. PATRICK'S
CATHEDRAL, NEWARK, N. J., MAY, 1888.

“Behold my beloved speaketh to me: Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come. For the Winter is now past, and the rain is over and gone. The flowers have appeared in our land, and the time of the pruning is come; the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig tree putteth forth her green figs. The vines in flower yield their sweet smell. Arise, my love, my beautiful one, and come.”—CANT. OF CANT. ii. 10.

The beautiful and impassioned words of the spotless spouse in the Canticles are not misapplied in addressing them to you, my dear young friends, as the apt expression of the emotions that fill your fervid souls on this happy eve of Mary's month. Between the spirit of beauty in Nature and the soul in man there exists a lively sympathy and wondrous harmony. Man instinctively seeks the light and loves the beautiful. As the flowers turn towards the sun, so does the eye of man turn towards what is glowing and effulgent. All things talk to him of God, for the God of Nature is the God of man. And Nature tells of God, both when she wears the sullen frown of Winter's desolation, and when her rosy face is radiant with the smiles of Spring. As she has her several moods, so she has her various voices, which speak to the heart in varied keys and tones. But never does she charm so tenderly as in the vernal month of May, and never does she wake in the soul sentiments of devotion so tranquil and so soothing, as when the balmy breath of spring fills each worn and weary spirit with the holy, calm delight of heavenly enjoyment. The soul then seems to scale its prison walls of clay, and be transported beyond all of the earth, earthy. 'Tis then she cries in

ecstasy: "I have found him whom my soul loveth. I hold him, and I will not let him go." Then she says in exultant accents: "I am come into my garden, O! my sister, O! my spouse: I have gathered my myrrh with my aromatical spices: I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey: I have drunk my wine with my milk: eat, O! friends, and drink, and be inebriated, my dearly beloved. My beloved to me, and I to him who feedeth among the lilies."

There is, young friends, a peculiar propriety in your selection of this opening of the lovely month of May, or Month of Mary, as the time which is to signalize the consecration of your young hearts to the Virgin Mother of God. How hallowed and how gracious is the time! Hill and dale are enamelled with bright flowers, and robed with richest verdure. The birds carol their sweet songs from every bough, and the air is filled with softest melody. All nature is instinct with life and joy. In the revolutions of the seasons a kind of monitory voice, which summons us to reflection, is heard speaking to our souls, and every rising sun, as it pursues its path through the heavens, announces some message to encourage us upon our journey, or to reprove us for our delay. When May appears, and the earth shoots forth her tender green, it is a call to religious duty, for the gentle breath of heaven seems to fan the dying embers of the faith within us with a paternal softness, and withered hopes grow green again. The soul of man, naturally subject to external influence, drinks in the holy inspiration of the season, and it is upborne on the wings of loving contemplation towards the skies, and even Nature herself seems tinged with a supernatural radiance like that which issues from the splendor of God's paradise. In the middle ages, on the first morning in May, the peasant and the king repaired together to the forest, the hawthorn bough was cut, and amid great rejoicing the pole was erected and the May-pole dance begun. The ancient Romans dedicated the month to their goddess Flora, and brought their floral tributes and laid them on her altar. The Catholic child of Mary dedicates the month to his "love, his dove, his beautiful one," the immaculate Mother of God, and he brings his votive offerings to lay them at her feet, as he crowns her in his heart the queen of May and the Queen of queens.

I give you joy to-night, then,—bright joy, heavenly joy,—to you who are assembled here before our Lady's shrine, to vow to her un-

faltering fealty, as long as life shall last. To you, in truth, 'tis given to say: "Rejoice with me, all ye that love the Lord, for when I was yet a child I was pleasing to the Almighty." As Solomon said of wisdom, so sing you to-night of Mary: "And I preferred her before kingdoms and thrones, and esteemed riches nothing in comparison of her. Neither did I compare her to any precious stones, for all gold in comparison of her is a little sand, and silver in respect of her shall be counted as clay. I loved her above health and beauty, and chose to have her instead of light, for her light cannot be put out." "Now all good things came to me, together with her and innumerable riches, through her hands" (Wis. vi.).

To animate your zeal, to inflame your love, to enliven your devotion in the service of that matchless Mother and incomparable Queen, whose cause you have espoused, under whose banners you are enlisted, and under the powerful protection of whose sweet and venerable name you march to the undefiled victory of God's sacramental hosts, we shall lovingly contemplate Mary in her own perfections and in those special relations which she holds to Christian souls, and especially to you, her own children, her joy and her crown.

Lift your eyes to those everlasting kingdoms where the saints reign with Christ, and partake with Him the glory that breaks forth in sublime splendor from the Godhead. See the omnipotent Lord of Life in those regions of inaccessible light, legions of angelic spirits round about Him, exhibiting to Him incessantly the homage of their love and adoration. There are the apostles, the martyrs, the confessors, aye, and the white-robed virgins, too, the glory of God's countenance shining upon them forevermore. The winter of their affliction is now past; eternal spring smiles upon them. They are absorbed in glory and bathed in the lambent light of eternity. But who is she that "cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array"? "How beautiful art thou, my Love, how beautiful art thou! Thy eyes are as doves' eyes, thy lips are as scarlet lace, and thy speech is sweet. Thy neck is as the tower of David, which is built with bulwarks; a thousand bucklers hang upon it; all the armor of valiant men. Thy lips are as a dropping honeycomb, honey and milk are under thy tongue; and the smell of thy garments is as the smell of frankincense. Thou art all fair, O my Love, and there is no spot in

thee!" Who, indeed, is she that standeth near the throne, as once she stood close by the cross, "clothed with the sun, the moon under her feet," and the twelve-starred crown blazing upon her snowy brow? Who is she but the Mother of the King, more honored by Him than Bethsabée was by Solomon. Who is she that transcends by her majestic brilliance those myriad hosts of light, but the purest, fairest, brightest creature that ever issued from the holy hand of the Creator. She is the woman by excellence—an excellence which surpasses the highest ideal of human imagination. She is the perfect type of loveliness, the mirror of true womanhood, the model of all beauty in the created order. She is the Queen of heaven, and of earth as well—the star of the sea, the lily of the valley, the cedar of Lebanon, the rose without the thorn. She is pure as the crystal dewdrop that rests upon the lily's spotless bosom; fair as the first beam that blushes on the rosy cheek of morn; bright as the white light that sparkles from the eternal throne. She is graceful as the fawn, gentle as the turtle-dove, mild as the breath of spring-time, tender as love, and faithful unto death. Her words are like balsam, dropping on the bleeding heart and making it blossom with the flowers of bright joy. Her tears, falling like pearls from Paradise, enrich the finder beyond all the rubies that rest in the under world. Her voice is like melody that moves o'er the waters, when the pale stars shine upon the placid deep, transporting the soul beyond the stormy sea of life to a port of rest and salvation. The very thought of her is sweet as the recollection of the prayers we poured forth in life's morning-time, when kneeling by our mother's side we first learned to lisp the gentle name of Jesus and the tender name of Mary.

Behold the paragon of perfection to which I point as the object of your love and devotion. Is she not worthy of all that you can give? She is God's masterpiece, for as St. Bonaventure says, God could have created a more beautiful world, a more magnificent heaven, but He could not create a better mother than the mother of God. The singular privileges which she enjoyed from her Creator entitled her to be styled full of grace, and the talents which she received from God, she improved with such assiduity, by her detachment from terrene affections, by sublime contemplation of eternal truths, by constant prayer and daily intercourse with her divine Son, Jesus, that in re-

ward of her virtues she has been exalted to the most eminent degree of glory, and will, to the end of time, be called blessed by all generations.

Enrolled in Mary's sodality, you can claim her special protection, but if so, you are under particular obligation to render her exceptional reverence and devotion. You are bound to study and know her, for knowledge is the foundation of love.

But what relation, dear children of Mary, does the mother of God bear to you, her clients and servants? She is, first of all, your mother, because she is the mother of Christ, and therefore your mother, in Christ Jesus our Lord. O happy, thrice happy, they who, having God for their Father, make Mary their mother.

“ Oh! mother's love of all most dear!
Love that knows only how to bless!
The emblem given by God to show
His own infinite tenderness.
In vain doth music chant thy praise,
In vain essay the sister arts,
To make thee visible—no eye
May know thy beauty, save the heart's;
There lives thy portrait, treasure fair
Beyond our dreams of Eden's bowers,
And tears, fond, reverent tears, are still
The worthiest tribute to thy powers.”

My friends, if it is your blessed boon to have the mother of your love still abide with you, pour forth your praise to God for His most gracious gift. “Forget not,” as the Wise Man says, “the groanings of thy mother.” Be loyal, be true, be faithful to your mother. Plant no thorn in her pillow and write no wrinkle on her brow. Those pale, withered hands have often soothed the hurt of tears, and dropped balm of love into your aching breast. You may wander weary miles, and live till your hairs are silvered with the frosts of age, but you will never meet an eye so tender, a hand so gentle, a heart so kind as hers. You will never feel another love like that she lavished upon you. She taught your lisping tongue to speak, your tottering feet to walk, your first ideas to sprout, and planted in the virgin soil of your young heart the tender shoots of virtue, and guided your wandering footsteps in the ways of wisdom and the paths of peace.

But if this be the ordinary mother's love, what is the love of Mary? How can you understand the intense, ardent, yearning love of the Mother of infinite tenderness and pity? The special predilection which she cherishes for you, her chosen children, is beyond the limits of language to express.

From the words of St. John we know that Mary is the mother of us all. "When Jesus saw His mother and the disciple standing, whom He loved, He saith to His Mother: 'Woman, behold thy son.' After that He saith to the disciple: 'Behold thy Mother.' And from that hour the disciple took her to his own." What a wealth of tenderness breathes through that expression: "He took her to his own!" As the representative of the race, St. John spoke for us all. We have God for our Father; Jesus Christ is our Brother, and "from that hour" Mary became our Mother. Mary is our Mother, because she is the Mother of Jesus, and her human is the consequence or the *appanage* of her divine maternity. The Mother of the Head must be the mother of the members, and we are members of Jesus Christ, as the Apostle affirms, or, in the language of Jesus, "He is the vine and we are the branches." She has been made, says the Abbé Petitalot, a participant of the fecundity of Christ, to give birth not only to Christ, but to all His members. Hence, as St. Bernard declares, God wishes her to be the dispensatrix of all His favors and all His graces. Her love for us is not less than His, in one sense, for she loves us all in Him. She loves us with a tireless, inextinguishable love. As she surpasses all other mothers in dignity, nobility, and grace, so does her love transcendently excel the love of the dearest and most affectionate mothers upon earth. Her love, like the charity of the Apostle, "is patient; is kind; it suffereth all things; endureth all things, and it never falleth away."

It is fadeless and imperishable; boundless and illimitable; deep as the soundless sea; broad as the universe; strong as death, and abiding as the pillars of Paradise and the throne of God.

But as Jesus loved John above the others, so does Mary love her children the best of all. When Jesus was lifted up He drew all things with Himself, and even so does Mary draw you by the magnetic power of special predilection and particular grace. I felicitate you who are thus signally favored. You are enshrined in the core of her heart. She has taken you to her own. She will never, never

forget you. Wherever you go, or whatever you do, Mary will seek to gather you under her wings, and weave about you the love of her motherly heart. Even if you forsake her; if you spurn her from your side; if unmindful of the pledges, and false to the promises, which before this radiant shrine you make her to-night;—even if, which God avert, you crimson your career with crime—if you eat the bread of shame and wear the livery of disgrace, still she will only think of you the more; will call after you entreatingly; will pursue you lovingly and tenderly, and will bring back the poor lost sheep of the sheepfold to the shepherd of the flock, that God may call it, like a wanderer, home, and count it among the saved when the tale is told for the last time, and the number made full for eternity.

XI.

FIRST SUNDAY OF LENT.

PREACHED AT ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, PATERSON, N. J.

“Brethren, we exhort you that you receive not the grace of God in vain.”
—2 COR. vi. 1.

What man does not experience a feeling of profound sorrow, as he ascends the highways of history and views the calamities that have rained down upon the devoted nations since human records first began? Of the great nations of antiquity, whose praise once filled the world, what scanty vestiges remain. In those oriental countries, whose splendor and opulence were once the marvel of the human mind, what traces can the antiquary find at this present hour to indicate the extent of bygone glory? Every remnant almost is blotted out, and a hoary Sphinx, an aged pyramid, or crumbled and dismantled walls, alone remain to tell the tale of former grandeur and present desolation. Behold, “all the glory of the house of Ichabod hath departed!” In the smiling plains and valleys by the Tigris, the Euphrates, and the Nile, where the waving grain ripened under the vitalizing rays of an eastern sun, the poppy sheds its down, and the deadly nightshade distils its odors over fields neglected and untilled. In the courts of Solomon, the palaces of Baltazar, and in the gay mansions of Memphis, where the rout and revel resounded till the stars paled in the midnight sky, where concubine and courtesan assembled to lure the infatuated royal victim by their charms, the sound of the timbrel has ceased, the lute and the cithara are silent, and the voice of the minstrel is no more. Where are Tyre and Sidon, those emporiums and granaries of the ancient world? Where are Babylon and Nineve, Rome and Alexandria, those centres of wealth, culture, and power in the golden era of Au-

gustus, the halcyon period of the Pharaohs, the Ptolemies, and amid the riotous luxuriance, the pomp and pearl of the Assyrian and Persian monarchies? They are long since numbered among those monuments of man which mark the pigmy character of his works, the fleeting duration of his most cherished and exalted efforts. How many civilizations, since the page of time was first unrolled, have sunk from sight, and lie, superimposed, one upon the other, buried in the dust!

"Westward," says Berkeley, "the course of empire takes its way." But as it was with the East, so, perhaps, will it be with the West; and were we gifted with the power of prophecy; could we project ourselves forward, say, into the three thousandth year of the Christian era, we might behold all the marvellous achievements of present material progress, all the results of art and science, and all the monuments of mind, one magnificent mass of ruins, one wide wilderness of desolation, where no sounds would be heard but the roar of the jackal, the hoot of the screech-owl, or the repining of the wind through the moss-clad ruins of forsaken temples and deserted habitations.

What means this periodical decline of human grandeur, this ebb and flow of the great tides of civilization? Why does history record the strange story of so many states and kingdoms, rising from the waves of obscurity, sailing for a time the sea of progress, and in the end engulfed in the waters of oblivion? Why have mankind witnessed so many institutions, springing from the cradle of barbarism, and after a brief, butterfly existence, dying on the bed of luxury and power, suffocated by their own prosperity? Why has the whole earth been covered with desolation at various epochs of its extraordinary history? Why? It was because men did not think in their hearts. It was because they received the grace of God in vain. It was because they preferred material prosperity and the things of earth to "the things that are above" and the service of their God, for "virtue exalteth a people, but sin maketh a nation miserable." It was because they wandered from the ways of truth. It was because they would not recognize the necessity of religion and the force and morality of its precepts, and thus broke loose from the only restraint upon their passions and their vices. They therefore perished in the conceit of their understanding and in the folly

and corruption of their hearts. Nations are but individuals of larger growth : if these are corrupt, so are those ; and corruption is the forerunner of fatal disintegration and positive extinction. But contempt for God was the cause of the evil and the source of their misery.

It was because they insulted the majesty of their Maker, that the authority of their kings, laws, and governments were despised and insulted ; and disrespect to rulers was the seed of anarchy and social disorder, and anarchy carried dissolution in its train, and rulers and ruled, kings and people, fell together and vanished forever from human view. Thus it was that calamities came upon them, and the genius of destruction, rushing through the atmosphere of strife, scattered the ashes of chaos over the splendor of former civilization, and overturned empires and kingdoms, and to the war-wasted homes of the millions came the fiend of famine and pestilence to glut the havoc and complete the extermination. What was this but the torrent of God's wrath poured out upon them for their crimes ? What but the anger of an enraged God, vindicating the majesty of His outraged laws, and chastising the unfaithfulness and ingratitude of men ? "It is the cup of strong mixture which is in the hand of the Lord ; it shall be poured out from one end of the world to the other ; all the nations of the earth shall drink thereof." Yes, they shall drink, because of their infidelity towards Him, who, after He had released them by prodigies of His mercy from the slavery of sin, was betrayed and dishonored by His unworthy creatures, and His long-forbearing patience was worn out, as when it repented Him to have made man, and He allowed them by their own acts to plunge into an abyss of irrecoverable sorrow, into misery that shall never end. Ah ! if they had only thought in their hearts, they never would have preferred the delusive glitter of earthly kingdoms to the glory of the kingdom of God ; never would have let go an inheritance of heavenly joy for the fleeting felicity of earthly things, and would have learned "to know and see what an evil and a bitter thing it was for them to have abandoned the Lord their God."

When Jesus had fasted forty days in the desert, the tempter took Him into a high mountain apart. After fruitless temptations to sin held out by the seductions of Satan, Jesus was shown the kingdoms of the earth and the glory thereof, and temptingly offered to the Son

of God were all the vast dominions outstretched at His feet in exchange for His service and adoration—"If falling down Thou wilt adore me." Jesus answered by Himself alone. Neither the voice of angels nor the voice of God helped Him. His Father seems to have left Him to the resources of His own unaided will. It was a trying moment. Jesus could, had He desired, have seized the mastery of the whole world. He was not unconscious of His power to command, conquer, and reign. All were willing to do Him homage; earth and heaven were waiting to ratify His choice. He knew that the world, which always worships power, longed for a leader with genius and authority to lead. The ancient kingdom of Israel sighed for its former glory, and eagerly awaited the coming of a king, the splendor of whose temporal sway would outrival the days of Solomon. Christ knew, moreover, that the world would at once recognize Him, if He would only recognize it in His plan of empire. It was a dazzling prospect; a weak soul would have been staggered. But Jesus knew whom He was called to serve. "My kingdom is not of this world." Under the guise of earthly dominion, He saw Satan soliciting Him to divide His loyalty to God, and He swelled with anger and was pierced with pain at the bare suggestion of yielding service to any one but His eternal Father, and then, from the unfathomable depths of a divine scorn, He uttered those fiery words of rebuke and repudiation: "Get thee behind Me, Satan; for it is written, 'The Lord, thy God, shalt thou adore and Him only shalt thou serve.'" And forthwith the inexpressible presence of His Father's tenderness consoled Him, and the divine grace encircled Him, and the tempter having fled in confusion, the angels came and ministered to Him.

To console and strengthen us, brethren, in the dark hour of temptation, when the soul is like to fail and sink under the stress which the enemy puts upon it, Jesus also was tempted. He was tempted once, and He conquered; we are tempted many times, and, alas! many times we fall. But although man's life, as Job says, is a warfare upon earth, the severest trial of virtue is the temptation of worldly dominion. Dazzled by the flattering prospects which ambition spreads before them, thousands seek and find such ascendancy, but to their own perdition; many others seek for it in vain, and under the chill of disappointment, they pine, despond, and sink from

human sight. When men view the shining crown of success of which they hope to make themselves the masters; when from the "high mountain" of impetuous desire they behold the gilded allurements of the world beckoning them on to lay hold of the coveted prize; when the fair realms of supreme sovereignty are invitingly spread before the eye of aspiration, the choice between the worldly and the spiritual kingdom often trembles in the balance, the eternal distinction between the goods of soul and the goods of sense is forgotten, and the world-worshipping multitude, instead of spurning the delusions of Satan with Christ's fiery contempt, fall down and adore the Prince of Darkness, and call down eternal ruin upon their souls. "He that is not with Me is against Me, and He that gathereth not with Me, scattereth," says Jesus Christ. How many, dearest brethren, when the choice is before them; when the supreme hour is come for them to say whether they are of Christ or of His enemy, seek to divide their loyalty and serve both "God and Mammon"! How many assume an attitude of deference, adopt a spirit of compromise, yield a tacit submission with reference to the demands of the world, and how many falter and hesitate, when hesitation means irreparable loss and changeless misery!

For it must not be supposed that temporal scourges are the sole, or the most rigorous, punishments which God inflicts upon those who thus basely abandon Him. Ah! no, in the armory of His wrath are stored up shafts of vengeance incomparably more terrible. Eternal punishment is the doom of the impenitent. They that serve the world shall share its merited chastisement. "Woe to the world," says Christ, and to you if you worship the world. "Begone, I know ye not whence you are," He shall say on that direful day, when with guilt's shivering conviction upon their souls, they shall crouch and cower and call upon the rocks and the mountains to hide them from the frown of the Judge upon the blazing throne. But "His hand shall be lifted over them," because they "exasperated His Spirit"; and "destruction shall be multiplied among them" because they "served their idols" and "provoked Him with their inventions"; and "their seed shall be cast down" and "a flame shall be kindled in their congregation" because "they murmured in their tents and hearkened not unto the voice of the Lord"; and because "they forgot the God who saved them" they shall be cast out into

that "exterior darkness," where they shall eternally weep, eternally burn, and gnash their teeth in despair.

Your conscience, my brethren, has long ago informed you of these things, and informed you more forcibly than words of mine can do, of the judgments that lie in wait for the wicked when the cup of their crimes shall be filled up and the Lord shall visit them in His anger; but, perhaps, you seek to stupefy that conscience while you hasten on to meet the fearful fate which shall infallibly overtake them that work iniquity and take counsel of the ungodly. At this particular moment, perhaps, you are blindly, madly rushing on; and you stand on the brink of the precipice of perdition, and it is to undeceive you of your folly that I raise my voice with stern and solemn warning in this time of repentance and expiation. "Serve ye the Lord with fear and rejoice unto Him with trembling. Embrace discipline, lest at any time the Lord be angry, and you perish from the just way. When His wrath shall be kindled *in a short time*, blessed are all they that trust in Him."

All you who are in sin hear now the call to repentance. For the days are short, and the "time must be redeemed" before the day of redemption shall have departed forever. Delay not too long; "procrastination is the thief of time," and if you postpone repentance till the end is come, and death stands at the door, how poignant will be your regret, how bitter and, alas! how sadly unavailing will be your sorrow. You who are in sin are the objects of the sleepless vigilance and unwearied solicitude of the Church, your holy mother. Listen to her voice to-day. She weeps strong, saving, prayerful tears that all those her children who are lying dead upon the cold, dreary bed of worldliness and sin may rise and come to life again. To-day she excites the zeal and charity of her ministers, that, while they call to you with the sweet compassion of a tender Jesus, they may likewise exhibit to your view the naked, the awful truth concerning God's justice when poured out upon iniquity, and thus arouse you from the lethargy and fatal supineness of sin, that you may stand before your conscience and your God with the lamp of eternity in your hands to search the recesses of your hearts and discover the drift of your affections in their bearing on your eternal destiny. Ah! the Church knows full well the sloth and torpor of the heart in the affair of salvation; she knows the feebleness

of human resolution and the incompetence of human endeavor; she knows, too, that tepidity and inertness are often the result of thoughtless inattention, and hence at this season of salvation she exerts all her energies and bends all her efforts to the work of your awakening; she furnishes the means of conversion and reconciliation, she selects this time of Lent to call you with earnest and pathetic voice to the salutary labor of recollection, of fasting and of prayer. With the Psalmist she cries aloud in the name of each of her children: "Turn to me, O Lord! and deliver my soul: O! save me for Thy mercy's sake. For there is no one in death that is mindful of Thee, and who shall confess to Thee in hell?"

And what happiness it would be for me, my brethren, and what consolation for every minister of Christ, if they might succeed in drawing you away from that vortex of worldly engagements in which you are now plunged—from the cares and the anxieties, the amusements and vanities, the absorbing and deadly customs and fashions of an unwise and self-seeking world, and conducting you to that interior solitude, the kingdom of your soul, where your God reigns alone, where the light of divine grace may shine upon you to dissipate your illusions and make you see where, and where alone, your true interests, salvation, eternity, and God may be found and secured. This is the all-compelling purpose which I set before my mind and yours on this first Sunday of Lent. Language I cannot muster sufficiently strong to impress you with a sense of the indispensable necessity of reflecting upon your eternal interests at this hour, nor to arouse you to a realization of the appositeness of the present opportunity to discharge so paramount a duty as that which is interwoven with the purpose of your creation, your existence in this world and your joy or misery through the ever-rolling years of God. But who am I that I should wield the thunders of the Almighty and denounce His judgments upon men? How shall I rebuke the sinner for his misdeeds, when I ought to feel abashed at the remembrance of my own barren and profitless past, and overwhelmed with the burden of my own infirmities? I address myself to a task that staggers my strength and confounds my incompetency. When Jeremias was commanded to speak in Thy name, O God, Thy judgments to the house of Israel, the holy prophet cried aloud: Ah! ah! ah! I cannot speak, Lord God, for I

am a child. How then shall I rebuke the impious and turn the hard of heart, that, forsaking the error of their ways, they may be converted to their Lord and God? But "Thou, O Lord, shalt open my lips and my tongue shall declare Thy praise." Not by the persuasive words of human wisdom, but by the omnipotent power of Thy grace do I seek to lift up the fallen, to call in the strayed and gather in them that were lost. Vouchsafe to grant that they may hear my voice, speedily repent, and find mercy and salvation in the sight of their Redeemer and their God, for there is no God but Thee, O! God of the living, O! Joy of the Elect. Purify, I pray Thee, their hearts and mine; blot out every stain of defilement that sullies our souls; "cleanse us from our iniquities, and we shall be cleansed; wash us and we shall be made whiter than snow." This, O God, is the present purpose of our hearts. Ratify it by Thy holy grace. We want to repent and serve Thee better now and all the days of our lives.

And you, my brethren, be vigilant and watch, for your "adversary, like a roaring lion, seeketh whom he may devour" and bear away to that land "where no order but everlasting horror dwelleth," the land of eternal night and death. Now is the day of salvation. These are the days when the Lord God doth visit His people. Know, then, the time of your visitation, lest the curse of destruction descend upon you as once upon Jerusalem, and you be beaten flat to the earth and laid away as sheep in hell. Know, then, the day of repentance and mercy, which is the time to work, for that day may soon come—come as the wind and the lightning—when time for you shall be no more: then shall the summer be ended, the harvest gathered in, and the winter at hand—but *your souls shall not be saved.*

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